THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. **DECEMBER, 1909** PRICE TEN CENTS.

Helps for Christmas Baking

High Grade Baking Powder

Makes Good Baking Easy

You will find that most of the experienced cooks and housewives of the West use Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. They have tried other kinds which made big claims, but found Blue Ribbon the most satisfactory and dependable.

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Blue Ribbon costs you no more than the "just-as-good" kinds. 25c. a pound. Ask for it.

A Handy Cook Book

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need a Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

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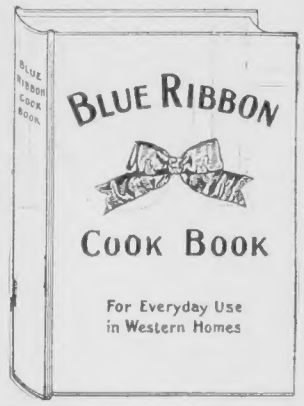

Bound in Oilcloth; 5 x 7½ inches

Partial Table of Contents

Beef Tea

Beverages
32 Recipes
Broths Butter to Cream

Biscuits, Buns, Rolls, etc.
Biscuits—5 Recipes
Buns—2 Recipes
Doughnuts—8 Recipes
Fritters—12 Recipes
Griddle Cakes—11 Recipes
Muffins—10 Recipes
Rolls—8 Recipes
Rusks—Baking Powder
Wafers and Gems

Breads
13 Recipes

Cakes
Hints on Making
Beating Stirring Folding
Fillings—21 Recipes
Frosting and Icings—12 Recipes
Layer Cakes—13 Recipes
Loaf Cakes—25 Recipes
Small Cakes—31 Recipes

Candies, Home Made
25 Recipes
Caramels, Preparing

Catsups
8 Recipes

Chafing Dish Recipes
Cheese and Pancakes
3 Recipes
Eggs—2 Recipes
Fish and Shell Fish—3 Recipes
Meats—11 Recipes
Vegetables—5 Recipes
Charlotte Russe

Cheese, Preparations of
7 Recipes
Chili Sauce Chow Chow Chutney
Cocoa Coffee Cold Desserts
Compotes Cooked Fruits
Creaming Butter Creams

Creams and Frappes
17 Recipes
Custards

Desserts, Cold
52 Recipes

Dumplings
5 Recipes

Eggs, Methods of Cooking
14 Recipes
Fillings for Cakes

Fish
31 Recipes
Frappes Fritters Frosting for Cakes
Fruit Juices
Fruit Juices, Substitute for Wine

Fruits, Cooked
65 Recipes
Fruit, Spiced

Game
Garnishes Old Game Tainted Meat to Restore Wild flavor to Overcome
Bear and Buffalo Cranes Plovers, etc
Pigeon Pie. Prairie Chicken or Grouse.
Venison Wild Duck
Gravies and Sauces
Griddle Cakes Gruels
Cooking in High Altitudes Ice Cream
Icings for Cakes

Invalid Cookery
Directions and Hints
Beverages—8 Recipes
Broths, etc.—8 Recipes
Gruels—10 Recipes

Meats, etc.
Jams Jellies Koumiss Lemonade
Lemon Peel, to grate Lobsters

Made over Dishes
Marmalade

Meats
Baking Basting Boiling Braising
Broiling Egg and Bread-crumb
Fricasseeing Frozen Meat, to Thaw
Frying Garnishing Grilling Roasting
Stewing and 32 Recipes
Muffins Oatmeal Drink Oysters

Pickles
Sour—14 Recipes
Sweet—7 Recipes

Pies and Tarts
28 Recipes

Poultry
Drawing and Trussing Garnishes Old Fowls, to make Tender Strong Smell, to Overcome Tainted Meat, to restore and 11 Recipes (See also Game)
Preserves

Puddings
38 Recipes
Raspberry Acid Rolls Rusks Sauces
Fruits

Sauces and Gravies
(For Fish and Meats)
16 Recipes

Sauces for Puddings
18 Recipes

Salads
21 Recipes

Shell Fish
Cooking for the Sick Spiced Fruit
Spices

Soups
21 Recipes
Soys

Tables and General Information
Apothecaries Measure Avoirdupois Weight Dry Measure Liquid Measure
Liquids Cups Liquors, Intoxicating Avoided Measuring Cups, etc Medicinal Terms Methods of Cooking
Standards of Measure Table of Proportions Time to Bake, Broil, etc. Weights of Different Foods Taffy (See Candy)
Tarts Tea

Vegetables
26 Recipes
(See also Pickles and Cooked Fruits)
Vegetables to serve with different meats
Waffles Yeast

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

VOL. X. No. 12 DECEMBER 1909

The Farmers and the Grain Exchange.

A Permanent Settlement Desirable.

In the articles preceding this we have pointed out how the shippers of grain or at least a section of them shamefully robbed the producers; how a company was formed among the producers to operate independently; how that company fought a good fight and came out victorious; how it is growing in power and influence so that it is now one of the leading organizations in the West. Yet we have had to point out that this is not a satisfactory permanent arrangement, and not even a safe temporary arrangement excepting under certain conditions. The conditions under which it would be even a safe temporary arrangement are that the company should be strong enough to successfully encounter all opposition; that it should be strong enough to control the terminal elevators; that it should include practically all the farmers of the West so that all might benefit by the reductions; and that it should be managed by thoroughly competent men who are not addicted in any manner, shape, or form to the practice of gambling. We are glad to believe that the Company bids fair to comply with all but one of these conditions. But a temporary arrangement is not enough. We are not thinking of the present situation alone, but of every struggle between opposing interests when we lay it down as a principle that nothing is ever settled right until the interests of the whole community are concerned in the settlement and until the claims of all are respected. The cost of fruit, of coal, of meat were given to illustrate how we are suffering today because the consumers have not been considered in the fixing of prices. The producers, or at least a portion of them, and certainly the transporters, get their full reward, but we who must eat and keep warm have to pay the price. It is time that the consumer had some recognition. And although in the matter of the price of flour the consumer may not for many years be affected by any arrangement that is made for the shipping of grain, in the long run he will find a difference; and in any case as he is interested in the matter just as vitally as others he should be concerned in the settlement of the question. This eternal fighting between sections of the community—must it go on forever, or must the state assert its lordship in matters that affect the welfare of all? Must we leave employer and employed, and producer and shipper to fight it out as they please or must we compel both to listen to the voice of reason? We can well believe that if the State had been half alive in this matter a few years ago, the present trouble would never have arisen, and the farmers would be shipping at lower rates than are now charged or likely to be charged.

Conditions of National Peace.

There are two conditions under which community life may be peaceful and prosperous. The first condition is that every department of activity be under the charge of those who are competent to advise and lead; and the second is that the state exercise a wise supervision over all, to the end that no injustice as between man and man, or between interest and interest be permitted.

Some Illustrations.

If these conditions were met, transportation would be carried on under a commission of trained experts rather than by a body who must learn their duties after appointment to office; the vexed question of taxation would be entrusted to specialists who have made a real study of the subject and who know the practice in other lands; manufacture would be supervised by a body of men who are thoroughly acquainted with it in all its forms; the character of the service rendered by that great class known as the middlemen, including as it does all wholesale and retail dealers, would be reported upon by a company of experts; and agriculture quite properly would be carried on under the advice of such authorities as now conduct the experimental farms and agricultural collegs. Yes, and departments outside the field of production and distribution would come under the direction of those who have special knowledge and wisdom. Education, temperance, public morality, protection, would all be administered under the guidance of those who are specially trained for their duties. A state is most unfortunate indeed when its activities are carried on without regard to law and order, and its condition is not improved when those responsible for the direction of affairs are ignorant and unwise.

The Form of Government Required.

This, of course, leads directly to the question of government, and here is the centre of the whole discussion. It will be admitted, that the form of government now in force does not secure the best results. A number of men selected because of their wealth, business ability or political sagacity are chosen by the electors, and these constitute the legislature. Were they to be called upon to legislate and adjudicate only in such matters as they are familiar with, all would be well, but unfortunately this is not the case. A member of the legislature is required to deal with hundreds of problems every session, and of ninety per cent. of these he has no more reliable information than the man on the street. Still he must assume an air of importance, and pretend to know. He picks up ideas from newspapers and random conversations, and then judging that he knows at least as much as his associates, proceeds to give his opinion and his vote. Such is the origin of much of our legislation. True, the minister in charge of a department frequently gives the cue to his followers as to how they should act, but unfortunately the minister is rarely—very rarely—an authority in his own department. Even if the minister always had a deputy who was an acknowledged authority in his line, and if he were guided by the advice of this deputy it would not be so bad, but in Canada it is not always the custom to select deputies because they are authorities in their departments, but because they have good political ability or a record for party service.

Direction by Experts.

This, of course, is a mistake. The real advisors in all legislation should be the experts in the various departments of life. The legislature should listen to these experts, get from them every item of information they possess, question them until they know what action is proper under the circumstances, and then legislate in accordance with the information given. To illustrate this point: Suppose it is proposed to tax railways. It is not enough that a minister should give a little second-hand information on the subject and that he should be met by arguments based on a little more second-hand information. The experts in the state on such matters should appear in committee and freely give their knowledge, and this knowledge should be the ground of legislation. Suppose it is proposed to amend the Banking Act, the rules governing shipment of grain, the education of children, the employment of child labor—the same course should be followed. Experts should really furnish information and guide decisions, and the representatives of the people should register the decisions. No nation that hopes for permanent prosperity can afford to do without the wisdom of those who are best informed in all departments of service. There has not been a case of friction in industrial and social life during these last few years that could not have been avoided if our legislators instead of depending upon their own wisdom had sought the opinions of those who were qualified to speak. If, for instance, the Parliament of Canada and the various legislatures had made diligent inquiry when the complaints against the elevator owners were first made, and if this inquiry had been conducted by a thoroughly competent body, then the present trouble would never have arisen.

How Experts are Secured.

It will naturally be asked where this army of experts is to come from, and what it will cost the state to secure their services. The answer is given by what is probably the best-governed state on the face of this earth. Down at Madison there is a university, but it is a university of a type very different from those with which most Canadians and old-countrymen are acquainted. This university consists of an ordinary arts' college and a whole series of technical schools. To carry on the work of this university the state pays over a million dollars a year, but the return to the farmers alone in one department is said to be over ten millions a year. In this university the instructors are specialists or experts in their own fields. They train the rising generation as a matter of course, but they do something else which is equally important. Before the committees of the Legislature they are continually called upon to give the results of their researches. Is there an enquiry into railroad rates? A member of the commission is chosen from the department of Political Science to give advice or rather information. Is there a movement towards improving the roads? The head of the Department of Geology is found to be an expert on soils. Is there an inquiry as to taxation? Then there is on the tutorial staff a man who has given the subject his special attention. No legislation is attempted, no legislation dare be attempted, unless the evidence of the best-informed men in the state has been secured, and if nobody has sufficient acquaintance with facts, legislation is postponed until a commission has reported. And this is not all. The conditions of life in the state are studied and reported upon by those who are receiving instruction in the university, and there is arising a body of young people, who understand thoroughly the trend of progress, and who are capable of directing affairs when their turn shall come to rule. And all this costs the state less than nothing. Intelligence rather than pompous self-assertion directs the affairs of state; the legislature finds in the university an invaluable ally, so valuable indeed that though there may be in the state some who believe it is extravagance to pay legislators for the performance of their duties, there are none who will not cheerfully hold up both hands for an increased grant to the university.

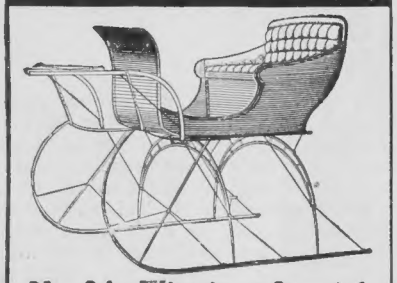
How Trouble Might Have Been Averted

Now this direction of legislation in all departments by experts, would inevitably have resulted in the prevention of such struggles as we are now witnessing in Western Canada. The elevator owners and the grain growers had a disagreement and the state foolishly allowed them to fight it out, as if this were a matter for these two classes alone. As a matter of fact it is your matter and mine just as much as it is theirs. If Parliament had been wisely guided, if it had sought the advice of those who knew the history of these movements in other places, the whole trouble would have been averted.

We know full well that there are many who will have no patience with such recommendations as have just been made. They see everything from the angle of self-interest rather than from a national view-point. Even among the producers there are those who say "We have beaten the Grain Exchange to a frizzle. We will ship twenty million bushels this year and twice twenty million bushels next year. We are all right!" No, friends, you are not all right. In the first place you are not getting a fair deal yourselves. The commission on the twenty million bushels is about $200,000. The conceded profit on this is between $100,000 and $150,000. Does this go into the pockets of the farmers? Do not believe it. It goes into the pockets of the shareholders of a private company—the Grain Growers' Company. Most people have an impression that if they are to be robbed it had better be by a stranger than by a member of one's own family. The fact is that the Grain Growers' Co., if it is to be fair to the farmers themselves, must give every farmer the same rate of profit. In other words, every one who ships through the Company, whether shareholder or not, must participate in the returns. Otherwise there is no difference between the Grain Growers' Co. and any other commission house. But this is not all. There is a question of terminal elevators and interior elevators. In whom will the ownership and control of these be vested? And if these are to be controlled by the producers, will the producers also attempt to control the railroads—which are the greatest robbers of all? There is evidently great need that this whole matter be thought clean through to a finish. There are evidences that a good many of those who are leaders do not know clearly where their policy is tending. It is not too late even yet for the services of experts—men who from their wide knowledge are able to see the bearing of methods of procedure upon every activity in the state. It is a good motto never to begin anything without considering what the end may be.

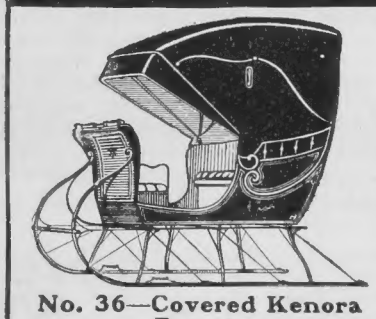
In conclusion let us express one word of satisfaction, namely, that although the governments of Canada through their inertness and failure to supervise the conditions of industrial activity, permitted this matter to end in a quarrel between two factions that could well have lived in harmony and mutual helpfulness, there is much occasion for congratulation that those who sinned against the producers are now reaping the reward of their iniquity. And pending a final solution, let us hope that all others concerned in the raising and shipping of grain, no matter under what name, will be punished in proportion to their offences against justice and unity.

Tell your Dealer you want to know about the Gray Sleigh



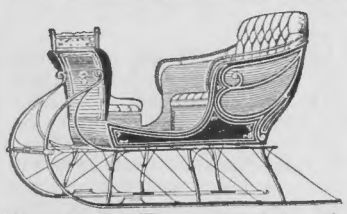
No. 34—Winnipeg Special

This is a gentleman's road sleigh, is built strong, natty and roomy and allows the horse to be hitched close without striking and runs level over crossings and rough, uneven grounds. Painted body black and gearing carmine or green—cloth trimming. It is a splendid sleigh for speeding.



No. 36—Covered Kenora Beauty

The Kenora Beauty is a fine, commodious, covered sleigh with plenty of leg room in front. Built with high side panels and an especially high back, it is painted in black, walnut or mahogany with the gear in carmine or green. It is constructed on its merits in every particular.



No. 76½—Tecumseh Belle

No effort has been spared to make this the most popular and comfortable sleigh on the market. This cutter is one of our best styles and is to be strongly recommended to our patrons. It is built low down and strongly braced and is equipped with an especially high back with a deep and wide seat and high sides. It has channel shoes and nickle arm rails and line rail.

TELL him you want to know why Gray Sleighs are *different*—and if he doesn't sell them and doesn't know, tell us. We will tell you.

¶ Let your dealer know that *this* time you intend to buy a sleigh on a common sense basis. Let him know that *this* time you mean to get your money's worth and that you are going to have it.

¶ Then if you find that you cannot get the facts as you would like to have them, in your own town, write me personally telling me what you want and I will give you the full particulars in detail.

¶ I have some facts to give you—some real facts—facts that you ought to know before you buy a sleigh—even whether it is my sleigh you buy or not.

¶ And I want to give you these facts.

For You WANT To Know

¶ I am really anxious that before you buy, you should have at your finger ends every detail of the sturdy material and careful construction of Gray Sleighs, so when you go to your dealer you can give him something to think over.

¶ All I want to do is to put the bare facts before you—the facts that you owe it to yourself to know—and then I am perfectly willing to leave the rest—the decision—to your own common sense and good judgment.

¶ Merely write my nearest office. By return mail, you will get the whole story with all the information about our specially low freight rates and prompt deliveries.

¶ Don't put it off—write to me to-day—*now*.

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Robt Gray

4

Makes Kitchen Work Easy And Pays For Itself Too

Look at it in the Picture

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterward—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

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Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed, you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

Take it on trial—Pay for it a little at a time

Let Me Send You One On Trial

You can pay for the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet a little at a time,—stretch the payments over many months—so it buys itself while you use it. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it. This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better. The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown. The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

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Saves 500 Steps a Day in any Kitchen

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

Saves endless bother and clutter

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It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers—17½ ins. wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

Fully Guaranteed

There are no out-of-the-way cubby-holes around a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet; but there IS a handy, easy-to-get-at place for everything that is used in getting a meal ready,—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, spices, package food supplies, knives, spoons, kettles, bread-pans, etc., etc. Let me send you a book that illustrates and describes the Cabinet; or send me your order for it on trial, with my special credit terms and a guarantee that you will be wholly satisfied with it.

2

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But the girls of no age will "stand for" poor chocolates. They want the best and the best is Foley's "Canadian Girl"—the rich, exquisitely-flavored real-chocolate chocolates.

Made of purest ingredients, flavored with the natural grated fruit, they are in every way the most delicious confections sold.

Foley's "Canadian Girl" Chocolates are the best for the girls of the West. Buy a box and see for yourself.

In Dainty Boxes wherever good Candy is Sold.

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gives Genasco the life that makes it resist the weather and last for years.

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A Chat With Our Readers.

The first ambition of the Western Home Monthly is to bring pleasure and profit to its many readers. It is therefore necessary to find out what is pleasurable and what is deemed profitable. The Western Home Monthly wishes this information and is willing to pay for it. Therefore it calls attention to the following facts and begs to make an offer that it is hoped will meet with a generous and hearty response.

From time to time the Western Home Monthly has altered its make-up and its table of contents in order to meet the wishes of its great family of readers. Every change has been the result of careful deliberation and long communication with interested friends.

It is now in a position to make a wider solicitation, and hopes to be able to secure the opinions of its readers far and near. The opinion asked for will be contained in an answer to two simple questions, and prizes will be offered to those giving the greatest help.

In order to appreciate the questions and reply to them intelligently, it is necessary for the readers of the Western Home Monthly to take note of the Departments now in operation. These are as follows:

1. **Editorial**—This department was opened but lately. Formerly it was carried on under the title "Current Comment," but it was felt that the time had come for the Western Home Monthly to express itself more definitely on some of the great issues that affect life in Western Canada. The articles on the grain question in the last two numbers give an indication of what may be expected. Some of the problems to be discussed in later issues are: "The Liquor Problem in the West," "The Rural School Problem," "The Character of our Immigration."
2. **Story Department**—This department has been edited with gerat care and an effort has been made to meet the varied tastes of our readers.
3. **Answers to Correspondents**—This column has grown up like little Topsy. The Western Home Monthly simply had to answer the questions sent in. The "Problem in Behaviour" seems to be exceedingly popular, judging by the number of replies.
4. **Correspondence**—Any one who has a chance to see the mail of the Western Home Monthly has some idea of the popularity of this column. Not one letter in fifty can be printed.
5. **Temperance Talk**—There has been constant demand for a continuance of this column. Inasmuch as temperance and National prosperity go together, the Western Home Monthly has had no hesitation in giving prominence to such ideals as find expression here.
6. **Sunday Reading**—This page has been added lately, and seems to be much appreciated.
7. **Women's Quiet Hour**—This is edited by one of our ablest lady writers and many kind things are said about it.
8. **Music**—The idea of printing a page of simple music is a venture. There is room for difference of opinion here.
9. **General Information**—There has been a demand for articles of general interest—bearing on history, geography, government, invention and discovery. It is possible there is room for expansion in this department.
10. **The Philosopher**—Here is a running commentary from the pen of a ready writer—one of the most gifted sons of the West.
11. **The Young Man and His Problem**—The popular preacher of the Central Church has won many friends through this column.
12. **What the World is Saying**—This sets forth the great sayings of the month in attractive form.
13. **What to Wear and How to wear it**—A page to be read by every woman, and to be studed by every man who wishes to please his wife and daughters.
14. **Original Plans**—A simple and inexpensive guide to hundreds in the West.
15. **Fashions and Patterns**—Another page for the ladies.
16. **Work for Busy Fingers**—This also is for ladies—young and old.
17. **Woman's Realm**—Here is a page for mothers, edited by "one who knows."
18. **About the Farm**—This is short but comprehensive. In its season it touches upon farming proper, gardening, poultry-raising, stock-raising, etc.
19. **The Home Doctor**—Many have expressed their appreciation of this column.
20. **Household Suggestions**—This is for the cook. There are continual questions bearing on the substance of this column.
21. **Round the Evening Lamp**—What would a paper be without a puzzle corner?
22. **The Young People**—This department has only recently received the prominence to which it is justly entitled. The young people have some rights in a family journal.
23. **The Children**—Here is another department that has been forced upon the Monthly by demands from outside. It is in charge of one of the highest authorities on child culture in the West.
24. **The Home Beautiful**—Running now for six months, and conducted by a specialist in this line.
25. **In Lighter Vein**—Who does not read the jokes?
26. **Illustrations**—Have they been appreciated? Should there be more?

Perhaps you never dreamed that the Western Home Monthly contained so much and represented such a wide range of interests. Yet the editors will not be satisfied until they have met not only the demands of the 35,000 subscribers and the 100,000 readers. Therefore they purpose the following questions.

I.—As to the General Contents of the Journal.

In what way can the Western Home Monthly be improved by the addition of new departments or the omission of present departments? What are the strong points at present and what are the weak points?

For the most helpful answer to the above, expressed in less than four hundred words, a prize of Ten Dollars ($10.00)) will be given, and for the next most helpful answer a prize of Five Dollars ($5.00) will be given.

II.—As to the Special Departments.

Selecting any department that you please, state its strongest feature and indicate how the department may still be improved.

For the most helpful suggestion for each or any department a prize of Two Dollars ($2.00) will be given. The answer must contain not more than three hundred words.

Note—All answers to be addressed to "Competition Editor, Western Home Monthly." No answers will be accepted after December 15. If possible winners will be announced in the January number.

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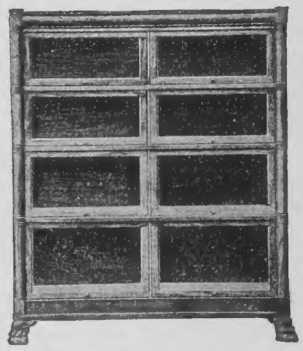

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More than ten thousand users of Peerless Incubators **in Canada alone**—and every one of them **satisfied.** Satisfied that the Peerless is **the** machine for **practical** hatching. Satisfied that poultry-profit is **easiest** made The Peerless Way. Fully satisfied that the Peerless people **not only** make good with their hatching and brooding outfits, but actually **do** give the most valuable kind of help to their customers—help in rearing the chicks after they are hatched; help in feeding them right; help in bringing them quickest to market size or to egg-production; and help in finding a cash buyer who pays highest prices for Peerless poultry-products.

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I bought 200 eggs in the store at Lloydminster and then put them in a lumber wagon and took a five day journey to my homestead. Then put Incubator under canvas tent where the temperature ranged from 50 degrees at night up to 95 when the sun was shining in the day time, and after all this I hatched 114 good, healthy chicks that are doing well. I think your Peerless Incubator about as near perfection as is possible to get. Yours truly,

B. H. TWEDDLE.

With reference to the Peerless Hot Water Incubator, I may say that I am pleased with it and the results secured in connection with the work at our Provincial Poultry Plant here. There are a large number of them in use in and around Edmonton, and I have heard exceptionally good reports of their hatching results. Your Incubator will certainly do good work with good eggs and proper management.

Yours truly, A. W. FOLEY,
Poultry Supt., Dept. of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alta.

Cheadle, Alta.

My Incubator has proved a wonderful success. I had sold enough of my June batch already to meet my payment and have a nice lot of poultry left. I am thinking of purchasing another Incubator—I have met with grand success this summer and I know that I have the Best Incubator in this settlement. There are no less than four different machines in my neighborhood—some of them larger ones than mine—but I have raised more chickens than anyone around here. Out of 143 fertile eggs it hatched 130 chickens. I know different persons who intend buying your Peerless Incubator since they have seen my success—probably they have placed their orders by this time. Yours truly,

(Sgd.) MRS. FRANK TIFFIN.

Sandy Point, N.S.

I started the machine with 100 eggs. At the end of ten days I tested out twenty-eight and opening the shells I found every one infertile. This left 72 in the Incubator; of these 61 came out fine healthy chickens, and the balance addled in the shell or were too weak to get out.

E. HIRST.

Brigton, Ont.

From my second hatch with the 120 Peerless Incubator I got 96 strong chicks. I am more than pleased with the machine.

MRS. TINSEN.

Valuable Facts and Figures About Poultry-For-Profit FREE If You Write for it. 28

About The Only Business That Isn't Overdone

Poultry-raising, The Peerless Way, is one business there is plenty of room in—plenty. It pays better for the money and work it takes to run it than anything else you can do on a farm. It can be made to pay in any part of Canada, on a small scale or a big one. (One Peerless customer will sell 200,000 fowl this year — twenty-five CAR-LOADS!

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You need not let your means limit your ambition. You, or any other honest person, can have a Peerless Outfit on credit; terms that make it so easy to start poultry-raising you never feel the outlay at all. And, when you do start, you are entitled FREE to the advice and help of our Board of Experts—men who developed The Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, the largest poultry-farm in Canada and one of the most successful in the world. These men will help you over the rough spots; will tell you in detail just what to do and what not to do in order to make a go of poultry-raising for profit. Their knowledge and experience is at your command free of all cost to you. This alone is worth dollars.

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You need not even pay the freight on the Outfit—we pay that for you, just to save you bother. We do more than that—we will agree to find you a spot-cash buyer who will pay the highest market prices for any poultry or eggs you want to sell. You needn't worry, you see, over finding a market. So, no matter how far away from a town you live, you are sure of a good customer for all you raise. Sit down NOW and ask for the full details of this rare offer. Use a post-card if you haven't a stamp handy. Don't wait any longer. You run no risk at all, first or last, and the profit is waiting for you. Write for the book. Address:

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A Prayer for Christmas

For Lonely Folks: By Henry van Dyke

Lord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it into my heart. Let not my sins cloud me in, but shine through them with forgiveness in the face of the child Jesus. Put me in loving remembrance of the lowly lodging in the stable of Bethlehem, the sorrows of the blessed Mary, the poverty and exile of the Prince of Peace. For His sake, give me a cheerful courage to endure my lot, and an inward joy to sweeten it.

Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts. Let no shadow of forgetting come between me and friends far away: bless them in their Christmas mirth: and hedge me in with faithfulness, that I may not grow unworthy to meet them again.

Give me good work to do that I may forget myself and find peace in doing it for Thee. Though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Grant me the chance to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thou my Christmas candle at the gladness of an innocent and grateful heart.

Strange is the path where Thou leadest me, but let me not doubt Thy wisdom, nor lose Thy hand to-day. Make me sure that the Eternal Love is forever unveiled in Jesus, Thy dear Son, to save us from sin and solitude and death. Teach me that I am not alone, but many hearts, all round the world, join with me through the silence while I pray in His Name: "Our Father which art in Heaven."

WHM

An Edison Phonograph means A Merry Christmas for Every Member of the Family

For Father

who comes home tired but eager to be amused, who cannot afford the theatre for himself, to say nothing for a large family, who enjoys the old ballads such as "Robin Adair," "Highland Mary," "Annie Laurie," and "Home Sweet Home," the Edison Phonograph is an ideal Christmas present because it gives him the music that he loves, sung by great singers, at a less expense than attendance at theatre or concert, and by his own fireside.

For Mother

who loves sacred music and who does not often have an opportunity to hear "The Palms," "Holy City," "Gates Ajar," or "Lead Kindly Light," as sung by the great tenors and sopranos of the city churches, but who can enjoy this music at home with the aid of an Edison Phonograph just as often and just as fully as she cares to listen, and who will find in the ownership of an Edison Phonograph and the Records that she loves a perpetual reminder of the affection of the family that presented them to her.

For Big Brother

who would go to the musical comedy and variety show oftener if he could and who likes the sort of things a fellow can whistle, and wants to hear "Hellow People," or "The Glow Worm," or "Cuddle up a little Closer," or something of that kind, the way they sing it at the shows or at the halls, and who could hear these things that way, because an Edison Record faithfully reproduces the exact mannerisms of the singer as, for instance, in the Harry Lauder Records, if he could only be so fortunate as to get an Edison Phonograph for Christmas.

For the Children

because each and every one of them—bless their hearts—enjoy music, especially the kind of music they can march by or sing to, and because one Phonograph will delight and entertain an entire circle of children, so that absolutely the best Christmas present for every member of the family and for the whole family is an Edison Phonograph.

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Concerning the Clockmaker and his Wife.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN.

IT was late in the evening, and the rain, which had been pouring all the day long, was still pelting against the windows of the clockmaker's kitchen. The clockmaker's wife put down her knitting, threw a few sticks on the fire, unfastened the bellows from their accustomed place on the right-hand side of the hearth, and by their aid fanned life into the dying embers. She glanced at the clockmaker, who sat at the table, and was busily engaged in repairing a watch.

"Thomas," she said, "I am sure you cannot see by that light. Let me trim another lamp."

"I have just done," he answered gruffly, without looking up from his work.

He went on working and she went on knitting; and, except for the sound of her needles, and the purring of the black cat which sat staring into the fire, there was silence in the room, until the clockmaker dropped one of his tools, and the black cat sprang after it, and chased it gaily on the floor.

"Not yet, I hope," said the little old lady, who quietly picked up the tool, replaced it on the table, and caressed the offending cat, which, after this vigorous sally, had returned to its former task of contemplating the fire.

The little old lady leaned forward in her chair and nursed her face. She was an old-fashioned person, with sharp features and stiff grey ringlets falling over her sunken cheeks. Her eyes were piercingly bright; she had an intellectual forehead; her countenance was almost distressing in its eagerness.

At last the clockmaker rose from his chair, and came and rested in the old carved oak settle which served the double purpose of keeping out the draught from the door and forming a comfortable though ancient seat.

He took off his spectacles and held them in his hand.

"Well, Volumnia," he said, "tomorrow you and I will part. Not a very pleasant prospect so far as the weather is concerned. Do you hear the rain?"

"I fear you will have a wet journey," said his wife. "Perhaps you remember that tomorrow is the anniversary of our wedding day. Tomorrow, thirty-five years ago, it poured in torrents, as it is pouring now. That was not a very cheerful omen for our wedding."

"No, Volumnia," the old man answered, smiling grimly; "my friends tried to persuade me not to marry you."

"Precisely," said the old lady dryly, "and my friends tried to persuade me not to marry you."

"I wish you had listened to them, Volumnia," he sighed, as he leaned back in the settle. Volumnia Webster shrugged her shoulders.

"Because I did not listen to my friends and you did not listen to your friends' Thomas," she said, "we have each of us lost thirty-five years of life. That was a pity. Life is short, and we cannot afford to fritter it away. But in all human probability we have each of us about twenty more years to live: so we must make the most of that. There is plenty of time to do a good many things in twenty years."

"The curious part," said the clockmaker, as he stroked the black cat. "the curious part, Volumnia, is that we have never thought of all this before. Now, to be honest with me, do you recollect a single day's pleasure in my company?"

Volumnia Webster mused.

"Nothing readily suggests itself to me," she said, after a pause. "Ah, yes: I can recall one very happy day in London, spent with books and pictures. Stay, I forgot that you did not spend that day with me. No, Thomas; to be candid with you, I can dwell on nothing pleasurable in the past, so far as you are concerned. The fact is, there has always been such a gulf between us—I came from a world utterly different from your world, and not only our spheres, but our actual ways of looking at things were different. Then, too, I was of gentle birth; you know I have no wish to speak unkind words to you, Thomas, but I do not think the same adjective can qualify your birth."

"You have told me that several times before," he replied half sulkily. "You may have forgotten all your other duties, but you have never forgotten the duty of reminding me, either directly or indirectly, that your father was a naval captain and that my father was not a naval captain. But there, let that pass; everybody must have some kind of hobby, and I do not grudge you yours. We were speaking of enjoyment in the past, were we not? You said you could recollect nothing pleasant, so far as I was concerned. Well, I have the advantage of you, Volumnia; for I can recall a very happy day spent with you in Winchester Cathedral. Do you remember looking at the Crusaders, and noting which of them had been once, twice, or thrice to the Holy Land? I thought them fools because of their enthusiasm, and, as usual, you did not agree with me. And then we went into the town, and bought that clock yonder. That reminds me: there is something wrong with the hands; I must see to them before I go to bed tonight. Indeed, I will do so now."

"You are getting confused," said Volumnia Webster placidly, as her husband opened the glass of the clock's face; "I have never been in Winchester."

"Why, of course," he answered, turning round, "you were not with me! That was the happiest day I ever spent. Everything in Winchester interested me, and I made friends with that old clockmaker, who wanted me to buy his business . If I had had the money, nothing would have pleased me better, for I always felt buried in this stupid village. I have never had the chance of putting my talents to account. Well, that is of the past, too."

He had now set in order the hands of the clock; and, taking out his heavy gold watch, he corrected the time, and returned to the settle.

"I should tell you, Volumnia," he continued, "that I leave my affairs in excellent condition. I have wound them up just as if they were the affairs of a dead man. I owe nothing; indeed some few shillings are owing to me for repairs which I have finished this afternoon. The clock belongs to Farmer Garrett, and the watch is the property of Mr. Fane; be sure to return them tomorrow, and, as for the extra money, it will be useful to you at Christmas."

Volumnia Webster stirred uneasily in her chair.

"Christmas without you will seem strange, Thomas," she said.

"Perhaps," he answered, "but one soon gets accustomed to feeling strange."

He took from his pocket his heavy old-fashioned watch, and looked at it regretfully.

"You remember, this belonged to your brother, Volumnia?" he said sadly. "It has been my companion for many years. I suppose I must give it back to you, but I shall miss it terribly."

"No doubt you will feel strange at first," said Volumnia, "but, to quote your own words, one soon gets accustomed to feeling strange, you know."

The old clockmaker shook his head.

"No, Volumnia," he replied; "I shall miss that watch sadly. We can learn to do without people much more easily than without things. We become absurdly attached to our little personal possessions." His voice faltered as he spoke.

"I give in," she said, after a pause, "you may keep the watch."

"Thank you," he said warmly; "that is generous of you. In fact, Volumnia, you have been kind to me in a great

"The stranger took up fiddle and bow and green bag, and crept to the door. The rain was still pelting against the windows, and the wind was still howling its dismal story . . . the water was rushing down the village street. . . . The stranger paused just by the door, hoping against all hope that the little old lady would relent and say one word of kind dismissal.

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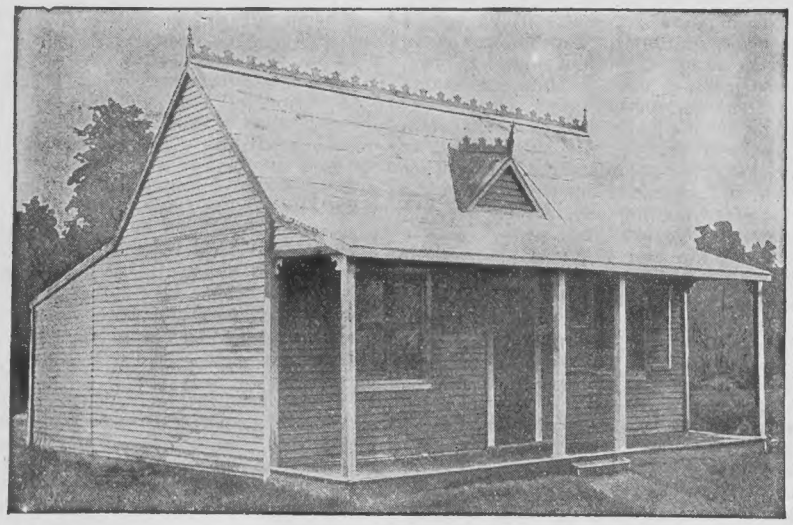

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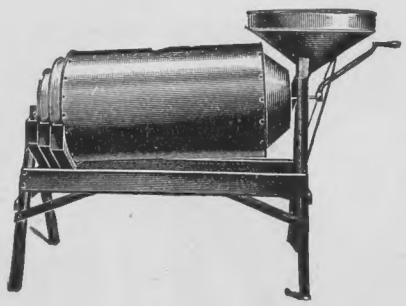

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many ways, and I think I ought to tell you, that I owe you a certain amount of gratitude for all that you have done for me and been to me, during these thirty-five years. Sometimes I think it almost a pity that we should part; but, on the whole, I believe we have decided for the best. And now, listen, Volumnia: I wish to impress on you that if any neighbors come in, and question you about our affairs, as neighbors will do, you may just tell them that we have not parted in anger, but that we are tired of each other. If they want more particulars, as neighbors often do want, you may tell them to go to the devil and get satisfied. They will not put further questions to you."

"I will remember your words," said his wife, putting down a violet comforter which she had just that moment finished. "Here is your comforter; be sure and wear it in the cold and damp weather, for you cannot afford to trifle with your throat; and if you wish to live a good twenty years longer you must take every possible precaution. For my own part, I shall be anxious to know how your health goes on. Is it desirable that we should exchange letters?"

'I think that is hardly necessary," he said, looking at the comforter with approval. "After tomorrow, we practically cease to live for each other; so that it cannot really matter to you what becomes of me, and it cannot matter to me what becomes of you."

She drew her chair a little nearer to him, and looked at him almost pleadingly; she looked at the face, which had once shone with kindness for her; at the forehead, which her hand had so often soothed in hours of sickness; at his hair, grey in some places and white in others; and she remembered how she had once tried to count those many curls, and had left off in despair. They were still there, those same curls, but grown old and grey. She thought of the young workman of thirty-five years ago, whose love and courage in an hour of trouble had won her heart, and when she spoke again there were very gentle accents in her voice.

"There have been times, Thomas," she whispered, as she put her hand on his arm, "there have been times when I have loved you very dearly. I want you to know this, and to remember this when you are far away; for it is something to be loved tenderly, if only for a short time."

A tear fell from her bright eye on to his hand. He looked up, and seeing that her eyes were full of tears, he pressed her hand and bade her be comforted. But even as he spoke there was a strang tremor in his voice, and a troubled expression on his own face. Thus they sat together in silence.

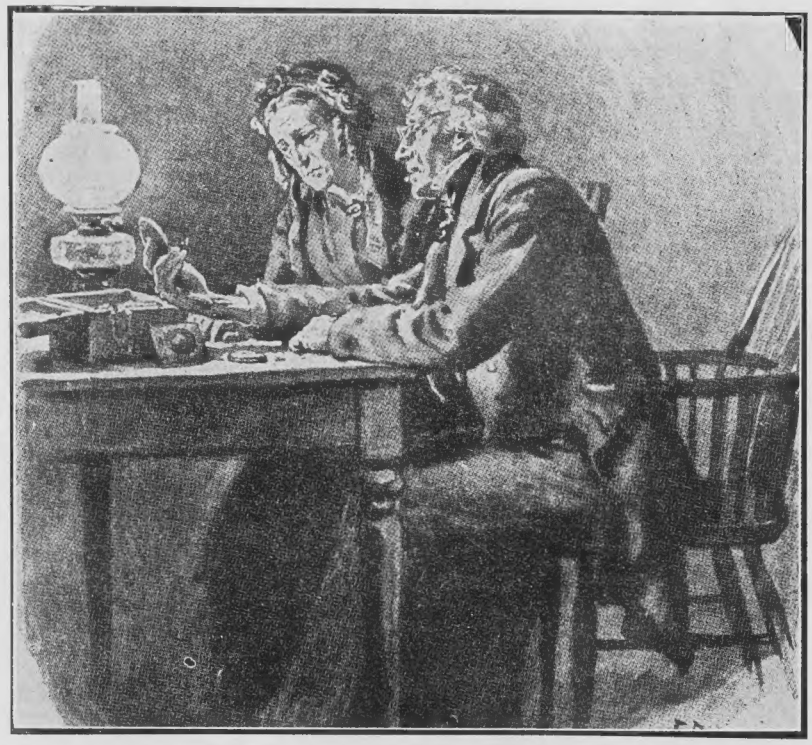
Then she spoke.

"There are some few treasures which we must divide tonight, Thomas. You were asking me the other day for the miniature of your grandfather. I have got it quite safe, together with the old pictures of my mother. All our little relics are in that box. We shall see better if we look at them by the lamplight; and when we have settled which are yours and which are mine, I will set the supper table and fry you some bacon and sausages."

Sitting side by side at the table, they took out the treasures one by one, and old memories were called forth at the sight of each treasure — glad memories and sad memories curiously intermingled. There was a chain belonging to the naval captain's father, and a picture of the naval captain himself, at which Volumnia Webster gazed proudly, and at which the clockmaker stared resignedly, and there were a few curious rings, some of which were identified by the clockmaker, and others by his wife.

"See here, Volumnia," he said: "this is my mother's hair in this quaint locket. I never knew my mother, but I remember being told that they cut off a lock of her hair, as she lay dead, and they placed it in my tiny hands. I am glad to see that again."

Then they came upon a miniature of Volumnia Webster, when she was a child of five years, and the clockmaker looked at it a long time, now admiring the eager little face, and now examining with genuine approval the delicate workmanship of the gold setting.



"Sitting side by side at the table, they took out the treasures one by one."

"That is a beautiful piece of work," he said enthusiastically. "Any goldsmith would be proud of that.'

"You always wished to sell it," she said sharply. "You have so little sentiment in you."

"So you have told me several times," he said without any sign of annoyance.

"But this is the gem of all, Thomas," she said, as she handed him the miniature of a lady. People said I was like my mother, but that was a libel on my mother's face. When I was young, though, I daresay my eyes were nearly as bright as hers. They are not bright now."

The old man looked up at Volumnia.

"No, they are not bright now," he said critically.

He laid the picture aside, without any further remark; but he must needs have noticed that selfsame pleading expression of countenance and that half-puzzled look, as though something in life had troubled the little lady, and all her ingenuity could not avail to set her mind at rest.

"This is old Peter Goodwin," said Volumnia Webster, "he was my mother's grandfather. I always think his quaint green coat, and his brown fiddle, and his grey wig go well together. I am very proud of Peter Goodwin."

"You were always proud of your ancestors," growled the clockmaker. "For my own part, I am quite thankful I never had any. But there, I do not grudge them to you. As I have said

before, everyone must have a hobby, and ancestors are not expensive, all things considered."

As she spoke, she took from off the table the miniature of a young boy, and slipped it into her lap, thinking that she had been unobserved.

"What are you hiding from me?" he asked. "I do not want to rob you of your family treasures, and it is not kind of you to mistrust me."

"It never entered my head, Thomas," she said eagerly, "and I only wished to spare you pain. If you must see, look!"

And she put the picture gently in his hands, and bent over him without speaking a word.

"We had not many reasons to be proud of our descendant, Volumnia," he said bitterly. "He promised well in the picture, did he not? But he did not make a very great thing of life. He had fine notions, derived from your ancestors, Volumnia. But it was not a very aristocratic ending to die in a drunken brawl. Here, take your picture. Your love for that boy was so great that you shut me out in the cold. All your thoughts were for him."

"Ah, you were always so hard," said the little old lady passionately.

"Well, leave that matter alone now," rejoined the old clockmaker, banging on the table with his fist.

All at once there came a low knock at the shop-door, and Volumnia said:

"I think I heard a knock at the shop-door."

"Nonsense," returned her husband. "Your ears are too sharp."

"And I have always thought yours were too dull, Thomas," the little lady replied. "Well, as you do not stir, I will go to the shop-door."

When she opened it, she found a man sitting on the doorstep. "Did you knock?" she asked, as he rose and stood before her.

"Yes, he answered; "I took that liberty. Yours was the only light I saw in the village. I have been walking many miles, and it is such a fearful night. I rested on your doorstep, and I could not resist the temptation of knocking."

She beckoned him into the shop.

"You are drenched with rain," she said kindly. "Come into the kitchen, and you shall warm yourself, and be made welcome.

As he leaned against the counter, the rain trickled down his face, and down his torn coat, and from off his fair mustache. He was probably a strolling player, for he carried under his arm a fiddle and a bow wrapped in a green bag, and this was the only part of him that was not drenched with rain. He was tall, and of slight build; a man of forty years, perhaps. His face was that of a sufferer; but there was some kind of humor about his mouth, and a certain style about his whole bearing of which poverty had not been able to rob him.

The little old lady eyed him curiously, though kindly.

"You are in a sorry plight, stranger," she said as she took his fiddle and laid it gently on the counter. "Ah, do not be afraid! this is not the first time I have handled a fiddle. I am very glad that you called here for shelter. One would not wish to turn anyone away on such a night as this."

"I looked in at your window," he said half-dreamily. "I saw you bending over something, and just for the moment I almost felt as if I were coming to someone I knew. That made it easy for me to knock."

She led the way to the kitchen, and, turning to her husband, she said:

"Thomas, here is a stranger who seeks our hospitality."

"You are welcome," said the clockmaker, who came towards the stranger. "You are welcome, whoever you are. But what the devil are you doing out on such a night as this?"

"Some people have not any home," replied the fiddler, smiling. "I happen to be one of those unlucky individuals."

The clockmaker laughed.

"Rest in the settle yonder and warm yourself," he said, "and my wife will prepare our supper. For my part, I am hungry, and, you will excuse me being personal, but you look starving."

"That's just what I am, replied the fiddler, sinking back into the settle. "But, upon my word, we homeless, supperless creatures become accustomed to the negative state. We even learn to be merry over our misfortunes. Now, I ask you to look at my coat. Is there not humor in it?"

"There are a good many holes in it," said Volumnia Webster, laughing. "And it is as damp as it can be. Take it off and let me dry it."

"It is not much of a coat," said the stranger, brightly. "Now you would not believe it—would you—but it was a dandy once! I used to pride myself on being well dressed; and my shirt-fronts were something to behold and wonder at! My boots were of the newest fashion, and the cut of my coat was absolutely faultless. However, that is all of the past."

"Precisely," remarked the clockmaker, who had put on his spectacles to examine the new comer.

Then he added:

"Have you come a long way tonight?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, frankly, "and I have completely lost my bearings. Not that it particularly matters where I do go, for times are bad everywhere for us strolling fiddlers. People like to listen, but they do not like to pay! Well, I can partly sympathize: I myself never cared about paying for anything! It is a habit some people have."

"By the way," said the little old lady, as she cut up the bacon and put it into the frying pan, "I left your fiddle lying on the counter; it must be damp. Perhaps you will fetch it, Thomas, and I will give it a good toasting—not to scorch it, but just to prevent all chances of rheumatism. That is what my father, the naval captain, used to do."

"Confound the naval captain!" growled the clockmaker half to himself, as he rose to fetch the fiddle.

"My father, the naval captain," continued the little old lady, "was fond of music, and he played a little on the fiddle yonder, that dirty old thing hanging against the wall. I shall show it to you later on."

"I should like to play on it," said the stranger eagerly.

"And so you shall," she answered kindly. "Thank you, Thomas; give the stranger's fiddle to me."

She took it from his bag, and warmed it at a discreet distance from the fire; she turned it over, and examining it, smiling half mournfully, as though sad memories were forcing themselves upon her mind.

"It is quite a common instrument," said the stranger, who had been watching her with interest; "but I used to have a beautiful one in the days when I was prosperous. That was a long time ago now. I did not then think that I should become a strolling player, making music for children and maidens to dance to and men to drink to. I had ambitions then."

"And have you no ambition now?" asked Volumnia Webster, taking down the toasting fork from the right hand side of the fire place.

'Yes,' he laughed, jumping up from the settle, "my ambition is to help you toast those slices of bread. I am a famous toaster."

She put the fork into his hand, resigning to him without hesitation the office of toaster. There was something cheery about his manner which communicated itself even to the clockmaker and his wife, and found response in them. It was impossible not to feel drawn towards him, for he had that in him which claimed and secured a sympathetic welcome. The little old lady saw that it gave him pleasure to help her, she asked him to place the chairs to the supper table, and fetch the dish from off the dresser.

"You cannot think what a comfort it is to be in this cheerful kitchen," he said, as he held out the dish for the little old lady to put the bacon into. "Only those who have been out into the darkness of the night can appreciate the warmth and glow of a red fire, and the kindness of those who welcome wanderers to that red fire. It is ever so long since I have been into a home. I had almost forgotten what a fireside looked like; and it is quite a luxury to be treated as one still having some hold on humanity. That alone is almost as good as the supper which you are preparing. I do not say that it precisely drives away hunger, but it does drive away the blues."

In a few minutes the three were seat-

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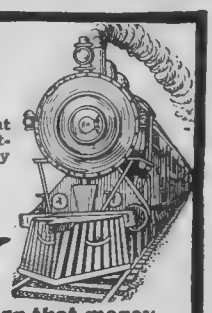

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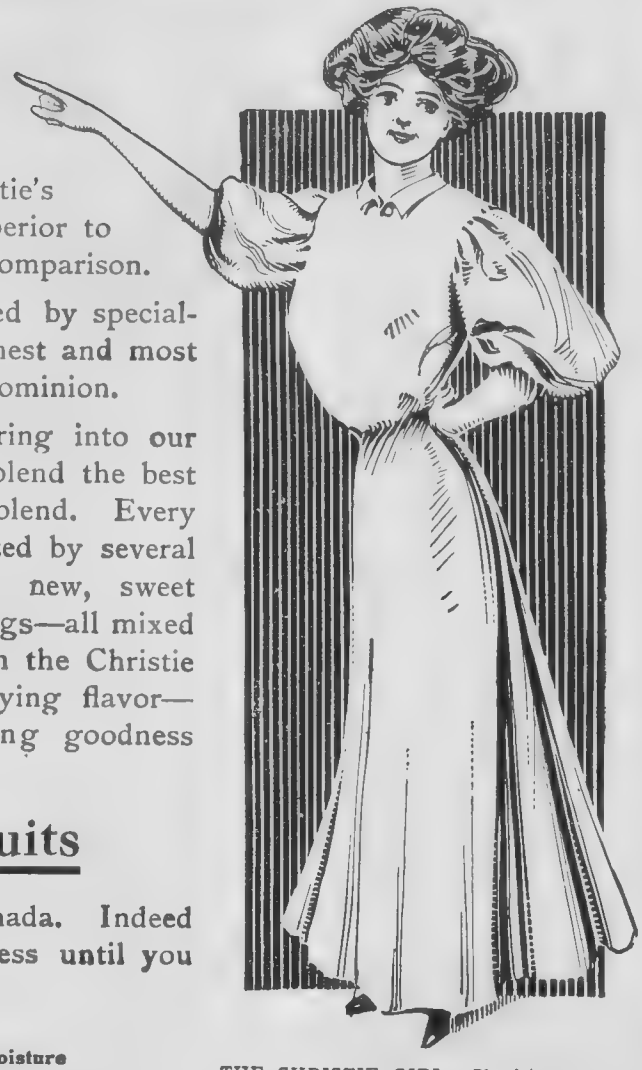

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ed at the table; the guest ate heartily of the bacon and sausages, and made short work of the toast and Dutch cheese, and did not spare the home-made jam, which he declared was a relish not frequently finding its way into his life.

"That pot of jam is no safer with me than it would be with a schoolboy," he said, turning to the little old lady, who was smiling to see her guest so happy. The clockmaker, too, was amused; he kept the stranger's coffee cup well filled, and seemed altogether in an excellent humor.

"That puts warmth into a man," the fiddler said, leaning back contentedly in his chair. "I feel alive again. One does not get a supper like this every day, I can tell you. The strolling player must take what he can get, and sometimes he cannot get anything at all! Then he must play his tune to himself. and take that for food and drink: he must live on that or starve on that: and what do you think sir?—the sooner he starves to death the better?"

"It all depends upon the nature of the person. The world might be the poorer or richer for his death," remarked the clockmaker, as he poured the steaming coffee into his saucer and blew on it. "But so far as one's own wishes are concerned, most people cling to life. For my own part, although I am an oldish man, I wish to live as long as I can hold together; and it is not because I am particularly happy. Volumnia, my wife, gives me twenty years of life if I am careful. What do you think of her judgment?"

The stranger laughed.

"I should not say you were very strong," he answered; "but you probably have more life in your little finger than I have in my whole body. And then, of course, you have more chances of taking care of yourself than I have. I am not in a position to consult the weather, for instance, and you are."

"Thomas has a delicate throat," interposed Volumnia Webster; "otherwise I have no fears for him. He is particularly anxious to live a long time, for tomorrow he and I part; and such few years as may remain to us, we shall spend as each of us thinks fit."

"What an odd idea!" exclaimed the stranger blandly.

"Not at all," remarked the clockmaker gruffly; "the only odd part of it is, that we did not come to the determination before, but have waited thirty-five years before making up our minds."

"And I supose you think that if you wait much longer it will be too late," suggested the stranger. "The time does slip away so stealthily, does it not?"

He suddenly rose from the table.

"If this is the case," he said, "I have intruded sadly upon you. You cannot want a stranger here on your last evening."

"On the contrary," replied the clockmaker, lighting his pipe, "we are very glad to have you: we were not particularly happy before you arrived. Your coming here has been a pleasure. Do not hurry away; but light your pipe and draw nearer to the fire, and tell us something about yourself."

"There are two serious obstacles to your first invitation," said the fiddler: "I have no pipe and no tobacco."

"Here are both," replied the little old lady.

"And as for your third invitation," continued the stranger, smiling his thanks to the little old lady, "I doubt whether you would be particularly edified with my history. It is not that of a hero. Indeed I am a most unheroic person. Why, people said I killed my mother; but I myself have never believed in the theory of broken hearts. Does grief kill?"

"No," replied the clockmaker gruffly, "it does not kill."

"Yes," replied Volumnia Webster. "It brings death to the soul. I know that well, for my own heart has been dead these many years. Our son struck the blow. I wonder whether he spoke as lightly as you speak."

The clockmaker frowned, and gave a gesture of impatience.

"Do let the past alone tonight, Volumnia," he said sternly. "On the morrow, when I leave you, you may do as you please about mourning over a dead rogue. But now it would be more useful to you to clear away the supper things."

The little old lady's bright eyes flashed indignantly and her slight frame trembled with her well-controlled anger; but she gave no answer, and merely busied herself with carrying out the clockmaker's suggestion, whilst the fiddler rested in the settle, smoking his pipe. But when the clockmaker took up some watches which he had been repairing and left the kitchen, the fiddler rose to help the little old lady.

"That was rather rough on you," he said kindly, "and it was entirely my fault. And I believe you are suffering. My mother used to suffer like that when she pleaded for me with my father, and I used to laugh. But that was long ago. I do not laugh now."

"He never understood the boy," Volumnia Webster burst out passionately. "The boy took after my family: he was of a highly-wrought temperament and of an artistic disposition, and his father, who, as you see, came from a lower sphere, could not appreciate a nature so unlike his own. He told the lad time after time that he was a rogue and would go straight to the dogs. Never a day passed but that cruel words were spoken betwen them. He was capable of much good; he had generous instincts. He meant well, but he was easily led away. There was one man of all men who dragged him down. I would sacrifice all the remaining years of my life if I could stand face to face with that man. It would be too mericiful to kill him: but I could curse him living, curse him dying, and curse him dead. His name is in my heart; I treasure it there for very hatred."

She put her hands over her face. The stranger seemed lost in thought. His own thin-drawn face wore a troubled expression. He held his pipe listlessly in his hand. He shivered.

When at last she looked up, he had regained his composure.

"You would not wonder at my words," she said sadly, "if you understood how mothers love their sons. But you sons cannot understand—you laugh. And I daresay my boy laughed too. Ah, well, he was a handsome lad, the very gentleman in manner and appearance. If he had lived he woud have become the very image of my father, the naval captain. That used to irritate my husband, for he could not bear to think that I had belonged to a sphere utterly different from his own. And yet such was the case. In the old days when I lived in my father's house, I was surrounded by gentlefolk, people of culture, and refinement and talent. That all seems to me a dream now, and I have to look at the fiddle yonder to remember that these things have been. But I weary you. What is all this to you?"

"It is my pleasure to hear you," the fiddler said eagerly. "It is so long since any one has thought it worth while to talk to me. As I told you before, it is a perfect luxury to be treated like a human being. You were talking about spheres: well, I have fallen out of my original one—or, to be rather more accurate, I was kicked out! I sinned against the world, and the world has had its revenge in never giving me the chance of beginning all over again. At first I thought it was deuced hard. Now I have learnt to shrug my shoulders and laugh."

"Do you always laugh?" asked the little old lady, touching him on the arm.

He paused.

"No," he answered, "there are times when I do not laugh. There are times, too, when I fancy that if, somewhere or other, there could be spared to me just a little of love and sympathy, out of the mass of love and sympathy throbbing in the world's heart, I should yet try to begin all over again. There is nothing more awful than loneliness of life and soul; nothing more deadening than to feel that no one cares whether you fare ill or well, whether you die by the wayside, or whether you live to reach the next village. Heaven! when you and your husband talk of parting on the morrow, you do not know what you say. Forgive me if I have said too much. I have no right to act the preacher to anyone; but there is irony in the whole situation: a home, a red fire, and every appearance of comfort—and no happiness!"

"To make happiness," said the little old lady, half to herself, "sympathy is necessary, and I have wanted sympathy all my life long. I have not been a happy woman: the months, the years, going by and bringing joy to some people, never brought joy to me. Well, well; the fire is burning low, stranger: oblige me by piling on the logs, Thomas likes a cheerful fire. I must go and fetch his overcoat, which wants mending, and then, perhaps, you will give us a little music on your fiddle."

"Certainly," said the stranger, as he put on the logs.

The black cat sitting on the hearth watched him with eager green eyes, and probably coming to the conclusion that he was a friend of the family, showed approval of his presence by an outburst of purring. The stranger stroked his sleek coat, and then gently rolled him over and played with him.

"You will have a bad time shortly," he said to the cat, "for I am going to fiddle. Perhaps, though, I shall charm you, after the fashion of the celebrated Orpheus, of whom you may, perchance, have heard."

At that moment the clockmaker came into the kitchen.

"I have done all my work," he said cheerily, "and I leave everything in excellent order, so that tomorrow I shall start my new life with an easy conscience. My wife tells me you will give us a tune. I dearly love a tune, though she declares I am not fond of music. It is wonderful how a wife settles a thing of that sort. By the way, stranger, I expect you have been hearing all about the naval captain! I have never been able to get free of that man, though he died many years ago. Woe unto the man whose wife has relations in the navy!"

"Or the army!" laughed the fiddler, taking his fiddle out of the green bag. "You should be grateful for small mercies. The navy may irritate a man's throat, but the army generally chokes him!"

"You are quite a puzzle to me," said the clockmaker, watching his guest with obvious interest. "You have the bearing and the speech of what people call a gentleman, and yet you are a strolling fiddler, homeless and, possibly, penniless."

"Excuse me, sir," interposed the stranger with a smile; "I am the happy possessor of exactly fourpence halfpenny. Lest you doubt me, here you are."

"I own that I am curious about you," resumed the clockmaker.

"I will satisfy your curiosity," said the stranger good-naturedly, nodding to the little old lady who had brought in her work, and was now sitting in the settle near her husband.

He stood before them, thrumming the strings of his fiddle.

"I can't think why the deuce you are going to part tomorrow," he said. "When you have heard my edifying story you will say I am bad. But when I look at you both, I believe you are mad. Well, that is neither here nor there. With regard to myself, I have made a hash of my life. I chose my own path, and that path happened to lead to the treadmill. When I was doing penal servitude for forgery my mother died, they said of a broken heart. We have already discussed the matter. When I came out again, I thought I would try to raise myself, just for the sake of her memory. It was rather late to think of that, wasn't it? I looked about for a livelihood, and, of course, I looked in vain. Then I remembered my fiddle, for in the days gone by I had been considered a brilliant player. I tried to get pupils, but the story of my life spread about, and my pupils left me. I played for a few weeks in a theatre, and there, too, my history became known, and I was obliged to go. I played with a harpist in the streets of London. One day he called me a cursed convict, and refused to work with me. So now, turned off by everyone, I play alone. May I still stay with you, or must I go? Most people tell me to go. It is not possible to hurt my feelings now; so I beg of you to be frank, and to decide just as your fancy dictates."

Neither of them answered. Volumnia and Thomas Webster stared into the fire as though they saw pictures there, sad pictures too, for there were tears in the little old lady's eyes, and the clockmaker looked distressed.

"Then I will go," said the fiddler just a little sadly. He had left off thrumming the strings of his fiddle.

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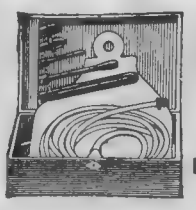

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"No," said the old man kindly, "still stay with us, you are our guest; we made you welcome, and you are still welcome. I only paused because your words made me think of my son, who was killed in a drunken brawl fifteen years ago. If he had lived, would his life have been like yours, I wonder? We must give you a lifting hand, stranger, for his sake. What do you say, Volumnia?"

"That would be my wish," said Volumnia Webster earnestly. The fiddler bent down and reverently kissed her hand.

"I have not heard such words for years," he said. "I feel a different man for them. They will make everything easier for me. And now for some music," he added cheerily. "'Fit audience let me have, though few.' I am nothing of a musician now, you know. The music generally required at country inns does not reach a very high standard: it is not precisely classical. So do not be critical. I think I shall play you a maypole dance."

Perhaps he was nothing of a player, but he knew how to make his fiddle speak to the old couple resting in the settle. He had forgotten them. He was standing on the village-green fiddling for the maypole dancers. Perhaps he heard the village-folk cry "Faster, faster, fiddler!" for he perpetually increased his speed and did not seem to tire. But now these merry notes died away, giving place to a gentle melody, such as would linger in a listener's memory. The fiddle sang, and sobbed and sobbed again.

The clockmaker started as though he were pierced.

"Volumnia," he whispered uneasily, "where have I heard that music? Ah! I know—I have heard it these many years, and sometimes, when I have refused to listen, I have heard it all the same. Why, it was the little piece our boy wrote for my birthday greeting; you have it safe, Volumnia. Tell me, Volumnia, am I dreaming?"

"No, dear, you are not dreaming," she answered. "That is the very music our boy wrote—you remember how proud we were!—we had such hopes for him, hadn't we? He was so talented in every way—poor Ralph!"

"How all the past returns, Volumnia," he whispered, "until everything has become the Past!"

Her head rested on his shoulder, and her hand fondled those grey curls, fondled so often in the days gone by.

All unconsciously the stranger had put them under a spell, the spell of the Past. They had forgotten him and his personality: they only heard the music.

The stranger ceased playing, and, looking up, saw how the clockmaker rested like a tired child on the little old lady's shoulder. He saw that they had both forgotten him.

"And naturally too," he said to himself, "for I have no claim on their remembrance. I have intruded on them long enough as it is, and now I must go out into the darkness of the night and take up my loneliness again."

He glanced round the cosy kitchen, at the red fire, at the quaint clock, at the copper warming-pan, at the dresser stocked with old china. Everything spoke to him of a home. He was glad to have seen one again: the remembrance woud be pleasant to him. Just as he was putting his fiddle into the green bag, the string broke with a loud clang—and the little old lady woke from her reverie.

"Ah! you there!" she said. "Tell me how you knew that music; why did you choose that to play to us? I must know why you chose that."

He wondered at her eagerness to know.

"I seem to be telling you all my secrets tonight," he said, smiling sadly. "If confession is good for the soul, then my soul has gained something tonight. You spoke of that man who had dragged your son down. Your words sank deep into my heart, for that reminded me what I had done in a similar way to a young fellow as full of promise as your son might have been. And I suppose I was thinking of him when I played that melody, for he wrote it, and I was the first to play it to him. I always thought it was a beautiful melody."

The clockmaker started up and put his hand roughly on the stranger's arm.

"You knew him, then?" he asked excitedly.

"Knew him!" laughed the fiddler. "Why, we were inseparable. He was my shadow. I could do anything with him—twist him round my finger—twirl him just as I pleased. He was rare good company, too—could sing a rattling song with anyone; full of wit and fun. Heavens! how he made us fellows laugh! Why, he was the wildest of——"

The fiddler stopped suddenly: the little old lady was leaning over the back of a chair glaring at him, just like a tigress preparing to spring; the clockmaker was standing a few steps off, his arms tightly folded together, and his face working like the face of a man who was trying to make up his mind about something or other, trying to puzze out some mystery.

"What is the matter with you both?" the fiddler asked nervously. "Have I done anything wrong, have I said anything to hurt your feelings?"

A wild cry broke from the little old lady's lips. She rushed to the cupboard in the recess, pulled out some papers and threw them on the table. She turned them over with trembling hands, and at last found the packet she required. She tore it open, and took out the faded photograph of a young man. She held it up for the fiddler to see.

"Was that anything like your friend whom you dragged down to hell?" she hissed out.

The stranger started back as though he had been struck. His face was deadly pale.

"My God!" he cried. "That was the very man—Ralph Webster!"

The photograph dropped from her hand.

"Then at last," she said slowly, "we stand face to face with our son's worst enemy. It is worth while living to see him like this: an outcast from every home!"

The stranger bowed his head. He tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Go!" said the clockmaker, touching him roughly on the shoulder and pointing to the door. "This is no resting-place for you."

The stranger took up the fiddle and bow and green bag, and crept to the door. The rain was still pelting against the windows, and the wind was still howling its dismal story. The stranger paused just by the door, hoping against all hope that the little old lady would relent and say one word of kind dismissal. If ever a human face was eloquent with pleading, his face was eloquent at that last moment.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked sternly, "go before my tongue is loosened."

He swung open the door, went into the shop, unlocked the shop-door, which banged mournfully after him as he passed out into the darkness of the wild night.

. . . . . .

When he had gone, the little old lady's composure broke down, and she sank into the settle and wept bitterly. The clockmaker bent over her and comforted her, taking the little tear-stained face into his hands and kissing it.

"Volumnia," he whispered, "we have been drawn very near to each other tonight."

And she smiled to hear his words. She watched him pick up the photograph, and put it back into the cupboard; and she watched him fix his pipe in the rack which hung just over the bellows, and she saw him throw his favorite tools into their accustomed drawer. The clock struck twelve.

"You have a long journey to go on the morrow, Thomas," she said, "and you ought to be getting to rest. I must stay up a little longer to finish your overcoat."

"Never mind that," he answered, as he took the coat from her hands, "I am not going on a journey either tomorrow or any other day. I shall stay here with you, Volumnia, and live my twenty years here. The fiddler was right in saying that we were mad. May I stop, Volumnia? I could not bear to part with you now."

And she bade him stay always, promising him half-humorously that the naval captain should not worry him more than was absolutely necessary. And she spoke of the fiddler and his loneli-

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ness; and said she should never forget what a pleading look was on his face as he stood by the door waiting for one kind word; she understood now that all his future hung in the balance that minute; she regretted his hasty dismissal; she recalled the words he had spoken about the value of affection, and how he should have wished to begin all over again, if a little human sympathy could have been granted to him; she forgot that he was a man whose name she had been cherishing in her memory for very hatred: she only remembered that he was a wretched wanderer, whom she had sent out into the darkness of the night. All the pity that was in the depths of her heart rose up.

"Let us call him back, Thomas," she said eagerly. "Let us give him the helping hand we promised him before we knew who he was."

So they opened the shop-door, and they shouted his name:

"Mark Weston—Mark Weston, come back to us! We shall welcome you as we welcomed you before. We have only forgiveness and kindness for you. Come back, Mark Weston!"

But there was no answer.

"We want to help you, Mark Weston," the little old lady cried, "come to us."

The wind and rain gave reply; the fiddler gave none.

"No one could hear in such a storm," said the clockmaker. "It is of no use."

They shut the shop-door reluctantly and returned to the kitchen, and trimmed the lamp and put it in the window, and they sat talking over the fire—talking about their young days and about Ralph and the fiddler.

"When the fiddler sees the light, he will come back," they said to each other.

They waited until the day broke, and the storm was hushed in sleep, and the fire died out.

But the fiddler did not come back.

"The First Xmas Morning."

The Work of the Spirit.

Christianity will ever appear young and fresh in the midst of the obsolete things of yesterday and the day before if only the Spirit be poured out from on high. It is only by the work of the spirit that we can really understand that Christ died for us, and that prayer is heard, and that death is the gate of life. So the preaching for the hour and for the ages is the old message, "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." We need not despond and fear because we are led to feel more than ever our helplessness and our need of God. It is blessed to be constantly and consciously near to the Eternal and dependent on His grace. So living, our faith in the supernatural will support itself without a struggle, and be confirmed by ever new proofs. The signs of the times, whatever they may be, will not appal us. Instead of fearing and doubting the future of the supernatural Church redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, we shall be filled with hope. We may be of those who sit in the heavenly places with Christ Jesus, who look down on the conflict as though it were already passed, who behold the fallen Satan, who, like Bunyan, foresee the time when Anti-christ will be matter of history, when the saints will speak of how he grew and spread, and how he was consumed by the breath of the Lord's mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of his coming. This must be the answer to prayer, the answer to those who come to God by the new and living way, which is also the old way, the way by which our fathers have gone with their burden and returned with their song.

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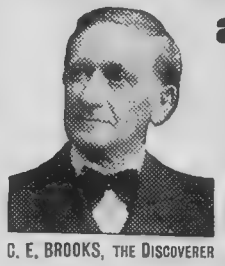

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Mars and Minerva.

By ARABELLA KENEALY.

"BY Jove!" the Squire said, drumming a big fist on the table, "I shall have to take to drink, you know."

There was none save himself in the room; but man is of dual constitution, and it may have been to another self this threat was addressed. The other self was evidently a person of principle, possibly of temperance principle to judge by the gloom suffusing the Squire's countenance during the ensuing several minutes.

"You draft a chap away from a rattling busy life, knocking about in the East, quashing nigger risings, potting big game, and otherwise enjoying himself—shoot his arm off, and force him to settle down in a God-forsaken hole like this to squire a set of rustics he hasn't a notion what to say to and without a decent family within a ten-mile drive—why, he's bound to take to drink. I've put on half a stone already the last three months, sitting an hour longer over dinner than I should. There's actually nothing to get up for in the mornings. Vic would miss her mid-day run, perhaps; nothing worse would happen, would it, old girl?"

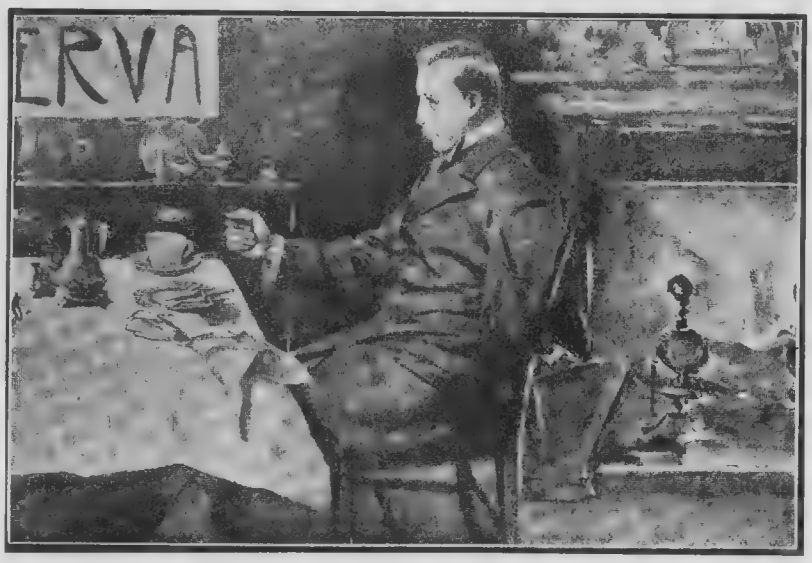
Vic, lying at his feet, looked grave. She did not approve her master's tone. So long as her master sat within sight and hearing she could not understand one speaking as though a funeral were in the house. Then her master's voice got a note of cheerfulness.

"Thank Heaven, the post-bag," he exclaimed, pushing his chair back from the breakfast-table.

A minute later he was looking through a batch of letters.

"Chiefly receipted bills," he said, tossing half a dozen open envelopes aside. "Is used to be jollier in the old days when the bills ran no earthly risk of being paid." He was silent for some minutes. Then he burst into a laugh.

"Something to do with a vengeance! I say, you're a pretty cool hand at



giving orders, Miss Ramsay. I'd better make a note of it. Now then I'm to have an iron bedstead, and not too wide a one at that, with bolster, and pillows, and mattresses, all nicely made up and placed to one side of the platform. I'm to have a nice clean little boy in a clean little shirt in attendance; a boy of sufficient age to be intelligent, yet light enough to lift, a boy who will submit to being put to bed and poulticed, got up again and bandaged, dressed and undressed publicly, tossed in a blanket, carried in a sheet, scalded and burned and splinted, and otherwise experimented on before a gaping crowd. Now where the deuce, Miss Ramsay, Lecturer on Nursing and First Aid, Member of the Sanitary Institute and late of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, am I to unearth such a youngster as you demand? I am to have a kettle boiling on the fire a bag of linseed meal, basins and spoons bandages and lint, and goodness knows what else she may need to illustrate her remarks. I am to have the room well lighted in order that her audience —great Scott! Hodge, and Dodge, and Podge—may distinguish her diagrams. I am to have a nice white freshly-ironed sheet to serve as a screen for her magic-lantern. I am to find somebody to help her work that magic-lantern. I am to have her met at the station, and—— I think I had best start out and get a few of my duties in tow before noon. A Field-Marshal couldn't hold a candle to her in the matter of issuing orders."

* * * * *

"How do you do?" she said, extending a well-gloved hand.

He had decided that a person so evidently accustomed to be obeyed might take it amiss did anybody less than the Squire himself meet her at the station. So he drove the dog-cart round. She was very charming looking, young and golden-haired, and chestnut-eyed, with most bewildering airs of self-possession and decision.

"You got my letter, Major Roberts?" she submitted presently as they left the station at a fine pace and went skimming down the road.

Got her letter! Why he actually ached with the burden of carrying out its injunctions. He had been at it ever since. Lunch was a mere fiction snatched between intervals of parleyings with clean little boys in clean little shirts, and hunting after bedsteads.

"I've got two boys," he informed her triumphantly; "the second to act as understudy to the first, in case the first one howled, or deserted, or anything of that kind."

She shook her head.

"They don't howl; they rather like it. It's a kind of social distinction."

"I promised the poultice shouldn't be too hot," he urged scrupulously.

"I only hope it may be," she mused: "with the appliances usually at hand it errs too often on the other side of temperature."

He glanced at the straight firm profile, with its white, decided chin and mobile mouth. This was a smart sort of young woman. No kind of nonsense about her. The evening promised to be lively. She pointed to a neat tin case packed in the back of the cart.

"Will there be somebody to help me with the lantern?" she inquired.

"I have worked a lantern. I got one down for Christmas. We gave the youngsters a sort of entertainment."

"You are interested in your people?" She swept her brown eyes over his good-looking profile.

The Major smiled beneath his moustache. But he felt relieved that truth did not force him to an absolute negative. She so plainly demanded him to be interested.

"The term is rather strong. You can scarcely call Hodge a person to whom interest attaches."

"I do," she insisted. "He is a very good sort when you take the trouble to understand him. Personally, I am very fond of him."

"Or you would not lecture to him, I suppose?"

"Oh," she responded candidly, "I lecture to him because I get a guinea for it. The first duty of every man and woman is to be self-supporting. Don't you think so?"

"Why, certainly," the Major assented as heartily as though this had been an

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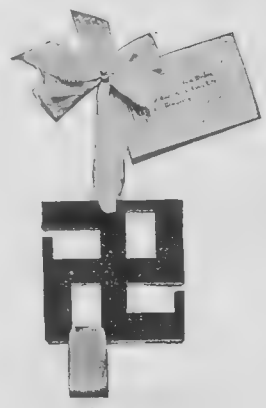

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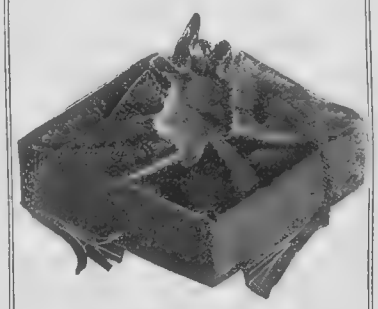

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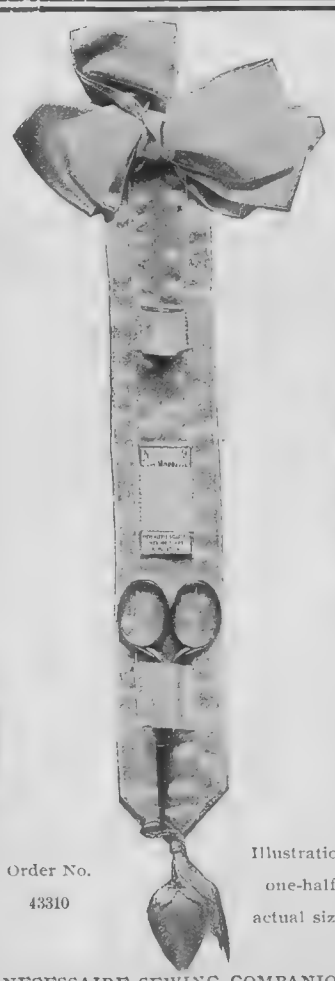

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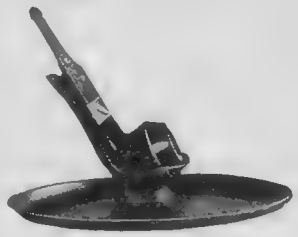

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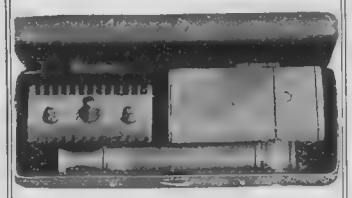

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When the first boy's boots, coat and waistcoat had been removed he stood in view of his fellows on a platform illuminated by a motley and heterogeneous array of oil lamps, he fulfilled the Major's prophecy and howled.

But the lecturer forthwith popped a nightgown over his head and hustled him into the bed awaiting him. Amazement strangled the howl at its birth.

"Now," said the lecturer, turning her pretty bright face on the abashed and giggling audience, "you will all, I am sure, be sorry to learn that this poor little boy in the bed has broken both arms and one leg; and has, moreover, got a great wide cut all down one side of his cheek."

"Oh, I say!" a girl in the front row blurted in an audible whisper. "If mother didn't always tell us Tommy Bastick 'ud come to no good."

Tommy Bastick sat up. His face was solemn. His round eyes were fixed like two notes of horror on the lecturer's face. But the lecturer, turning, fell upon him forthwith. "Good gracious!" she cried, " you must not sit up with all those broken bones of yours!"

Whereat Tommy lay suddenly supine, and with a last despairing glance toward his mother in the second row gave himself up to his fate. The lecturer deftly changed the sheets and blankets of the sufferer's bed without disturbing any of his injured members, letting draughts blow upon him, or disclosing the fact that he was wearing corduroys beneath his bed-gown. Then she unrolled him out of one night-shirt and into another, by an expedient so simple yet so cunning that Tommy did not experience the slightest pain in any of his wounded limbs, nor, indeed, was he aware that the first garment had been removed before the lecturer, smiling in his face, was buttoning the collar of the second underneath his chin.

After these mysteries of the sick toilette had been exemplified, Tommy was whipped out of the bed and bandaged.

"Led by the Major they Thundered Their Approval'

One broken leg was bound to an umbrella, the other was slung to a hoopstick, an arm was splinted between folded newspapers, a wrist was "tourniqueted" by a catapult, while his head swathed neatly in an "Esmarch" was a picture to behold. The audience gazed with widening eyes. "Now who'd ever a' thought things could be done so mortal easy, same as nobody wouldn't a' thought a person could have fresh sheets put on their bed without givin' 'em their death o' cold."

When, presently, Tommy bandaged and bound was laid in the centre of a blanket, and two broom-handles being rolled parallel with him into opposite borders of this, he was carried to and fro the platform like a prince in a palanquin, the house came down with applause. A broom-handle was a thing a child might understand, and so, of course, was an "umbereller," yet "who'd a' fancied using 'em like this?" There

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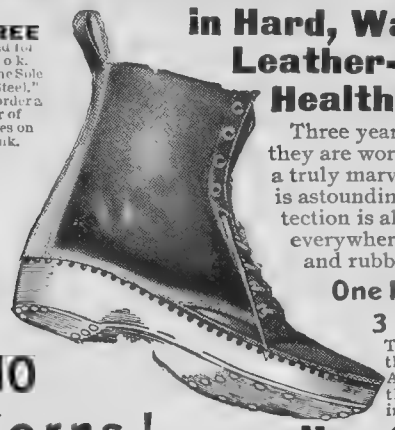

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was not a man or woman present who did not at that moment thirst for some untoward accident to overtake his neighbor in order that he might have an opportunity of exercising his lately acquired knowledge of the surgical uses of umbrellas and broom-handles. The lecturer smiled and sparkled at them as, led by the Major, they thundered their approval on the floor of the schoolroom. She had spoken in the simplest language, she had scolded them for hygienic shortcomings they blushed surprised to find her aware of, she had revealed to them first principles of food and sanitation, she had told them amusing stories, she had flattered, persuaded and admonished them. And all the while she looked as pretty as a pink," as some of the women and all the men agreed; and her voice was clear and sweet-toned as a bell. Eventually Tommy, the hero of this strange, wonder-working drama, was released and stood among them flushed and triumphant, while the understudy wept in a corner because his services had not been needed. Then the lecturer dismissed her audience prettily, bidding them come in fuller force next week, and the play was over.

"By Jove! but you made it interesting," the Major said, in a burst of admiration. "I never had a notion poultices and bandages could be turned to such account. You'd be invaluable on a battlefield, you know, Miss Ramsay."

"Would I?" she smiled. "I should be horribly afraid."

The Major shook his head.

"Fighting isn't half so bad as public speaking," he said. "Last year I stood for parliament, and when I got on the platform and saw the people staring up at me for words of wisdom—I—well, I'd have cut and run for it if I had only had the pluck."

She was rolling bandages and folding lint, packing these neatly into her bag.

"Oh, but you didn't!" she said, looking up with sudden animation.

"I didn't, of course. I just said what came to me, but I didn't say it as—as you'd have said it, for example. And I didn't get in," he added with a laugh.

"But you'll try again," she said quickly, closing her bag with a snap of decision. "You'll never be beaten by one failure?"

Her eyes were bright; her lips were firm. There was a carmine spot of challenge on one cheek.

"Yes, I think I shall try again," the Major said slowly, observing her. "A chap with only one arm is debarred from a good many things, and it isn't easy to put in time in a—place like this."

"Why, goodness gracious," she protested, tying the plaid ribbons of her hat into a somewhat coquettish bow beneath her firm and pretty chin, "you are never bored, are you?"

"Occasionally I am," he admitted, meeting the bright interrogation of her eyes.

"What," she said—"in a world like this where there is so much to do and to see and to think about?" Then before he had time to answer she was urging seriously: "You won't forget that six yards of rope for my next lecture, please? Just ordinary clothes-line rope, three yards a penny. I must have it, whatever happens."

A minute later she had entered the Major's brougham—the night being wet—had given the Major her hand, and was bowling away to the station.

The Major stood a minute in the rain

"Why Goodness Gracious!" She Protested

gazing after the vanishing lights.

"Well, of all the cleverest, cheeriest, prettiest——" he said, and came back to the schoolroom.

Great Scott! what a dingy-looking den. Surely they had put out half the lamps. But the Major was mistaken. The only difference in the barn-like, white-washed building which some minutes earlier had been so bright and animated was that the lecturer no longer stood there.

"Is there any reason why Miss Ramsay should not use the parish-room?" he questioned the schoolmaster.

"Not the least, sir, and perhaps it would be better, as there will be a larger attendance next week. Only," he added, "the parish-room has to be paid for, Squire."

"Never mind that," the Squire said munificently.

On the occasion of her second lecture, it was a smartly-decorated, fully-lighted hall into which Miss Ramsay was ushered. On the baize-draped table stood a decanter of water, and beside it a vase of hothouse flowers. At one end of the platform a fine palm spread its many-fingered leaves; the other was gay with chrysanthemums. The rows of chairs were filled, and every man had

brushed and oiled his hair till it shone with a high light like a patch of baldness, and every woman wore her finest cloak and bonnet, and the boy to be bandaged was conspicuous for the newness and pinkness of a shirt the Squire himself had presented to him. Each member of the audience was supplied with a shiny black note-book and pencil, and the Squire, sitting in the third row, set them the example of studiously committing to a similar note-book any point whereon the lecturer insisted.

"When you see me write anything down," he had warned them earlier in the evening, "you just pencil that black in your books. It will be something important to remember. And when you see me slip my book into my pocket and hold my umbrella so, you set to and clap for your lives. We must show the lady we appreciate the trouble she is taking."

There was a great deal of applause on the occasion of the second lecture.

The Squire wrote studiously and frequently in his book, keeping a corner of his eye upon the audience. And at least a dozen times during the course of the lecture he gave vent to a hushed and respectful "Hear, hear." The second lecture was even a greater success than the first. And the lecturer's face was a picture to see.

"It is the most intelligent and interested class I have ever lectured to," she said enthusiastically. Whereat the Major beamed like a lighthouse.

"I have had a precious busy week, I tell you, seeing to that rope and linseed meal and all the things," he told her. "It has been quite a godsend to have something to do."

He stood again watching the lights of the receding brougham.

"She just twists and twines them round her little finger," he murmured. "And words—why, they float out of her mouth like — like butterflies. I never saw such a deuced queer thing as this is. You can't tell whether you're on your head or your heels."

On the occasion of the fourth lecture things were not so cheerful.

Lady Basham, with the two Misses Basham, from the next village occupied the front row. They did not require the whole front row, of course; but the Bashams were very great people, and not friendly and simple like the Major, and the villagers sitting beaming just below the platform curtsied humbly and retreated to the rear when the three ladies rustled in importantly.

"I shall see for myself," Lady Basham had said severely to his lordship, "and if there is anything that I consider indelicate, or if she attempts to take off the boy's stockings, I shall march out immediately with the girls and so express my disapproval. I consider that the County Council has disgraced itself by not inquiring into this person's age and —and appearance."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear," his lordship had retorted; "you can't shut Roberts away from every pretty woman, you know, and if he don't want Maude—why, he won't take Maude, so there's an end of it. And Miss Ramsay's a lady—I knew her father—and a deuced sight prettier and cleverer than those prim misses of yours. You've brought them up fools, my dear, and though I'm their father I must say they are not what I'd have chosen if choice had been given me."

So her ladyship and daughters occupied the front row with distinctly depressing effect.

"What the deuce is the matter with the woman?" the Major muttered, glaring sidelong from his seat in the third row. She had invited him to sit with her. But he had the magic-lantern to look after. She had now put up her lorgnettes and was gazing into the lecturer's face with marked and patent disapproval. "And what the dickens does she mean by shaking hands with Miss Ramsay as though she had been a dressmaker?"

He had seen the girl flush and her face set proudly under Lady Basham's patronage. And in the glare of that disparaging frown she lost some of her high-spirited spontaneity and friendly brightness. But with steady eyes and a fine color she made her points and stood her ground admirably.

"Perhaps," she said presently, fixing Lady Basham with a glowing gaze, "perhaps one of the ladies in the front row will kindly come up on to the platform and show you again how this bandage should be put on. It helps the class to see one of their number doing things."

There was a pause.

Then "You go, Miss Maude, will you not?" the Major urged.

"Go," her mother whispered.

Maude went. Then Lady Basham gnashed her teeth. In the face and bearing of the untrained woman—the woman whose faculties lack that fine finish only reached by discipline and culture—there is always something missing. Though she be the daughter of a hundred earls the slip-stitch up-bringing of what may be termed a "carpet-training" will leave her unredeemed of a suspicion of millinery, the type of flimsy, narrow-chested femininity. Miss Ramsay's form and features were quick with fine intelligence; she moved with the restrained grace of discipline and self-command. She had faced the reality and responsibility of living. She was essentially a woman. And Miss Basham—well, Miss Basham was a "young lady." And in this year of grace and progress to be a "young lady" is to commit the most grievous of all sins against breeding.

"The Bashams"

Lady Basham, realizing it, gnashed her teeth. The Major, seeing it, grew white to the lips. For a man who has once known a woman can never after satisfy his soul with anything less. Miss Basham was a beauty, but she came out badly from the encounter. Miss Ramsay, with a pretty tact and skill, remedied the faults of the other's prentice hand.

"Thank you," she said smiling; "you did it beautifully." And Miss Basham descended from the platform rustling and with her elbows squared.

"By Jove!" the Major muttered under his breath, "If she'd had any cat in her—and a woman might under the circumstances of the Basham glare—it would have come out then. I'm glad she showed them what a bit of breeding is."

And from that hour there was no room in his heart for images of Maude.

* * * * *

He was driving Miss Ramsay to the

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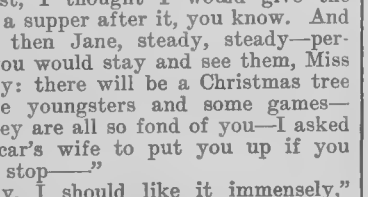

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station in the dog-cart, the lecture having been given in the afternoon. He wore the expression of a person behind a hearse.

"I say," he said, "we shall miss the lectures terribly. They have been a kind of carnival and reformation all in one. And next lecture is the last. Come up, Jane" He pulled the mare in sharply. "You're not running a Derby. We've plenty of time."

"Yes, next lecture is the last," she said.

She said it thoughtfully. She stole a somewhat dejected glance over the Major's handsome, gloomy profile. "You have been so kind," she added. "It has been quite pleasant."

There was a pause. The Major flicked the berried hedge to the right of him with an absent-mindedness tempered by irritation. "You've done heaps of good to them," he said; "they open their windows now and wash. And they're trying oatmeal porridge on the youngsters instead of tea for breakfast. And the doctor says the women make very decent poultices. And I told you they saved Jenkin's life by tying his garter tight when he cut an artery with his scythe. Oh, you've taught us heaps."

"I am very glad," she said. But if you had missed her assurance and had heard only the cadence of her usually bell-like voice, you hight have supposed she had said she was sorry.

"Now, look here," he broke out, as though the idea had not been one of careful maturation, "as next lecture is the last, I thought I would give the people a supper after it, you know. And —now then Jane, steady, steady—perhaps you would stay and see them, Miss Ramsay: there will be a Christmas tree for the youngsters and some games—and they are all so fond of you—I asked the vicar's wife to put you up if you would stop——"

"Why, I should like it immensely," she assented, brushing crumbs or something from her muff.

"That's awfully good of you," he cried in sudden spirits. "Now then, Jane, you seem to forget there's a train to catch. And I thought," he went on, after a minute, "perhaps you would give me the pleasure of your company to dinner before the lecture. The Vicar is coming and the Vicar's wife and the Bashams and a few people."

"I shall be very pleased," she said, still brushing crumbs.

"And, perhaps," he continued, drawing his whip over Jane's ears with a sudden close and affectionate interest, "perhaps you might manage to come by an earlier train, if you would care to, and I could meet you and drive you round a bit. You have seen nothing of the country, and I tell you there are some magnificent views about."

He turned his head suddenly, looking earnestly down on her. She had ceased from brushing crumbs, but her hand went with a soft caressing movement round and round her somewhat shabby muff.

He saw that her face was pale. He saw a line of resolution settle on her lips.

"Thank you very much," she said in a low voice, "but I am afraid I cannot manage that."

There was a pause. Then the major said:

"You did not mind me asking you? I thought——"

She threw out her hands.

"Mind!" she cried with a sudden tension in her voice. "How should I mind? Is kindness so common?"

He flicked Jane smartly over the ears. She started forward with a head and front of the supremest indignation. Things had come to a pretty pass indeed, when a mare was to be all at once dictated to as to her pace.

"Apparently not," he said shortly. He drew a long breath. "Though why anybody should be kind to a poor devil of a one-armed fellow Heaven only knows."

She was seated in the railway carriage, with a fresh hot-water tin beneath her feet. The train was on the point of starting when she suddenly leaned her head out of the window.

"If I may change my mind, Major Roberts," she said shyly to him standing on the platform, "I think I will come by that earlier train next week."

Then she drew her head in quickly. But I do not think the Major would

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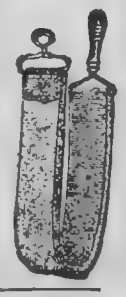

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have so far forgotten the conventions as to kiss her in sight of a station-full of people.

When and where he found opportunity to do his wooing, history recordeth not, but that he did it and did it to some purpose is shown by the following paragraph cut from a county paper twelve months later:

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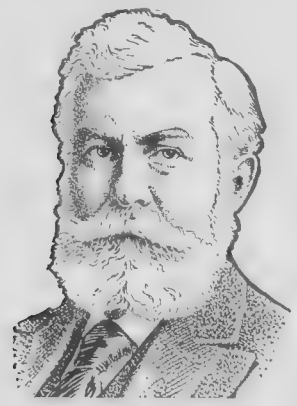

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Uncle Jotham Bailey's Mortgage.

By HOLMAN DAY.

OLEANDER LOWE laid her dusty hat and her old shawl on the battered trunk. The man who brought her to the poor-farm had tugged her trunk to the bare room designated by Mrs. Briggs and had gone downstairs, cuffing his thick hands with the relieved air of having finished a disagreeable performance.

He paused in the kitchen to gulp a drink of water from a long-handled dipper. Mrs. Briggs, the wife of the poor-farm's keeper, lifted one of the belching stew pans to a new position on the crowded stove and paused, the crumpled flannel holder in her upraised palm.

"I s'pose Mis' Lowe finds this an awful come-down," suggested Mrs. Briggs.

"She had tuk on p'utty bad," huskily returned the man, his draught still trickling in his throat.

"The's good folks live on a poor-farm jest the same," said Mrs. Briggs, stiffly. From various spouts and vortices the billowing steam of a boiled dinner hissed and eddied in jets and whorls about her head. As she lifted a tin cover from a kettle, up puffed a steam bomb that exploded noislessly against the black ceiling and rolled away in shredded convolutions. Shielding her face with her palm turned outward, she went on with the querulousness of a hard-worked and heat-vexed woman.

"Me 'n' Oleander was girls in school together, and her folks always stuck themselves a little higher'n our folks. And when she throwed over Wes Briggs as though he wa'n't good enough for her and married Cap'n Lowe, she thought she was a little better'n ever. But I've found Wes Briggs good enough for me. He haint' never drunk liquor, and run into extravagances, and got locked into county jail for debt, and left his wife to be took care of by the town. Our old cat has a long tail, but it gits stepped on at last. I hope Oleander hain't been buildin' no hopes on bein' coddled and put on a pedestal here 'cause she was something once when her folks had money. Mister Briggs was sayin' only yistiddy when he heard that the s'lec'men was goin' to send Oleander here, that there couldn't be no discipline 'thout Mis' Lowe was put right down on the same level with the other paupers."

She vindictively speared a rose-hued turnip with her testing fork, and despite her age, her gray hair, her unlovely mouth lines, and her faded eyes, there was a note in her voice revealing that the fires belonging with youth, beauty, and rivalry of fresh young hearts still smouldered.

"I don't think Mis'Lowe expects anything special," replied the man, with some crustiness. Even his dull perspicacity had detected that the keeper's wife was prejudiced. "She cried all the way here, and she was about the most pitiful passenger I ever took aboard in twenty-five years' experience in the liv'ry bus'ness. So fur's I know, she's a poor, broken-down woman, and she's a good deal this side of havin' her nose in the air. All I can say is, I pity her dretfully." Then his acerbity toward the keeper's wife melted in a queer grin. "I don't think she has come here to try to cut ye out with Wes, though they do say he was turrible gone on her onct."

He humorously rounded his back and threw up his arm with a jocular feint of dodging a missile, then went out chuckling.

Mrs. Briggs yanked the beet-kettle off the fire and slammed the stove-lid over the leaping blaze. In her indignation a retort had failed her. She whirled on two old pauper women who had been pottering around the kitchen, listening with evident relish.

"Mess, mess, mess!" she snapped. "The two of ye don't lift nand hard enough to lug a louse an inch. It's time for Mister Briggs and the men to come from the field. Aunt Tamson, you put your boots on and call Mis' Lowe to help me dish up. Aunt Zeruah, git the tables set."

As Oleander Lowe entered the vapor-

"Mis' Lowe" Arrives at the Poor-farm.

ous kitchen, the keeper led his field force into the yard. There were four old men, all in faded and patched garb. They trailed in single file behind the keeper. Their mentor dragged his muddy rubber boots across the iron scraper on the step at the kitchen door and walked in, after a few brisk, backward scruffs on the worn husk mat. Each old man imitated him sedulously.

"Trackin' and traipsin' in jest 's much gurry as usual," spat Mrs. Briggs through the smother of the kettle-steam. "Here's Aunt Zeruah and Aunt Tamson been scrubbin' that floor the whol' livelong, continyal forenoon." She added, spitefully, "Guess we'll need our new arrival if we're goin' to keep anyways clean here durin' plantin'."

Her husband whirled to begin the exchange of retorts that regularly made meal-time at the poor-farm a family forum, from the riot of which the men paupers were glad to escape to the fields. Oleander Lowe was carrying to the table a stoneware bowl heaped with pink slices of turnip and pallid shreds of cabbage.

"How d'e do, Mis' Lowe?" cried Briggs affably, meeting her face to face. "I declare I'm glad to see ye here——"

Then the equivocal nature of that kind of greeting occurred to him and checked his embarrassed effusiveness. "I don't mean to see ye here as things is," he went on. "But now that ye're here, Mis' Briggs and me will try to soften up things jest as much as we can and be consistent. The Walpole poor-farm hain't home, of course, but me 'n' Mis' Briggs is kind to paupers. Ain't that so, boys?"

The old men affirmed without enthusiasm. It was apparent also that they affirmed without sinister reservation. They had simply old men's toleration of what couldn't be helped.

"I thank you, Wesley—you and your wife. Of course rememb'rin' —" Mrs. Lowe began, but her face puckered into an ugly grimace of woe and the tears flooded her cheeks. When she strove to wipe her eyes by lifting her forearm, still grasping the heavy bowl in her hands, several vegetables rolled off the heap and spudded mushily on the clean floor.

"Mister Briggs!" calld his wife, testily, "I dont' interfere with your men paupers when they are about their work, and now this dinner is waitin' to be dished up. I reely wisht you and the men would use the sink what ye want to and then git along out of the way. You and me and Mis' Lowe can talk her troubles over later."

The homely routine of the poor-farm went on in silence after that. Aunt Tamson, Aunt Zeruah, and Oleander placed the steaming vegetables on the tables in the bare, bleak dining-room. There were two plain board tables in a perpetual state of moisture from constant scrubbings.

The female paupers sat down at one table, the men at the other, and the door was closed on them. Keeper Briggs and his wife always ate in the kitchen, in order that their charges might not bestow too many "begretchin'" looks on the contents of certain special dishes that remained jealously covered until the door was closed.

Two of the old men reverently bowed their heads for a moment on their hands when they took their seats at the table. The others fell to at once, with much rattling of knives on the nicked plates.

"Turnip and beet and cabbidge all the who' time," whined Zebulon Larr bee, discontentedly. "I feel like a Durham cow in a silo."

"Good veg'tables is as fillin' as anything." gulped old Jonas Wells, walloping his mouthful of hot potato. "Them what never had nothin' to home always growls over other folks' vittles."

"The' wa'n't no better cook than Cynthy Larrabee ever kicked an oven door to," protested the loyal widower. "I can't remember as well 's I'd like to, and so I want to ask if any of ye ever went to my house before I—wal, when things was diff'runt," he asked.

Each of the men solemnly shoved into a yawning mouth a knife loaded with vegetables and shook a negative head.

"Wall, 'twould 'a' been a real treat to ye if ye had," continued Uncle Larrabee. "Mother was gre'test on sour milk biscuit. It used to make me hungry when I'd hear that oven door slam. I could hear it clear into the barn where I was doin' the chores. I used to everlastin'ly pitch into the work of fodd'rin' then, for it riled mother to have me late for supper. And when I would go on with the milk pails, there would be the table all set, nice chiny and a tablecloth whiter'n a taller candle.

"Mother always put up damsons and greengages—some ros'b'ries—but mostly damsons. They'd shine through a glass dish redder'n a cat's-eye on a butt'ry shelf. Way we done in the neighborhood was to butcher shotes in turn, and we always had cold pork, spare-rib or loin for supper. I tell ye, boys, when we pulled up to mother's table and got h'istin' in them biscuit just as light and soft as feathers——"

"Hain't ye got no bowels of compassion ye old sanup?" barked Uncle Micajah Dunham. "Ye've gone and set Jotham off by talkin' about your suppers to home and your spare-rib, and your chickle fixin's."

Jotham Bailey had crossed his knife and fork on his plate, and tears were trickling from under his wrinkled eyelids.

"Hain't I got no rght to make known that I've had good vittles in my lifetime?" grumbled Uncle Larrabee.

"Ye hain't got no right to grind the iron into a man's sould," said Micajah. "Jote's old and childish, and ye keep stirrin' up the things a man don't want to remember when he's a pauper, with ev'rything wuth livin' for laid away in some graveyard. Shet your clack! And furder'n that, the rest of us hain't graven images. We've had homes and wives and vittles of our own."

Uncle Larrabee was silent then, and suddenly scrabbled the potato in the gravy on his plate.

But Jotham, who had apparently not noticed the conversation, pushed his chair from the table and hobbled across the room. Had the old men and women possessed as keen eyes and as shrewd wits as in their younger days, when they used to analyze emotions, they would have seen that while Jotham Bailey was weeping softly at his table Oleander Lowe was gazing at him through her tears.

Now he went straight to her and took her corded hands in his rough, brown palms.

"Oleander," he quavered, the' hain't

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nothin' an old pauper can say to ye to hep ye one mite. I never was no hand at sayin' things anyway. But I guess ye know how sorry it makes me to see ye here. I understand how a woman like you must feel to have Mrs. Briggs crowin' over ye. Awful! Awful! It's a man's fault when he's a pauper—but 'tain't a woman's. She depends on the man that has said he will keer for her and cherish her—and—and—then don't do it."

His voice was harsh now and his eyes blazed.

"I know," she murmured, chokingly. "Ye're blamin' the Cap'n now. But he hain't all to blame."

"He is," persisted Jotham. He raised his voice, but the rest of the old people, with emotions long ago deadened, scraped knife on plate and munched with increasing physical satisfaction.

"Ye know how all the men chased the Cap'n up, and he was pop'lar and easily influenced, Joe," stammered the loyal wife.

"I know—I know," broke in Jotham, irritably. "He was pop'lar enough to cut me out, and Wes Briggs out, and all the rest. He got the best girl there was in Walpole, and then he got so blamed

"I reckon ye hain't thought nothi about me for years," he went on, sofly. "Ye've had plenty in your life to make ye forgit. But I hain't never stopped lovin' ye, Oleander. Hain't tried to. Don't want to try. Love ye now, Oleander. Needn't think I'm crazy, but I hain't ever seemed to git in love with anybody else. Kind o' shiftless about that like ev'rythin else, hey?"

He hobbled away, but came back.

"Take good heart, Oleander," he counselled. "Mis' Briggs is snappy and—and some prejudiced still—ye understand! But she means well. And if ye want anything of this old pup, jest whistle. P'raps I can't do nothin' but bark, but even that's comp'ny."

The lagging days went on. There was the dull routine of kitchen work for Oleander, and the wearisome round of the fields for Jotham, who toiled as well as his crippled hands would allow. A forenoon of Mrs. Briggs's fretful nagging was always forgotten when Jotham yanked his cheery little nod at her as he came into the kitchen at noon. He beamed on her as he scrubbed his gritty hands in the basin, prolonging his ablutions until the other old men grew snappily impatient.

"Cap'n Lowe!" He Ejaculated.

pop'lar he has let her come onto the town."

The woman looked up at him with a trace of the old-time fire in her eyes.

"I know what ye mean by that look, Oleander," he said; "ye mean that I'm only a pauper myself. But with the heart gone out of a man, and no one dependent on him, and no one to encourage him, ye needn't expect he's goin' to git to be a millionaire. Some men are took that way, but I hain't. And look here!"

He laid his hands before her, turning them over and over. The joints were bulged and knotted and distorted.

"Fifteen years of rheumatiz," he explained, wistfully. "I couldn't work a mite, Oleander. Ye've knowed of it, prob'ly."

"I knew it, Joe," she answered, earnestly.

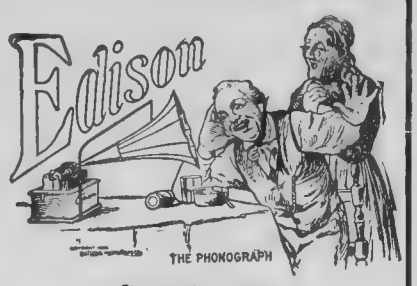
"'Twan'n't rum nor fast livin' brought me onto the town" he declared. Then at the look of pain on her face, he added, hastily, "I wa'n't castin' no slurs on the Cap'n, Oleander. I was jest settin' myself right with ye. I reckon that little is due me. I hain't lost all pride."

He put his hand on the table beside her own and leaned to her ear.

Once in a while of an evening, when he was smoking his pipe at the corner and sit with her hands rolled in her apron. She talked of her troubles and found him a patient and comforting listener. He constantly interpolated soothing little exclamations, and he never failed to speak hopefully of her husband.

"Awful come down for the Cap'n—awful, this jail bus'ness," he said one evening with wagging head. "But still it may be the best thing that ever happened. I like to figger on dispensations of Providence that way. Why, I had an old bung-down watch onct. Tinkered it more'n tew year, fussity fub. 'Twouldn't hardly go none. Got mad one day, and up and hit it a tunk that like to busted it wide open. It kind o' settled together and it's run—" he pulled the timepiece out and held it to his ear— "stiddy 's a pup's yap ever sence. I'm lookin' to see this jolt he's got fetch the Cap'n round all right."

"I got a letter from him today," confided Oleander, earnestly, "and he talks right along them same lines. Its' a good letter, Joe, a reel good letter."



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She brought the crumpled sheet from her skirt pocket.

"You bein' the only reel friend we've got," she pleaded, "I should like to have you read it and see what you think."

The letter was awkward and incoherent, but it had a ring of sincerity. It was filled with protestations of reform. He wrote that his days and nights were filled with shame and self-reproach. If only he could get out and show what he would do to make up for the past!

"Sounds tollable like a man that has seen the error of bein' too easy and too pop'lar," sagely commented Jotham, viewing the straggling characters with head cocked sidewise to avoid the wreaths from his pipe-bowl. "I should sartainly feel encouraged about him 'f I's you. Ex-cuse me, Oleander" — he spoke with a queer hesitation and embarrassment—"but I reckon ye think only of stickin' to the Cap'n clear through, don't ye?"

"Why—why—I love him, Joe," she said, leaning forward to peer at the old man's face in the dusk.

"So do—so do!" Jotham replied, hastily. "I like a woman that don't whiffle. Ye said the same thing to me about forty year ago—forty year ago!"

He slowly dug the ashes from his pipe in silence. Then he arose and limped a few steps painfully.

"Guess I'll be gittin' in out of the damp," he said, softly. "Rheumatiz has to be humored."

yer's curt explanation. But at last he understood that a widower cousin in a distant town had died and that the only heir seemed to be himself. The property was a little farm, stocked. There would be no additional money to speak of after the debts and legal expenses were settled.

Jotham mused above the letter for a long time. Finally in answer to his thoughts a queer smile wrinkled under his beard.

"Seems as though it might be a cosy home for two plain old people like me and——"

His whimsical musings were broken upon. He heard a step on the dry moss. As he hastily stuffed the letter into his jacket he blinked up against the sun. After a time he recognized the man who stood gazing at him gloomily.

"Cap'n Lowe!" he ejaculated. "Thought you was——"

"No, I hain't in jail," the other said bitterly. "'Pears like I hain't worth keepin' even in county prison. If you've got to know, the man who put me in there got tired of paying my board, and so I'm out." His tone grew more gentle. "Wal, Jotham, it's you, is it? I heard stake-drivin', and come acrost to see who it was. I've been hangin' round here cal'clatin' I'd find some pauper who'd carry word to Oleander for me." He choked a bit. "S'pose o' course she's at the farm still?"

"She's there, Cap'n."

"Jotham, when we was both a-courtin'

With Yawning Mouths and Loaded Knives.

She clutched her hands tighter in her apron.

"Joe," she called.

"Yes, little woman."

"Joe, it's—it hain't right to say it, p'raps—it may sound—it would sound light if ye didn't know me—and I'm an old woman, too. But, Joe, if it wa'n't for him who's my husband, I would jest have to love you, for you're always good and gentle to me, and I'm sorry I didn't know you through and through 'way back there."

With a sudden movement she kissed his wrinkled cheek and went her way to the women's part, sobbing.

He touched his finger to his face, then regarded the finger-tip gravely.

"It's these pop'lar men who git all the best there is goin'," he murmured. "But I guess it's too late in life for me to begin to be pop'lar."

A few days later Jotham was sent with an axe to mend the pasture-fence that skirted the most distant wood-lot. After he had clumsily driven the stakes and nailed up the sagging wire he glanced all about him furtively, and then feeling secure in his isolation, sat down upon a cradle-knoll and pulled a letter from his worn jacket.

"Hain't dared to more'n peek at this sence I got it," he muttered. "Never know when an eye is over your shoulder up there, and if I hain't mistook, this it suthin' strictly private."

He cast one more searching glance in the direction of the poor-farm's roofs and bent over the letter. It was a long task for him to master even the law-

handsome Oleoander Orr, little did we think we'd meet like this," he wailed with the sudden emotion of a weak man. "Oh, my God, Jotham, it's turrible—turrible to think what I've brought on that woman of mine. If only there was some way I could make up to her for what trouble I've visited on her."

He crouched on the moss, propped his drink-blotched face on his palm and gazed away across the pasture with the stolidity of a blind man.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do now I'm here," he mourned. "The law is that if one of the fam'ly's on the town the rest can be put there. They'll gaffle to me as a pauper, too, if I show myself. I hain't got a cent and no way to git [illegible] Poor wife!"

The two men were silent a long time. Each picked at a moss-tuft that he had scraped into his rough hand.

"The's this, late though it is, Joe," choked Lowe at last. "Stayin' in that jail all these weeks has let me know that I don't need rum. It never was hank'rin' for the stuff that done it all. May God sear my throat from teeth to stomach if I ever take another drop!"

"Hope so, I vum I do!" agreed Jotham, earnestly.

"It was jest stayin' in with the crowd round here, anyway," said Lowe. "I give in too easy when they git after me."

"Dang'rous bus'ness, this bein' too pop'lar," sighed the old pauper.

There was long silence again.

"I reckon ye'd be all right if ye was to start in som'ers where ye wouldn't be messin' in with the old crowd round

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There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

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here?" suggested Jotham, inquiringly.

"That's jest it," said the Captain. "But the's got to be a way opened to git started."

Another long pause. Jotham's brows were knitted and his knobbed hands trembled as he clasped them across his patched knee. At last he sighed and drew the letter from his pocket.

"I hain't no gre't hand to talk and tell," he said. "I never was. Wa'n't never pop'lar for that reason. But read that letter."

He waited patiently.

"It's good news for you," said Lowe at last with frank heartiness. "I'm glad for you, Jotham. Ye can git off'n the town and enj'y your last days."

"No, I've projickted and I've pondered," said the old man, steadily, "and I shall have to tell ye that it hain't in my mind to do it. See them crippled hands? Can't run a farm with them. Can't hire it run. And I've been a pauper long enough to sort of git used to puttin' dependence in other people. You hain't been a pauper, Seth, and you don't know, but that's the way of it. No, 'bout this farm, it hain't in my mind to do it. I hain't stirred up over it a mite. 'Twould be a reel outset to me to take it on my hands at my time of life," he said with a pathetic affectation of business briskness to cover some deeper emotion.

"But I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do with you, Cap'n Seth Lowe," he cried, groaning to his feet and towering over the other. "I'm goin' to arrange a morgidge with you. First, I'm goin' to see ye, as ye might say, married ag'in to your wife—married to her this time as a true, temp'rate, honest man who will love, honor, and cherish her. Then I'm goin' to give that farm to her for a wedding present—free and clear. 'Tain't there the morgidge is. I've got to lie to do this. Ye understand? I've got to cheat this town to do it. I've got to live here afterward, too, on charity that in one way I don't deserve. But that's my bus'ness. And if I lie and cheat to put you and Oleander where ye can be comf-table and respected, then some of your bus'ness is mine. And here comes the morgidge! I want ye to stand up here before Almighty God, Seth Lowe, and put a morgidge on your hands, put a morgidge on your will, put a morgidge on your honor, put a morgidge on your eternal soul that you will take that woman to that home and make up to her what your damnable folly has took away. Ye needn't thank me," he snarled, putting up his hand. "I don't want thanks from you. I don't like ye well enough. It's for the woman. And now I want to see, Cap'n Seth Lowe, once so proud and lofty, if ye'll let a poor old pauper do more sacrifice for your own wife than ye'll do for yourself!"

About an hour after that interview, away from the blazing eyes of the old man, thanks, vows, and pledges crowding with sobs for utterance, Seth Lowe stumbled away in the woods to wait.

That night Jotham Bailey went yet further in his desperate career and added to lying and cheating the crime of a horse-thief and of a pauper-abductor.

He enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of two of the old men, stealthily removed in the dead of night Oleander and her trunk, harnessed Briggs's horse in a beach-wagon, picked up Seth Lowe at an appointed cross-road, and landed the two at a railroad station. A little horde of Jotham's secret savings, set aside for tobacco, paid their fares.

A dozen times on the long ride back to the farm he pulled out his pipe. But he tucked it away again without placing it to his lips. She had kissed him there when she had said good-by, and the strong emotions of the day had made him feel as romantic as a boy.

Jotham turned into the yard in the flush of dawn. The associate conspirators had confessed under the keeper's angry threats, and his wrath had had time to bubble and simmer into grim surliness. Uncle Jotham humbly pleaded guilty to indictment on these counts:

1. Abducting a pauper.
2. Stealing a team.
3. Betraying the reputation of the keeper of the poor-farm, who had always prided himself on running the place strictly by rules.

As to the destination of Oleander Lowe, her reasons for running away, and his reasons for helping her, Jotham was

It's a Man's Fault When He's a Pauper—But 'Taint a Woman's"

obstinately silent.

"I ought to hamstring ye," shouted Briggs. "But there's always a stew in this town if paupers are ever made to toe the crack. Ye'll have only bread and water, no tobacco and no noonin's. See how you like that for a while. And ye hain't to have no talk with the rest of the paupers. Ye'll be plottin' to blow us up next."

Jotham unharnessed his side of the horse without a word, but there was a queer smile on his lips that mightily astonished the keeper, who charitably began to figure on the entire performance as the freak of a man weak in his wits.

The June sun beat upon the bent backs of the old men as they toiled with their hoes that forenoon. Their faded garb assorted ill wth the fresh green of the new corn blades. A catbird yawled piquant notes in the beech woods and a bobolink floated over the grasses, bubbling hs melody. Uncle Jotham straightened once to listen appreciatively. The hoe-blades, clanking and clinking in soil and against stones, marred the sound that his dull old ears were striving to catch. In a certain calm joy that he was nursing he forgot the keeper's prohbition.

"Tlee-tlee-te-e-e-too — tle-teee," he quavered in queer falsetto. "Say, boys, stop yer raspn' a minit and listen to that thrush feller down in the alders, there. That song jibes right in with my feelin's. When I used to go swimmin' in Birch Crick the' was——"

"Say, Jotham," broke in Briggs, pausing in tamping the shoulder of a cornhill, "ye jest kndly keep the rust from cakin' on that hoe-blade will ye? If there's any talkin' to be done here I'll do it."

The old man sighed, spat on his calloused palms and bent to the task. The rasping and tinkling of hoes replied to the clashing of dishes up in the poor-farm kitchen, and the birds sang without an audience.

When He Was Smoking His Pipe . . . She Would Come to Him.

The Alphabet of Names.

A. stands for Archie, who sat on the floor,
B. stands for Bertie, who banged on the door.
C. stands for Constance, a dear little lamb,
D. is for Daniel, who ate all the jam.
E. stands for Ethel, who cried with one eye,
F. stands for Florence, who ribbons did buy.
G. stands for Gracie, who had a bad pain,
H. stands for Harold, who stayed in the rain.
I. for I-re-ne, who missed the last train.
J. is for Johnnie, who had a new suit,
K. stands for Katie, who played on the flute.
L. is for Lawrence, whose age is just six.
M. stands for Mary, who played some queer tricks,
N. is for Nancy, who sat on some bricks.
O. is for Ophelia, who cut off her hair.
P. stands for Peter, who stood on a chair.
Q. is for Queenie, whose name made her vain,
R. stands for Robert, who had a gold chain.
S. stands for Sarah, who never was quick,
T. stands for Teddy, who had a big stick.
U. for Uriah, so pious of mien,
V. for Victoria, Britian's great Queen.
W. for Walter, whose face wore a frown,
X. stands for Xerxes, of Grecian renown.
Y. is for Youth, with its freedom from worry,
Z. is a letter we leave in a hurry.

Chas. D. Powell,
Winipeg, Nov. 4-09

"Don't Forget Father.!"

Otto E. Schaar, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man—

"He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county.

"This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm.

"Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away; but he lingered on.

"On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very, very low, on a table by the bed, and went off to his own room with the caution—

"'When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp!'"

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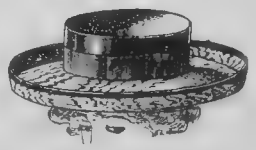

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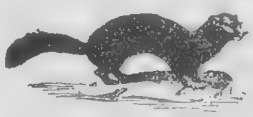

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The Roping at Pasco's.

By RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THERE was to be a roping at Pasco's. Turk McGlory came riding a painted pony with his blanket tucked up under the brow of his saddle cantle and his big wheel spurs tinkling to every ambling step of the pinto. All the signs proclaimed that Turk was from Texas. His saddle was double-cinch, his rope was of hemp as thick as your thumb and only half as long as the Arizona rawhide riata, and there were Colorado conchos on his bridle and a silver spade bit that cost more than the pinto himself. He had ridden far, for his eyebrows were powdered with fine white dust, and his flannel-clad canteen rubbed light against his saddle flank. Turk McGlory was whistling "La Paloma," and calculating what he would do with the prize—which he already regarded as won. Turk had big innocent blue eyes that looked straight out at you from the desert wrinkles of his brown face, a little white mustache, the first fruits of manhood, and good-humored, firm lips. There was something so irresistibly new about him that Carver, the head-judge of the roping, instinctively called him "the Kid."

You shall see Pasco's: Brown 'dobe huts in the midst of a wide gray plain, tufted in the foreground like upholstery with knobs of sage-brush; a railroad leaming across it like a chalk-line; dim blue mountains, ragged alnog the top, set up in the distance. Out from the town, on the right, a dusty road led to a huge corral used for a race-course, with a steer pen in one corner. .Cow punchers were saddling, tightening cinches, mounting, and riding up and down in bustling confusion; a crowd was gathering to the grand stand at one side; a tall fellow in a white sombrero was bawling for bets on the contest; and over all glared the hot white Arizona sunshine. Pasco's was hard at its favorite sport. Steer-roping is the fine art of the cattle ranges; it is also the chief business of the cowboy. No other great sport is so closely linked with the daily work of the soil, no other work has in it so many of the elements of wild sport.

Turk McGlory, riding into the corral, felt all the eyes of Pasco heavy upon him. It gave him a sense of heat, and too little air. He felt somehow that they knew, especially the women knew, that this was to be his first public roping. He wished they also knew of his wild riding and tying with the Lazy A outfit, and then he was glad they didn't. Out on the plains he had felt the strength of every muscle of his lanky six feet, and he was certain of winning; but now he felt needlessly large, loose, obstructive, and for one panicky second he was riding away, prizes to the wind. Then he clapped his teeth shut and dismounted.

"By ——," he said, "I'll stay."

Here at the pen, where a dozen wild steers were crowding and panting, were knotted the cowboys and their admirers, Carver and his judges, and the small men who were betting. With a throb of the heart, Turk recognized Bud Oliver, to him the greatest man on the cattle range. No man between Texas and Los Angeles was his equal for roping and tying. Turk McGlory would rather have been Bud Oliver than Governor of Texas. Turk was the champion, receiving his friends like a king, giving them an off-hand word or a clap on the back—a hopelessly inimitable perfection of good-fellowship. And then there was Buster Graham, the champion of Arizona, and Halversen, a square man with a jaw like a bulldog's; Doc Mason, who had roped with Buffalo Bill, and a number of others whose names were great in the roping field. Turk's heart went down and down when he thought of competing with men like these, and then it suddenly leapt up with the realization that he was in such company, a part of it, and he resolved that he would never leave the field until every man in it recognized him as a roper, too.

Little groups of people were drifting by to the grand stand. Here and there, from the corner of his eye, as he bent to adjust the saddle-cinches, Turk McGlory caught the glint of a white skirt or of a flowing ribbon. Sometimes the girls stopped to discuss the contestants; he heard them talking of Bud Oliver, and Mason, and Buster Graham. Suddenly, as he tightened a latigo strap, a saucy, smiling face looked up at him. Her sister was evidently trying to pull her away, but she said, half teasingly:

"I'm wearing your colors, Mr. Texas. You must win."

He saw nothing but deep black eyes, and he felt the blood in his face. He couldn't have spoken if he had known that it was to save his life, and he knew that he was smiling foolishly.

She looked back over her shoulder, raising a mischievous finger.

"Remember!" she said.

Turk took two steps after her, and then went back to his saddle. She was in blue and white; he wore a blue and white silk handkerchief knotted loosely cowboy fashion, about his throat. Whatever else he saw, he also saw her until she was in her place in the grandstand.

Some one shouted, a flagman ran out from the pen on a sleek city horse, the admirers and the bettors slowly worked away, leaving the cowboys and the judges around the pen. The contest was about to begin. Turk observed that every other contestant except Bud Oliver and himself was an Arizona or New Mexico man—single-cinches, white sombreros. rowel-spurs, and all that. Turk himself wore a big black-crowned hat, trousers sagging so low as to make him appear extraordinarily long waisted and big shouldered, high heeled Mexican boots, and a vest, unbuttoned, but no coat. He stepped with a peculiar roll, seen only in these dwellers on horses, to whom walking is an uncouth exercise to be avoided.

The attendant was dropping one of the bars of the pen twenty-five feet in front, where a log marked the starting place. Denny Hughes, the first of the contestants, was sitting his horse, bridle rein down, coiling his rope and fitting

the rings to the proper places between his fingers. In front of him, a hundred feet from the pen gate, the flagman sat stiff and still with flag in air. The steer was to have a hundred feet start, and the cowboy was not to give chase until the flag dropped. As befitted a natural sport, the rules were few and simple. It was to get the steer, throw him, and tie him so that he could not get up, and the puncher who made the best time was the winner. It is the every-day task of the cowman on the range; it is the way all cattle are caught, either for branding or killing.

Three bars were down. A splendid big steer stepped out with raised head and horns high, paused a moment, and looked regally about him. In the hush, Turk McGlory heard, with a thrill, the hoarse shout of the pool-seller:

"What am I offered on Turk McGlory of Texas against the field?"

There was a dead silence, then dust rising hot in the air, and the steer was off, a brown streak across the field. Down dropped the flag, Denny Hughes gave his horse the spur, and went forward with a leap, his rope gyrating in long, slow sweeps about his head. Oh! but it was beautiful to see. The steer swerved like a bent bow to the right and Denny was almost on him; there was much dust and an occasional shout from the stand. Denny leaned forward and cast, the long rope uncoiling in graceful curves through the air. Denny drew in his horse sharply, the steer wavered as the rope struck him, then with a shrug he threw it aside and dashed onward.

"Get him, get him; try him again, Denny," roared the crowd.

The steer had turned, and Denny was after him again, riding at full speed and drawing in and coiling his rope at the same time. Round and round swept the coil, and then it shot straight forward, the loop in the air like a flattened O. Denny's horse went back on its haunches, and the steer leaped high in the air, and fell full length. Denny was off, pulling the short tying rope from his belt as he ran. He stooped over the steer, tying two front and one rear legs —hog-tying they call it—in incredibly short time. Then he sprang to his feet, arms in air. It was the signal that the work was finished. The judges came up and declared the steer properly tied. The timekeeper called out:

"One minute, fifty-eight seconds."

"Denny is out of it," observed Bud Oliver. "He should have made it in one throw."

Denny came in, hot and grimy with dust. The grand stand was buzzing again like a trombone heard afar off. The pool-seller bawled his bets, and Turk McGlory saw a girl in blue and white in the grand stand. Turk was shaking with excitement; he felt that he never could throw his rope. What a fool he was to compete with these old ropers! How they would laugh at him!

A little fellow with silver spurs, and a feather in his hat, came next, and fumbled his rope so that it was past two minutes before his steer was down. He was hopelessly beaten, and he came in bedraggled, but grinning.

When Buster Graham went to the line there were shouts of encouragement, and acquaintances from the stand and the pool-seller frantically ran up his bets. Buster and Bud Oliver were plainly the favorites, with a little leaning toward Bud, as Turk observed with rising pride. After all, there was no man like Bud Oliver, of Texas.

Buster Graham was a handsome fellow, slim and tall, with long hair and the smallest feet that ever went into twenty-dollar Mexican boots. On his horse he was a very Centaur, swaying and flowing with every motion like the animal itself. Turk never had seen a man ride so easily before. It was a splendid big steer, too, and it ran as if with a feeling of the sport—a wild straight charge across the corral, swerving neither to right nor to left. How still the crowd was! Buster seemed in no especial hurry. There was little sign of confusion or dust. When his horse's nose was nearly over the steer's flying tail(he swerved easily to the left and cast his rope. The steer seemed to set a front leg in the noose as if the performance had been rehearsed. An instant later Buster was tying, with inimitable swiftness and deftness, and then his arms were up and his long black hair was loose in the wind. What a gift it is to do a thing like a young god! And how the crowd roared.

Turk McGlory.

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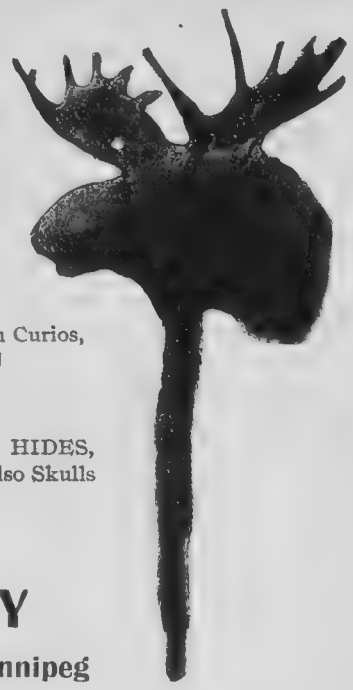

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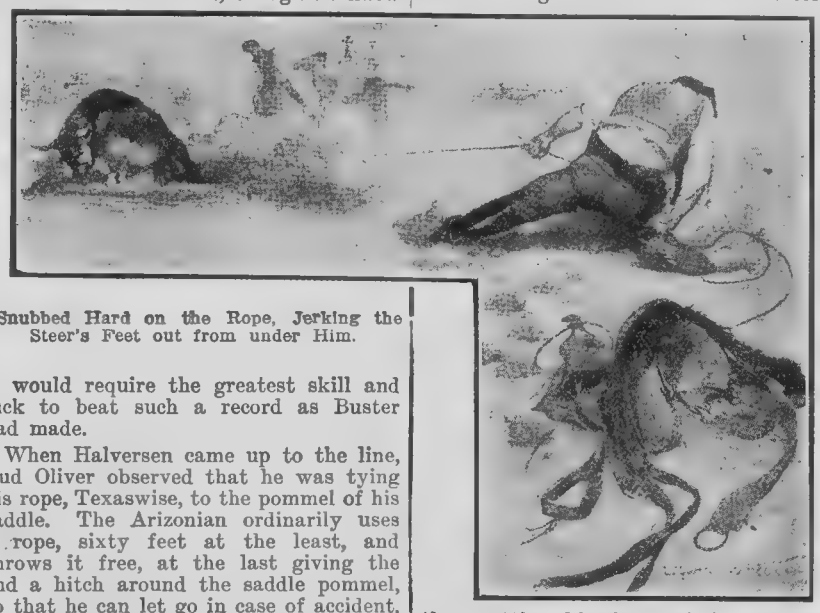
DE SILVA INSTITUTE, 55 University St., Montreal, Canada.

"Buster—Buster Graham!"

The timekeeper could hardly make his voice heard.

"Forty-nine seconds."

The people were standing up now and roaring, while Buster came in as cool and undisturbed as if he had been riding for an airing. "That was a good job, Buster," said Bud Oliver heartily, and the boy in Turk McGlory spoke out in his eyes at this big friendliness of a rival, and he crowded up to Buster to shake hands, and drew back before he had done it. The betting was now all against Bud Oliver; but that hero seemed in nowise concerned, though he knew



"Snubbed Hard on the Rope, Jerking the Steer's Feet out from under Him.

it would require the greatest skill and luck to beat such a record as Buster had made.

When Halversen came up to the line, Bud Oliver observed that he was tying his rope, Texaswise, to the pommel of his saddle. The Arizonian ordinarily uses a rope, sixty feet at the least, and throws it free, at the last giving the end a hitch around the saddle pommel, so that he can let go in case of accident. The Texan burns his ship behind him; he uses a short rope, ties it fast, and takes the consequences.

"Look how you tie that rope," shouted Bud good naturedly.

Halversen paid no heed, and when the flag went down he was off like a flash. It was a runty red steer, and the rope, opening from Halversen's hand like a coil spring, settled over the steer's horns. There was a wild, scrambling rush, Halversen's horse turning to one side to trip the plunging animal. The rope pulled taut with a snap, and the steer turned a somersault in the dust; but the strain on the single-cinch saddle was too great, and it turned. Halversen, still clinging to the rope, was jerked to the ground, his horse leaping to one side and kicking himself wildly clear of the saddle. For a single instant Halversen was able to regain his feet, and then he went down and the steer dragged him in the dust, rolling him over and over with the saddle. The crowd was shouting its excitement; the judges, the flagmen, and most of the cow-men came riding hard to help. Halversen, grit to the backbone, sprang to his feet, still clinging to the rope. At that instant the steer, headed off, turned sharply to the right, and Halversen, instantly seeing his opportunity, ran to the left; then, suddenly, he snubbed hard on the rope, jerking the steer's feet out from under him. It is a thing that the best cowboy can do only occasionally. Halversen darted forward to tie, but the steer, having time to recover from the force of the fall, was hind feet up when Halversen pounced upon him, seizing his tail. One foot to the left of the steer's hind legs and a sudden strong pull, and the steer was down again—all in the space of two seconds. And then, though there was the wildest kicking and struggling, Halversen, bulldog that he was, tied his animal down and threw up his bloody arms. He was torn and bruised, but he had tied his steer. Of course he could not win; he had been more than three minutes at the struggle, but the crowd made up to him for the failure in the warmth of his reception. It had been three minutes of such excitement as comes in no other sport.

And so, one after another, the contestants rode forward to the fall of the flag—it was a Homeric list—but one by one they failed to equal the record of Buster Graham, although a little red Scotchman named Moorse came within six seconds of it. Turk McGlory lost all hope for himself, but he still felt brave for his hero. Bud Oliver would do it if anyone could. And it was now Bud's turn. He and Bud had been left to the last. The nearer his time came the oftener he glanced up to the grand stand, to the girl in blue and white. The pool-seller is now crying his name and Bud's together.

"What am I offered on Bud Oliver, champion of Texas—who will give me even money on Turk McGlory against the field?"

It would have been sweet to Turk's ears, and embarrassing, too, if he hadn't been so excited. There was luck in roping; probably after all it would go against Bud and Texas.

Have you ever seen a cavalryman, preparing for the charge, turning to tie his coat to his saddle, rolling up the sleeves over his muscular arms, drawing saber and twisting his wrist in the saber cord, then setting his face grimly forward? If you have, you know how Bud Oliver looked, cleared for battle; but no cavalryman ever sat his horse with the oneness of Bud Oliver. To an unschooled observer the little roan pony seemed undersized for so large a man; but the cowboys, whose alphabet is horses, knew

"His Rope Gyrating in Long, Slow Sweeps."

well the prowess of that cat-flanked, ragged-necked roan with his ears laid back and his eyes gleaming half wild.

"Look out for the Tehanna man," called a voice from the crowd.

"We're betting on you, Bud Oliver," came other shouts. The Texas men were not over popular in Arizona, and yet it was a sportsmanlike crowd.

The Babel of voices ceased sharply. A wiry little steer, red and white, shot into the field as if catapulted. Turk McGlory observed how like an antelope it ran—long-legged and as easy as the wind blows. The flag fell, and Bud was off; the judges riding after him were blurred in his dust. There was no roper

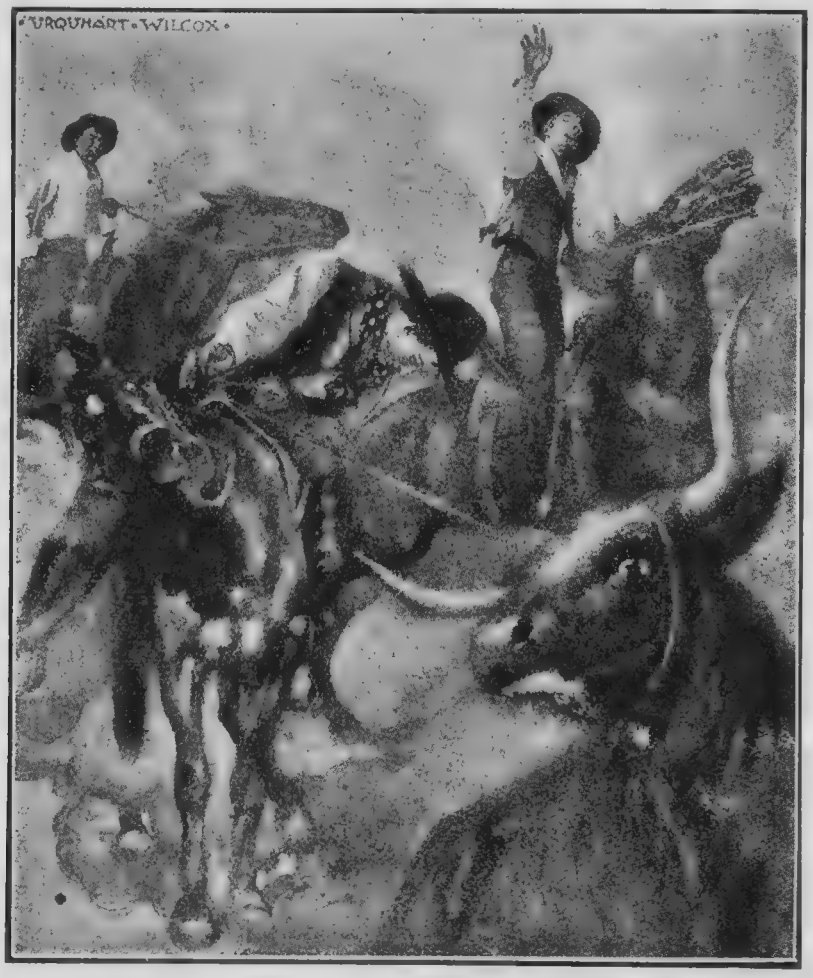
like Bud. He waited long before raising his rope, bending close to his saddle and riding hard; then in what curious, loose, slow coils he swung it! Would he ride clean over his steer? There! he had reached out as if to catch the steer by the tail, and the rope had gone over his head like a hoop, horns and all. Now he was paying out to trip up the steer. How they were running! Turk McGlory rose suddenly in his saddle.

"Look out for the fence," he roared.

But Bud had seen it too, and the little roan squatted like a rabbit. The steer, reaching the rope's end, doubled up and fell—but fell against the fence. There had not been quite room enough. Bud was off saddle, and the little roan, knowing well what was going on, walked away like a man, pulling hard on the rope to keep the steer down. If it had been a larger steer, or a fatter one, there would have been no trouble; but this one fought like a cat, now on its knees, now on its feet. Bud seized it by the tail, and with a single fierce toss he laid it flat, then he tied—and arms up. Turk McGlory waited with hands clenched to hear the time.

"Fifty seconds."

So Bud was beaten by a second, and beaten because he didn't have a fair field. How the crowd howled for the the steer shot past him. Instantly he saw all its points—horns, legs, tail—and they spoke to him with the meaning of familiarity. So must the old knight have looked for the points of his adversary's armor. Now that he was off, Turk's head cleared to the work. The steer ran with hind feet swinging sideways, hog-like. He remembered a steer in the Lady A outfit that had the same habit, and a bad one it was too. How strange that he should think of such things at such a time! The steer was swerving swiftly to the left. The pinto, nose forward and dilating, instantly slackened pace, swerving in the same direction and cutting off distance. It was much to have a horse, pinto though he be, that knew his business. Turk's rope began to swing, but he was wholly unconscious of it. He seemed now to see only the legless body of a steer swimming on a billow of dust. The fence! He saw it with a throb, and he was yet too far off to throw. And there was the grand stand above it, and men rising, half in terror, and a color of women. The steer had swung almost round. It was a low rail fence, and between it and the grand stand lay the racing track. Dimly McGlory heard shouts of warning. Would the steer plunge into the stand? Dimly, too, glancing back, he saw the



'It Seemed as if the Steer was Plucked out of Their Faces."

Arizona champion. Bud came up smiling and unconcerned.

"Now, McGlory," he said, "you must make a showing for Texas."

"What am I offered on Turk McGlory against the field?" shouted the pool-seller. "Now's your last chance."

"Hurrah for the kid from Texas!" shouted other voices.

Turk McGlory was at the line, astonished to find himself coiling his rope with so much ease. He felt that he wasn't doing it himself, but that someone else was working in him. The sun blazed hot on the field, but everything seemed dim and indistinct. To him all the voices kept shouting:

"Turk McGlory, Turk McGlory, Turk McGlory."

"Hurrah for Texas and the calico horse," came a shout from the grand stand.

"Wait till they see you run, Pinto," Turk said between his teeth, and the Pinto stirred nervously under him.

"Ready," called Turk McGlory, though not in Turk McGlory's voice. He gave one glance behind him. The grand stand was a picture of a girl in blue and white; she was the picture, all the rest was frame.

There was a clatter at the pen, and other cow-men charging after him to the rescue. There was a crash; the steer had gone through the fence as if it were pasteboard, and the pinto was now close behind. There was all too little room here in the track. The steer would evidently plunge full into the crowd. Turk McGlory's arm shot forward and the rope sped. The pinto sat sharply back, throwing McGlory well over the pommel. To those in the grand stand it seemed as if the steer, all horns and eyes, was plucked out of their faces.

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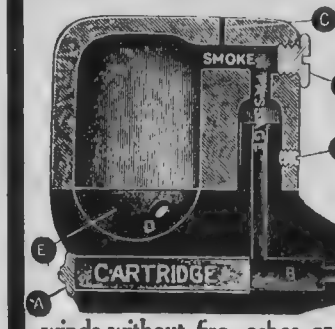

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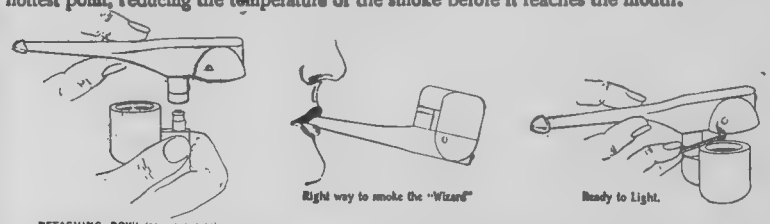

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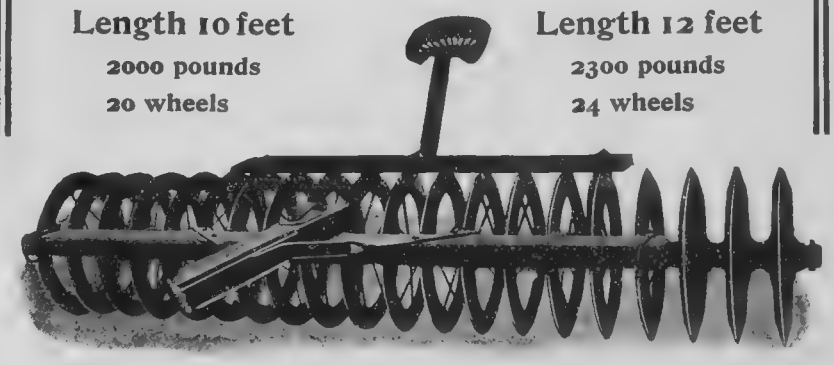
Fort Garry Specialty Co., P. O. BOX 611, Winnipeg

THE FULTON

Improved Sub-Surface Packer

Length 10 feet
2000 pounds
20 wheels

Length 12 feet
2300 pounds
24 wheels



Patented June 29th, 1909 Manufactured in Winnipeg

Several hundreds of Western Canada's most progressive farmers have purchased and are using this implement, and the result from tilling the soil with it has proved to them, beyond a question of doubt, that a strata of well packed soil several inches thick will produce a better crop than soil that is not packed at all, or only slightly packed on the surface. Several improvements have been recently made making it more complete and better than ever as a soil packer. Catalog and testimonials furnished. Our new facilities for manufacturing this machine enable us to turn out a better implement and at a considerable reduction in price. You get a better implement for less money than formerly. Get our prices before purchasing a packer of any make. We can save you money.

THE SUB-SURFACE PACKER Limited.

WINNIPEG LIMITED MANITOBA

The Reesor
$1.50 Watch
for Christmas

is a practical gift to give your boy. It's an ideal watch for a boy to buy himself. It's a REAL WATCH at a remarkably low price. Built on strictly watch principles. Most accurate and durable.

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR.

Stem winding, stem setting, fitted in a nickeled dustproof case.

$1.50 FOR WATCH. $1.75 WITH CHAIN.

D. A. REESOR
"THE JEWELER"
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Official Watch Inspector for C.P.R., C.N.R., G.N.R.
824-826 Rosser Ave. BRANDON, MAN.

Free $100 Ladies' and Gents' FUR COATS Free

Given Away for Advertising Purposes

Don't send us a cent. To enter the free contest just write your answer (your exact height) on a piece of paper, sign it, and write your address plainly on top (say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc.) and mention your approximate chest measurement. We have picked out a certain lady and gentleman, and the two persons who give their measurement of height as the same or the nearest to these two respectively, will receive the prize of a $100 Fur Coat. The names of the lady and gentleman whose measurements have been picked out for the decision are known ONLY to our Manager and are deposited in a sealed envelope in the safe. It is extremely unlikely that several persons shall give the same height and be both exactly correct as measurements have been taken to one-thirty-second of an inch. If however, the almost impossible should happen the correct answer which is first received will be declared winner, and to the second one we will give a consolation prize of a $50 coat.

We don't say whether the measurements are tall, small or otherwise, so that everybody has a chance to win.

Do it to-day. This advertisement will not appear again. The chance to win a $100 Fur Coat without a cent's worth of risk or expenses does not come every day.

The contest will be finished and the winners declared about the middle of December. The clerical work may delay the results a day more or less, but we are confident that the premium will reach the winners in time to be welcome and worthy Christmas presents.

It is expected that you show enough interest in GLOBE TAILORED CLOTHES for ladies and gentlemen to enclose a couple of red stamps with your answer for postage on our samples and styles which we intend to mail to as many people as possible.

THE GLOBE CLOTHING TRUST
WESTERN CANADIAN MAIL ORDER BRANCH
SASKATOON - SASKATCHEWAN

A Beautiful Fancy Costume

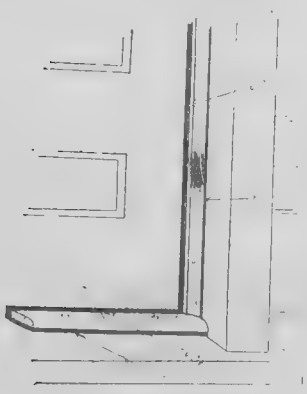
for your part in that Christmas concert—for that fancy-dress party—for the skating carnival or the masquerade ball—can be made for very little with the help of

MAYPOLE SOAP

—the quick, clean, brilliant, fadeless home dye.

Makes skating and snowshoeing suits—tuques, sweaters, mittens, stockings—like new, and adds to the attractiveness of scores of home made Christmas presents. Easy to use. 24 Colors to select from. Colors 10c., Black 15c., at all dealers, or postpaid with free booklet "How to dye" from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., Montreal



Your winter preparations

are not complete until you have fitted your doors with a **weatherstrip.**

The **Swan** is the only

Guaranteed Draft Proof

weatherstrip on the market.

It is made of wood and felt only (see cut), both of the very best quality, fastened with screws—easily put on and taken off.

The price is a small consideration for the amount of comfort you derive from it, not to mention the fuel it saves—a trial order will convince you.

The factory is already taxed to its utmost. Send your order at once to insure immediate shipment.

Price **per door,** complete, $1.50.

SWAN M'F'G CO.
182 Walnut St., Winnipeg, Man.

"Tying with Inimitable Swiftness and Deftness."

When they looked again, McGlory was tying, and the judges and other punchers were swarming through the gap in the fence. Hands up; and the pinto easing away on the rope! It was all lost, McGlory felt. The fence had been in the way. Why couldn't they provide an open field, as in Texas? These Arizona men couldn't conduct a contest. The timer lifted his hand, and the shouting stopped.

"Thirty-six seconds," he announced.

"What a fool of a timer," thought McGlork. "It cant' be so."

Then he saw Bud Oliver stride up with outstretched hand, and a lump came in his throat.

"Good boy!" said Bud. "You've saved the day for Texas."

And then the crowd pounced on him and hooted and shouted, "McGlory! McGlory!" until he was dizzy with it all. It was not as he thought it would be. Two hundred dollars won! And he, Turk McGlory!

And then a saucy, flushed face looking up at him.

"I knew you would do it, Mr. Texas," she said.

And with this she pinned a blue and white ribbon on his vest, and he looked off over her head, and trembled.

The Flipperty-Flap Story.

"The flipperty-flap story?" murmured the young man, dazed.

"Yes. Did you never hear it? Listen, then.

The late Alphonse D. Du Bois, the New York school teacher who, though his salary never exceeded $3.000, managed to accumulate a fortune of $750,000, was a man of thrift and of system.

"Mr. Du Bois," said a school teacher "was systematic in everything. He even kept a book of examples of school children's literary style.

"This book was interesting. He showed it to me one day and I still remember, under the head of 'Bombastic and Hifalutin,' an essay of one paragraph on the question, 'Which was the greater general, Caesar or Hannibal?'

"The essay ran:

"'When we consider the times in which these two great generals lived, the conditions under which they governed, the people over whom they reigned, and the difficulties under which they fought we are compelled to answer in the affirmative.'"

A Jersey Prize Winner.

HIGH-CLASS GROCERS TO THE THRIFTY

MUNRO'S

614 PORTAGE AVENUE WINNIPEG, MAN.

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR DECEMBER

A few days ago we received a letter from one of our customers, which had his name and address with the name of his farm printed on the envelope and letter-paper.

This being an unusual thing for a farmer we were very favorably impressed, his letter standing out prominently among the many letters received in that mail. In replying we felt that we were replying to a "business man" who demanded our most prompt attention and the most specific information on the subject on which he wrote —all this because his stationery was printed—carrying the stamp of a "business man."

This incident caused us to consider the question of the average farmer, who is really a business man, doing business with business people monthly, weekly or perhaps daily. Being personally unknown to the majority of them, they unconsciously form an impression of the writer by the style and appearance of his letter. If it has the appearance of the hundreds of other letters received, it gets the same attention as the others, but if it has a business-like tone, the recipient "sits up and takes notice" and gives it the attention it demands.

Now, many of our customers, although knowing the advantage of having their stationery printed, might consider the cost unwarranted.

In this we partly agree with you, but not when you can get same at "next to nothing," as you will see.

We have a quantity of Stationery, put up in lots of 250 envelopes and 500 sheets of paper in a box, with anything you want printed on it. We will give with each order (not including sugar) amounting to $50.00 this lot FREE; amounting to $30.00, this lot for $1.50; and amounting to $15.00, this lot for $3.00; or if ordered separately $5.00.

Write what you want printed plainly, and mention the "Western Home Monthly."

CANNED GOODS

Canned Vegetables.	size lb.	per tin	per doz.	per case
Peas	2	$ .09	$1.05	$2.00
Corn	2	.09	1.00	1.95
Beans	2	.09	1.00	1.95
Tomatoes	3	.10	1.15	2.20
Pumpkins	3	.10	1.15	2.20
Catsup	2	.08	.85	1.65
Baked Beans	2	.08	.90	1.75
Canned Fruits.				
Apricots	2½	.20	2.30	
Peaches, yellow	2½	.20	2.30	
Cherries, pitted	2	.17	1.90	
Blackberries	3	.17	1.90	
Raspberries	2	.17	1.90	
Strawberries	2	.15	1.65	
Blueberries	2	.10	1.15	2.25
Plums, Lombards	2	.10	1.15	2.25
Pears, Bartletts	2	.12	1.40	
Pineapple	1½	.12	1.40	
Canned Fish.				
Salmon, Salad		.10	1.15	
Salmon, Tiger		.14	1.60	
Salmon, Horseshoe		.17	2.00	
Sardines, Brunswick		.05	.55	
Sardines, Concord		.12	1.40	
Kippered Herring—				
Canadian		.10	1.15	
Maconochie's		.13	1.50	
Finnan Haddie, Golden		.10	1.15	
Lobsters Loggie's		.20	2.25	

DRIED FRUITS

Each line listed under this heading is the choicest in its class, and all being new goods are sure to give satisfaction.

These lines tend towards higher prices and immediate buying is advisable.

	per lb.	25 lbs
Peaches, Choice	$ .09	$2.15
Pears, choice	.12	2.60
Apricots, choice	.16	3.80
Prunes, 90 to 100	06	1.40
Prunes, 70 to 80	.08	1.75
Prunes, 40 to 50	.10	2.20

RAISINS

Very low prices on choice New Season's stock.

Finest off Stock, per 28 lb. box	1.70
Selects, per 28 lb. box	1.80
Selects, per 14 lb. box	.95
Selects, per 7 lb, box	.50
4 Crown Layers, per 28 lb. box.	1.90
Seeded, in 16 oz. pkgs., per 12 lbs	.95
Seedless, per 10 lbs	.85
Currants, fresh cleaned	.08
per 25 lbs.	1.95
Candied Peels	
Maconochie's Lemon	.12
" Orange	.13
" Citron	.16
" Mixed	.14

	per lb.	10 lbs.
Dates, Hallowii	.08	.75
Figs, natural	.05	
Figs, Layers	.10	

CEREALS

Rolled Oats, per 20 lbs	$ .60
Rolled Oats, per 80 lbs.	2.15
Gran. Oatmeal, per 98 lbs.	3.10
Corn-meal, per 49 lbs.	1.20
Whole Wheat Flour, per 49 lbs.	1.65
Graham Flour, per 49 lbs.	1.60
Buckwheat, per 49 lbs.	2.30
Pot Barley, per lb	.06
Pearl Barley, per lb	.05
White Beans, per 60 lbs.	2.35
White Beans, per lb.	.05
Whole Green Peas, per lb.	.04
Split Peas, per lb.	.04
Rice, Rangoon, per lb.	.05
Rice, Rangoon, per 50 lbs.	2.10
Rice, Japan, Special, per 50 lbs.	2.25
Sago, per lb.	.06
Sago, per 10 lbs.	.55
Tapioca, Pearl, per lb.	.06
Tapioca, Pearl, per 10 lbs.	.55

WASHING MATERIALS

Laundry Soap.	
Royal Crown, per 6 bars	$ .20
Royal Crown, per 144 lbs.	4.40
Sunlight, per 6 bars	.25
Sunlight, per 100 bars	4.00
Fels Naptha, per 10 bars	.60
Palm Oil, per 9 bars	.25
Palm Oil, per 144 bars	3.90
Flannel, per 1 bar	.05
Toilet Soap.	
Old Brown Windsor, per 10 bars	.25
French Castile, per 10 bars	.25
Oatmeal, per 3 bars	.10
Witch Hazel, per 3 bars	.20
Shaving Soap.	
Royal Crown Sticks, each	.20
Royal Crown Cakes, each	.05
Borax per lb.	$ .07
Alum "	.04
Ammonia "	.10
Blue ,Keen's "	.20
Washing Soda "	.02
Starch, Acme Gloss "	.08
Starch, Silver Gloss "	.10
Lye, Royal Crown	.09
Lye, Gillett's "	.10

BAKING MATERIALS

Baking Powder, Red Cross, per lb...	$ .18
Baking Poweder, Red Cross, per 3 lbs.	.45
Baking Powder, Red Cross, per 5 lbs.	.65
Baking Soda, Cow Brand, per lb.	.07
Baking Soda, Cow Brand, per 6 lbs.	.40
Cream Tartar, McLarens	.28
Yeast Cake, Royal, 1 packet	.04
Yeast Cake, Royal, 12 packets	.45
Gelatine, Coxes, 1 pkt.	.10
Jelly, Bee Brand, 1 pkt.	.05
Jelly, McLarens, 1 pkt.	.08
Jelly, McLarens, 12 pkts.	.90
Quick Pudding, P.G., 1 pkt.	.09
Corn Starch, St. Lawerence, 1 pkt.	.08
Corn Starch, St. Lawerence, 12 pkts.	.90
Extracts—flavors as follows: Strawberry, Raspberry, Almond, Rose, Banana, Lemon, Vanilla, Pineapple, Peppermint. McLarens, 2 oz. bottle	.08
Maclarens Double Strength, 2½ oz.	.20
Red Cross Double Strength, 8 oz.	.50
Spices, ground.	
Black Pepper per lb.	.18
White Pepper "	.22
Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Allspice or mixed "	.25
Whole Nutmeg "	.30
Cinnamon or Cloves "	.25
Molasses, New Orleans, per 3 lbs.	.16
Molasses, New Orleans, per gal.	.65
Mincemeat, Wethey's, per lb. pkt.	.10
Mincemeat, White Star, per 7 lb. pail	.80
Sugar, Granulated, per 50 lbs.	2.65
" Granulated, per 100 lbs.	5.20
" Yellow, per 50 lbs.	2.60
" Icing, White, per lb.	.07
" Icing, Pink or Chocolate, pkt.	.09
Salt, Windsor, per 50 lbs.	.45
Lard Compound per 20 lbs.	2.85
Lard, Pure Leaf, per 20 lbs.	3.50
Rennet, tablets, per bottle	.10
Rennet, liquid, per bottle	.15
Nuts, shelled.	
Almonds per lb.	.35
Walnuts "	.35
Whole Almonds "	.15
Walnuts "	.15
Pecans "	.15
Filberts "	.15
Mixed, per 3 lbs "	.40
Chocolate, sweetened, per ¼-lb.	.08
Chocolate, unsweetened, per ¼-lb.	.12
Chocolate, unsweetened, per lb.	.45
Cocoanut shredded	.20
St. Charles Cream per tin	.10
St. Charles Cream, per doz.	1.10
Reindeer Milk, per tin	.13
Reindeer Milk, per doz.	1.50

BEVERAGES

Tea, Special Pekoe, per 1 lb.	$ .25
" Special Pekoe, per 10 lbs.	2.25
" Orange Pekoe, per 1 lb.	.35
" Orange Pekoe, per, 10 lbs.	3.25
" Uncolored Japan, per 1 lb.	.35
" Uncolored Japan, per 5 lbs.	1.65

Note.—The lines quoted above are selected from the many lines carried by us, and we can recommend them each one as the best in its class that money can buy. If not satisfactory, return.

Coffee, No. 127 Santos, per 1 lb	$ .30
" No. 127 Santos, per 5 lbs.	1.35
" No. 17, Java and Mocha, 1 lb.	.40
" " " per 5 lbs.	1.85
" Barrington Hall, per 1 lb.	.35

Note—To introduce the above lines, which are leaders with City Customers, we will give free with each 5 lb. order one of our Standard Coffee Mills, which will enable you to grind your Coffee fresh each day, thus retaining the original freshness and flavor.

Cocoa, Cowans, bulk, per lb.	$ .20
" Baker's, per ½-lb.	.13
" Epps,' per ¼ lb	.11
Postum Cereal, per 20 oz. pkt.	.22

MISCELLANEOUS

Biscuits, Sodas, per 2½ lb. box	$ .23
" Sodas, per 16 lbs.	1.35
" Ginger Snaps, per lb.	.10
" Fancy Mixed, per lb.	.10
Candy, Royal Mixed	.10
Macaroni, French	.12
Macaroni, Italian, per 10 lbs.	.70
Vermicelli, French	.12
Cheese, choice, per lb	.15
Cheese, McNaughton's, per pkt.	.15
Honey, Pure White Clover, per 5 lb.	.75
Honey, Pure White Clover, per 10 lb.	1.45
Marmalade, Upton's per 7 lb. pail	.60
Marmalade, C. & B., per 7 lb. pail	.80
Jam—Strawberry, Raspberry, Gooseberry, Black Currant, Peach, Cherry. E. D. Smith, per 5 lb. pail	.70
White Star, per 7 lb. pail	.55
Imperial, per 5 lb. pail	.35
Corn Syrup Crown, per 5 lb. pail	.28
Corn Syrup,Crown, per 10 lb. pail	.50
Corn Syrup, Crown, per 20 lb. pail	.95
Corn Syrup, Crown, per 60 lb. pail	2.75
Maple Syrup, Imperial , per gal	.95
Maple Syrup, Smalls, per ½-gal	.70

Pickles	Sour	Mus'd	Sweet
1 gal. pail	$ .75	$ .80	$ .85
3 gal. pail	1.90	2.10	2.30
5 gal. pail	2.95	3.20	3.45

Mustard, Keen's D.S.F., per ¼-lb.	$ .13
" " 2nd quality, per 1 lb.	.27
" " 2nd quality, per 4 lbs	1.00
Matches, Telephone, per pkt.	.15
Matches, Headlights, per pkt.	.12
Candles, wax, per doz.	.13
Clothes Lines, Manilla, 48 ft	.07
Clothes Lines, Cotton, 48 ft.	.13
Clothes Pins, per doz.	.02
Stove Polish, X-Ray, per tin	.08
Stove Polish, Dome, per box	.10
Shoe Polish, Nugget	.08
Shoe Polish, 2 in 1	.08
Vaseline, Blue Seal, per bot.	.06

WE WILL TAKE YOUR PRODUCE IN EXCHANGE FOR GROCERIES, ALLOWING YOU THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR SAME.

Correspondence.

A Dainty "Fairy Queen".

Ontario, September, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. I thought I would like to have a little say along with the rest, if the editor will give me space. All right, egitor, thanks, I'll come again, Now I am not seeking to marry, (although quite old enough), but I wanted to let "Sauerkraut Bill" and the "Old Fellow know they could write a good sensible letter and that was good advice from "a young wife and mother." If the young girls of sixteen would learn to bake and sew instead of getting married, marriage wouldn't be such a failure. The Western bachelor farmer wants a woman that can work and will, all the rest give a description of themselves, but like "The Old Fellow," I will reserve mine. Some may think I am a cranky old maid, perhaps they are right. Who knows? Wishing the paper every success. "The Fairy Queen."

Judith's Letter Escapes the W. P. B.

Red Deer, Alta., Sept. 14 '09

Editor.—As this is my first letter to your paper I hope you will be able to find room for it. I have been a reader of your paper for about a year and find it very interesting. As everybody else describes themselves I suppose I must. I am 5 feet 8 inches, fair, and weigh 125 pounds.

I am a lover of outdoor sports, also I am musical. I am very fond of cycling, photography and tennis, I have travelled quite a bit both on this side of the world and the other side. I would like to hear from "Ramble" also "Try Me," and anybody else who cares to write for pastime. Well, I must stop, hoping this will escape the wastepaper basket. I leave my address with the editor. Signing myself "Judith."

Bill Likes the Girls.

B. C., Sept. 21, 1909.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time, and would like to join your circle. I am a B. C. rancher, and would like to correspond with the fair sex between the ages of 30 and 40.

I suppose I had better describe myself, so here goes. I am 5 foot 11 inches and would have been 6 foot 6 inches if there weight 195 pounds, I have a fair complexion, blue eyes, and have been told that I am very good looking. I am an abstainer from strong drink, but occasionally smoke a pipe in my lonely hours. I am very fond of music, and am a very good violin player.

I feel very lonely as I live all alone and often wish I had an opportunity of showing how much I would appreciate a loving wife:, I will close, hoping some maiden will take pity on a forlorn bachelor.

ffl "Teviotdale Bill."

A Good Housewife.

Dora, Alta., Sept, 15, 1909.

Editor.—As I have become a subscriber to your valuable paper and being very much interested in the correspondence column, I thought that I would write a few lines and as this is my first letter to the W.H.M. and as others give a description of themselves, I will do the same.

I am a farmer's daughter, sweet sixteen, brown hair and eyes, height 5 feet 6 inches, weigh 125 pounds, light complexion and of a kind and loving disposition. Would like to correspond with some of the lonely bachelors. If any care to write to me, my address is with the editor. "Jolly Girl."

"Sporty Bill" is a Singer.

Ontario, Sept 31, '09

Editor.—As the W.H.M. comes to our home I enjoy reading it very much. Some of the letters in the correspondence column are very amusing. This is my first attempt to enter the circle so I hope you will find room for my letter. I am an Ontario farmer's son and think Ontario is just all the way.

As it is the rule to describe one's self I think I will follow suit. I am 6 feet tall, dark complexion, brown eyes, weigh 175 pounds, 23 year old, very fond of sports and music, a fair singer and good dancer. Would like to correspond with some of the girls out West as I intend taking a trip out some time in the future. If anyone wishes to write to me they will find my address with the editor. "Sporty Bill."

Good Natured Ladies' Man.

Hawkestone, Ont., Sept. '09

Editor.—This being my first venture to write and join your merry crowd of correspondents. I hope to see it in print; unless used for a better purpose. I am very much interested in "Teasing" of the April issue. And of she, or some other young maiden about my age will write I will promptly answer. I am a well to do farmer's son 5 feet 6 inches tall, brown curly hair, brown eyes, weigh 147 pounds, at present neither chew, smoke, or such a bottle, a good tenor singer. I am eighteen years old. Please forward enclosed to "Teasing," of April issue. Hope this will not take up too much space in your columns, your affectionate

"Ladies' Man."

Very Fond of Letters.

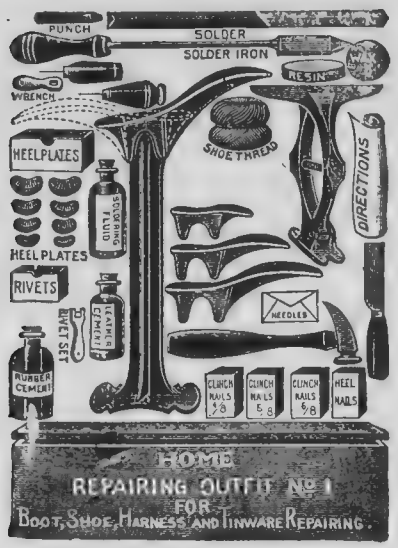
Broadview, Sask., Sept. '09.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your paper, the W.H.M. but as my brother takes it, I can always read the stories and especially the correspondence columns. As this is my first letter to the W.H.M., I would be very much pleased to see it in print. I am very fond of reading letters and would like to hear from "Girlie" in the May issue just for pastime and pleasure. As it is the rule to describe one's self I will do so. I am a young Canadian with very good complexion 5 feet 9 inches in height and weigh 142 pounds. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper. Please forward enclosed letter to "Girlie," St. Catherines, Ont. I will sign myself "Farmer's Son."

For Mischief Only.

Kuroki, Sask., Sept. '09.

Editor.—As I was reading that interesting corespondence column in the W.H.M., I like most of the other readers decided to write, although we do not take the magazine ourselves, one of our neighbors is a subscriber, therefore we have every chance of reading it and I am deeply interested in the correspondence column. First of all I must describe myself. I can't wait any



THE HANDY MAN

will find this repairing outfit a most profitable investment, so convenient for repairing harness, boots and shoes, tinware, etc. Complete and packed in strong box. Weight 18 lbs. Price $2.40. You should have our catalogue of harness and hardware. It is free.

Macdonald-Fleming Co.,
263 Portage Ave.
Winnipeg

IDEAL XMAS GIFTS
BY MAIL
THE
KODAK BOX NO. 2

The Kodak Box No, 2 contains everything for picture making by the daylight method, No dark-room is necessary, and even the beginner can get good results by following the simple, explicit directions contained in the instruction book. This outfit is simple enough for boys and girls, while at the same time it will make pictures which will please the grown-up people.

THE PRICE

1 No.2 Brownie Camera, 2¼x3¼	$2.00
1 No. 2 Brownie Developing Box	1,00
1 Roll No. 2 Brownie Film, 2¼x3¼	.20
2 Brownie Developing Box Powders	.05
1 ½ lb. pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder	.15
1 4-oz. Graduate	.10
1 Stirring Rod	.05
1 No. 2 Brownie Printing Frame	.15
1 Pkg. (1 doz.) 2¼x3¼ Brownie Velox	.10
1 Eastman Metol Quinol Dev. Powders	.10
3 Paper Developing Trays	.30
1 Doz. 2¼x3¼ Mounts	.10
1 Doz. 2¼x3¼ Kodak Dry Mount. Tissue	.05
1 Instruction Book	.10
	$4.45
Price, complete neatly packed	$4.00

ROBERT STRAIN & CO.
276 SMITH ST. WINNIPEG

SEND $6.75

receive this beautiful Fall and Winter style Tailored Suit. The skirt is made 9 gore, welted seams. The coat is made with a semi-fitted back, lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, tailor padded and stitched, and made just as pictured. The cloth is heavy all wool French Panama, in black and light or dark blue, green, red, and brown. If preferred we can supply this suit in heavy vicuna, which has a smooth, hard finish like broadcloth, in same shades as above. The regular price of these suits is $12.00. We are overstocked and have cut them down to the low price of $6.75. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, and around smallest part of waist, length of sleeve, measure under arm, and length from belt down to desired length. Send your order to-day. Order Suit No. 10

Standard Garment Co.,
London, Ont.

INDIVIDUAL POST CARDS.

We print your name and address on 25 high grade illustrated postals for 75c, 100 for $2.00 The newest fad. Send 5c. for sample and terms. Agents wanted. Address: **The W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.**

longer. I am a girl 16 years of age, brown curly hair, hazel eyes, height 5 feet 5 inches, and weigh about 115 pounds. No one told me I was bad looking. I am very fond of music and dancing. If any of the bachelors care to write to me they will find my address with the editor. Will correspond for mischief, nothing else. Would like to correspond with "Goody" and "Tired Tim" if they will write first. Will answer all letters. I hope my letter will not ake up too much of your valuable space, and would like to see it in print in the near future.

"Laughing Water."

King Pewee Doesn't Drink.

Prince Albert Sept. 14 '09.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber of your paper I have read several issues through a friend. If the editor will be so kind as to forward the enclosed letter to "An Ontario Girl" I will be much obliged for the trouble.

As it is the custom to describe one's self I will not break the rule. Iam five feet ten inches in height and weigh one hundred and seventy pounds.

I have a fair complexion, dark brown hair. As for age, I am young yet, only 19 years of age. I am very fond of music and all kind of sports. No girls; I do not chew or drink, but smoke occasionally. I would like to correspond or exchange postcards with the fair sex for pastime as I find it rather lonesome where friends are few and far between. I will close as I have taken up enough of your valuable space. My address is with the editor.

"King Pewee."

Shorty Never Gambles.

McTaggart, Sask, Sept. '09

Editor.—As I have been a reader of your paper for some time, I thought I would try writing. I find some of the letters very interesting while others are very disgusting, but as a whole very good. As I am homesteading in the Great West I find it very lonesome at times. As it is the rule to give a description of one's self, here goes. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes, and not terrible homely, 24 years old. Wishing the W.H.M. and especially the correspondence column, every success, you will pleased find enclosed letter for "Daddy's Little Girl" which I would be pleased to have forwarded to her and any others wishing to write me, I would be very much pleased to hear from them. I am very fond of music, dancing, and card playing, although I never gamble, do not drink, but sometimes smoke a pipe. Yours truly,

"Shorty."

The Only Girl.

Ontario, Sept. 10. '09

Editor.—I have been reading the correspondence page and it seemed as though the bachelors and maidens did all the writing so I wonder if there is room for a married man. I left the bachelor ranks two years ago and now I am daddy of the finest little girl in the world, just four months old and I am taking care of her tonight for an hour or so as her mother is away to League which is being held in the Methodist church in our little hamlet. As I am married it will be superfluous for me to describe myself but I am 25 years of age and work 200 acres of fine land here in Old Ontario and I think there are good chances for young men here if they have brains and don't mind working. However, I might go West sometime to stay. I have been there twice to see. I don't know that I want any correspondents but if any lads or lassies want advice on how to be happy though married just drop a line to,

"Daddy."

Very Fond of Sports.

Toronto, Sept, 1st. '09.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence columns, I thought I would try my hand at writing a letter. As the custom is to describe one's self, I may say I am dark, curly or, wavy hair, young and of the average Irish-Canadian build. I am fond of music, playing a cornet in a band and also in an orchestra. I do not drink, chew or smoke. I am very fond of outdoor sports, especially lacrosse, football and hockey. Will be pleased to correspond with some young ladies not with the intention of matrimony but for the sake of pure fun. Hoping my letter will find space in your very interesting, instructive magazine, wishing it every success. I will sign,

"A Printers' Devil."

Will Not Write First.

Ontario, Sept. 18, '09.

Editor.—Having just finished reading the correspondence column in the W.H.M., I thought I would like to have my say with the rest. The large number of letters each month shows the interest that is taken in your paper.

As there might not be space for a longer letter I will cut this short. I would like a few correspondents for pastime only, if they care to write first. My address is with the editor.

What do you say, girls, do you think it fair for the boys to ask us to write first? I don't Wishing the editor every success, I will sign myself,

"Verbena."

Doesn't Mind Work.

Editor.—Having read your paper for a very long time, I now write you these few lines hoping they will miss the wastepaper basket. I think some of the girls are too hard on the bachelors. I do not mind a man that smokes, but I should object to strong liquor. I had better give a description of myself. I am 19 years old, have very dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, weigh 119 pounds, and I am not afraid of work. I should like to hear from the "two lonely bachelors," February number, if they will write first. Now, boys, buck up and don't be shy; you will find my address with the editor.

"Lady Slavey from Old England."

Not on the Shelf for Sale.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber, I am an interested reader of your valuable magazine; I enjoy reading your paper very much. especialy the correspondence column. Some of the letters I find very interesting and sensible, while others are only silly.

I am sorry to note that as a rule the "school marms' 'do not seem to be held in favor by this circle, but I suppose there are exceptions to every rule, so I need not be despondent.

The principal subject under discussion seems to be matrimony, but as I am not on the list, I shall keep silent. I am greatly interested in the West, and as I intend to visit that part shortly, I would be pleased to correspond with any Western ladies' or gentlemen. I like "Sauerkraut Bill's" and "Lonely's" letters very much, and would be pleased to answer any letters I might receive.

As this is my first letter, I will close with a short description of myself. I am 19 years of age, rather tall, dark brown hair and eyes, am very fond of music, reading and fun.

Wishing your paper every success, I am

"An Eastern Friend."

Some One to Keep Her.

Manitoba, Sept. 4, 1909.

Editor:—I have read your valuable magazine for some time and think it a very interesting paper, especially the correspondence column. As this is my first letter to your correspondence column I hope it will not find its way to the wastepaper basket. It seems a general rule to give a description of one's self; I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have dark brown eyes, auburn hair and for good looks I can always pass in the crowd. Am of 23 birthdays. I am very fond of dancing, playing cards, and out door sports, especially in the summer time. As I am collecting post-cards I would like to gain a few through the W.H.M. correspondence columns. Would also like a few correspondents especially from the West. Will sign myself,

"Country Lass."

20 Years Old and a Blonde.

November 1st, 1909.

Sir:—I beg to state I have been a subscriber to your most valuable magazine only a short time, but even though it be a short time, yet, I have been an interested "Kidho" in the correspondence columns. I beg to state that in the correspondence columns the young people do not seem to speak strictly enough to one another, or in better words "retaliate sufficiently." Now get a hike on and speak up, the editor wont mind, girls. I am too shy to write any girl personally, that is why I write through the editor. It seems to be the fashion nowa-days to describe oneself, but all I will say is that I am 20 years of age and blonde. Allow me to remain.

"Green-Game-Kidho."

Who will take Pity on This Correspondent.

November, 20th, 1909.

Sir:—Having been a subscriber for nearly two years, and a reader for that time of your valuable paper. I am glad to see you are adding to its contents, and consider it well worth the extra amount of the subscription you are asking. I would like to have a chance of making friends with some of the writers in your correspondence column; as although I have been in Canada over four years, I have not been fortunate in making any friends, either ladies or men. I am afraid one reason is I am very bashful, and another, I happen to have lived most of my time with a family of a different religious denomination to myself, and therefore have not had so good a chance of getting acquainted with anyone. I am writing this hoping some of your lady correspondents, who are not averse to a farmer's life will take pity on me and write a few lines for personal improvement, as I do not think much of corresponding as a way of finding a wife. I am at present a hired man, but hope soon to start for myself, and like one writer a time ago said, I am not ashamed to own I am a hireling. I will give a slight description of myself, by saying I am an Englishman, fair, a teetotaler, non-smoker, although I used to smoke in moderation once. Anyone writing will find my address with the editor. Hoping this will bring me one or two letters, as I find it very lonely sometimes, not having met anyone I knew in England since coming out here. I will sign myself,

"A Hireling."

Another Lonesome One.

Sask, Nov 24th 1909.

Sir:—I am not a subscriber to the W.H.M. but a neighbor kindly lends it to me every month, and I think it is a splendid paper, especially for a poor forlorn spinster like myself. I live in a ranching district, seventy miles from a railroad, and with no neighbors nearer than two miles, and as we have just moved here this summer I don't know many people. I am keeping house for my two brothers who are ranching on a small scale, and find it very lonely at times, so I thought I would write to your paper and try and get acquainted with some of your correspondents, on paper, if not in person. Most of the girls who write seem to have decided objections to both drinking and smoking. Now I rather like to see a man smoke, but not chew, and I don't see why he should not take a drink if he feels like it. Of course I don't mean that I like to see him intoxicated. There is nothing more degrading. I would like to correspond with some of the boys and girls, if they will write to me and will faithfully answer all letters. It seems customary to give a description of oneself so I will try to do the same. I am a Canadian girl, 22 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, I don't lay claim to good looks, but would pass in a crowd, (if the crowd was big enough), and fond of a good time, generally, I enclose a letter to "Saskatoon Turnip," if you will forward it I will be much obliged. Now I hope some of you will write to me, and I will be glad to tell you anything about this country of interest. I am not thinking of matrimony just yet, so don't be frightened boys. My address is with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. all kinds of success, I will sign myself,

"Lonesome Louise."

Good Natured Paul.

November 12th, 1909.

Sir:—Being one of your interested readers especially in your correspondence column, I think a few lines would come in handy, for some nice young ladies to read. I live in town and am well educated. I don't drink, or smoke, or chew, or swear. I am very fond of music. I am nineteen years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, white teeth, not all yellow from chewing tobacco, fair complexion, I also love to dance. I love all ladies and girls, especially, those between the ages of 17 and 20. A lady is not supposed to feed pigs or milk a dozen cows every day. If she milks one or two, that's plenty. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. Your truly,

"Paul."

Is Marriage a Failure?

September 22nd, 1909.

Sir:—I think boys and girls should be more careful in choosing a life partner. I would say this, corresponding is alright for friendship and to help pass the time, but to be in earnest I would say take the advice of a lonely woman who is married. These men who write can say anything on paper but when it comes right down to it, keeping house on a homestead is not always the good apple on the tree. I want to tell the readers of the W.H.M. that I am married, neither for love or money, for I find we are poor, and I have to do any kind of work, feed pigs, hens, milk cows, help to make hay and feed calves, and that is not all, chop wood and make my own fires and so on. I can't sit down to the piano for we have none. It is mostly work all day and when I ask anything from my husband, he is generally too busy to afford me going away with a horse. No time to waste for a woman's amusements. If I want any money I have to earn it myself, and I have often gone to my father's home to earn it. Somemen have the heart of a stone. They never stop to think about how they ought to treat women. They will treat outsiders better than their own wife, and I am a good cook and know how to economise, do my own sewing, make butter and have a garden, I do everything to get along for a poor farmer, but I get no reward, no thanks,, not even in his heart. There is more expected. I am sensitive and feel it keenly, now it is too late. I dress very plainly and do not spend any more than $5 a year, if that, and that out of my own earnings. Now, girls, I hope that I have not led you to believe that most men are ignorant of the fact, that they have a good wife and don't know how to treat her. Stop to consider the grave situation that may be before you. Correspond for friendship and company, but that is all. What you want to look for is good, kind, generous, helpful, self-respecting men. I think there are some fine young men in the West, who, when they had a good sensible woman would know how to treat her, that she would not grow stale in her love for him.

"An Unsatisfied Wife."

Marguerite is very Musical.

New Brunswick, Nov. 21st 1909.

Sir:—I have been reading the W.H.M. for some time and think the paper very interesting and some parts of it very amusing, especially the "Correspondence Column." I have never written before and I see it is the custom of the readers to describe themselves. I am medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. I can sing loud enough to be heard, play the organ, but do not dance. Some people say I have quite a talent for music but of course that is for others to decide. I like fun as well as anybody. Do not milk but would learn if necessary. I don't mind a man who smokes a cigar or pipe, but dislike one who chews either the rag or tobacco. I strongly prohibit intoxicating liquors. I will leave my name with the editor if any of the boys wish to correspond and I would especially like to hear from "Two of a Kind," Lonesome Harry," or "Devon." I will close up, hoping this may find favor with the editor and wishing the paper every success. "Marguerite."

Three Lonely Bachelors.

Grassy Lake, Alta, Nov. 7th 1909.

Sir:—Three cheerful bachelors, who find your paper a most interesting and instructive one, beg for room for this small epistle, in the most entertaining pages of your paper, viz., the correspondence column. To begin with, allow us to introduce ourselves. No. (1) is Atla's Pride, (yes he is rather conceited) age 20, brown eyes, dark hair, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 146 pounds, and good looking, at least as he says so. it would be bad policy for me to contradict him, so as the other fellow said, "I'll believe him, but hundreds wouldn't No. (2) is Shortie, age 20, blue eyes, fair hair, height 6 feet, weight 155 pounds, as he threatens to lick me if I call him homely, I'll stretch the truth a little and say he is

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good looking. No (3) that's me, age 20, grey eyes, black hair, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight about 146 pounds, and exceptionally good looking, need I say more? Alta's Pride says, "Spin another." I may say before I go farther that my reputation for veracity is unimpeachable; Shortie says "unbleachable" would be a better word to use. We are all very temperate in our habits. Alta's Pride and I enjoy a cigarette occasionally. I abhor strong drink of any kind, many of its victims are lower than the brutes. It is the cause of needless suffering and untimely death to countless numbers of the populations of almost all civilized countries. And why all this suffering? you say. Simply because rich men can make money out of it, I suppose. 'Glorious Beer,' Now girls be sure and write, if you are good looking. Just for 'friendship' you know. Shortie asks that I tell a bigger one next time. Alta's Pride describes his ideal girl as having red hair, pug nose, squint eyes, not particular about the color, black or blue or green for preference, height not over 6 feet and not more than 260 pounds in weight. He sighs and says that the worst of it is a western bachelor has not to be particular or he is sure to get left. Well I better stop and leave a little room for the rest. Please Editor don't disappoint us by leaving out too much. Thanking you in anticipation for your kindness. Yours sincerely,

"Wun Un Hung."

A Letter From a Pickle.

Ontario, Nov. 18th 1909.

Sir:—May I join your jolly circle and become acquainted with some of the readers of your very interesting paper, the W.H.M. of which I have been a subscriber for nearly a year, and have found between its covers many beneficial hints which were of more value than the subscription price paid. Then the correspondence column has helped pass away many a lonely half hour and in reading over the different correspondence I have many times been tempted to write but have been backward. This time I thought "nothing ventured nothing had." Every one else seems customary to give a description of oneself so if it wont be out of place, here goes. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 156 pounds, (no light weight.) have blue eyes, and brown hair. As to looks, I shall leave that for others to say, but I have never yet been known to stop a clock. Am very fond of music, can play enough to amuse myself, and am considered a fairly good singer as I have been leading soprano in the choir for several years. Anyone wishing further description apply to me. I would be pleased to hear from and would cheerfully answer all letters from any of the young gentlemen between twenty-five and thirty who would care to write first. Don't be bashful boys. My address is with the Editor and I'm not quite as dry as this letter seems. Wishing you and your valuable W.H.M. every success.

"Dill Pickle."

Wants to Correspond with Marigold.

Wilkie, Sask, November 17th, 1909.

Sir:—I would like to correspond with Marigold, as I think her letter very sensible. I have 480 acres of land in Saskatchewan, 360 acres under cultivation. I have erected a nice house, 12 horses, 35 head of cattle and various other things connected with a farm. I am 27 years of age, Irish descent, I am 5ft. 9in. high, 175 lbs. weight, dark complexion, with a cheerful manner, don't drink, but smoke a little. I am tired of bachelor's lonely life, and would like to correspond with Marigold, and I hope you will see your way to do me a favor. I remain.

"Billy Whiskers"

No Objections to a Widow.

Esquimalt, B. C. Sept. 15th. 1909.

Sir:—I have been a well satisfied reader of the W.H.M. for the past year. You are indeed to be congratulated upon the high standard of your publication. In the August issue, as well as an abundance of fine fiction, I find much space devoted to higher thought, and when an editor decides that come what may, his publication shall be ennobling and uplifting it is truly a good sign. The paragraphs "National Jealousy," "Some Simple Fads," and many others of like calibre, scattered abroad among the public all over the land are of infinite value in bringing about a more universal brotherhood and sisterhood among men and women. I am not a farmer, nor yet a farmer's son, on the contrary. I have been more upon the sea than the land. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall and weigh 165 pounds, dark complexion, black hair and moustache, grey eyes, 28 years "young," not handsome, "Just Canny" and come from that tiny island called "England." I have travelled in all lands, speak three Oriental languages, and may perhaps claim to have a slight knowledge of men and things in general, I never touched drink in my life, but like most wanderers I am fond of an occasional smoke. When I look around me here and see the extravagant way most of the young ladies dress and the frivilous way they talk, I am not surprised at so many young men being afraid of matrimony. Love to my mind does not consist of pretty speeches and sickly smiles. Ah no! "True love" is the grandest force we have in all the world, and mark you, I have noted this even in "so called" heathen lands, Japan, China and India, and even heavily oppressed Russia, true love makes them forget their hardships. I am growng tired of wandering and would be glad to correspond with a sensible young woman 23 to 30, no objection whatever to a "Winsome Widow" (Protestant. I am not rich in possessions, but I have a big heart. Is that worth anything? Yours for success.

Roiteur

Gwen is not on the Matrimonial List.

Brandon, Man., Nov. 26th 1909.

Editor:—I have only taken your paper for two months, but in that short time I have become interested in he correspondence column, as well as the stories. Some of the letters show there is sound common sense behind them, others again, well I don't know what to think of them. I am a farmer's daughter, so know how much work there is to do on the farm. I have milked cows, fed, cleaned and harnessed horses, and done lots of other chores that have to be done, and am not one whit the worse, better if anything, can still do it yet, if I had to, although I have been in town for over three years. I was on a ranch one summer and, say, boys it was grand. I rode horesback every day, and when the roundup came, we rode through the herd and counted them off in fifties. One day we had to round up the horses, and I had a race with one they called, "The Outlaw." Oh! it was grand racing neck and neck to see who would win, but my horse was the fleetest so won out. Well I am wandering from my topic, better get back or this letter will see the inside of the waste paper basket. It seems to me that some of the girls are rather hard on the boys, (well I have more boy friends than girls). If a boy drin ks or smokes, I don't believe in turning him down for so doing. Many a boy has taken a glass of liquor, and for the need of a helping hand has gone down to shame and disgrace, and many a girl I have heard say. "Oh he drinks, don't go with him," instead of trying to help him up they shove him down a little farther, but we are all human and need the helping hand. As for smoking ,well I don't mind a pipe, but this cigarette habit is the ruination of many a young boy. I must say I like the tone of Palenque's letter and would like to correspond with him, if he would write first. Well I guess I had better describe myself too. I am about five foot five in height, have brown hair and eyes, would pass in the dark for looks if someone gave me a shove. Anyone caring to write me will find I'll answer promptly, although I am not on the matrimonial list. Trusting to see this letter in print and also that Mr. Editor will pardon me taking so much of his valualbe time at my first appearance. I

"Gwen."

An Ontario Correspondent.

The Editor:—I have been a constant reader of the Western Home Monthly although I do not take it myself and decided to try and write a letter and sincerely hope it will escape the waste basket. My height is five feet five and stout, my hair is not golden or curly but is just black, and the only time it is curly is when I curl it with the iron, and my eyes are dark blue I have a clear complexion, do not need powder and will pass for good looks. I have a good school and musical education and can keep house as well as most people, although I do not think I would answer for a wash woman or chore boy as some of the other sex seem to think we should be. I wonder if they ever stop to think what we expect of them when they want some one that can do all that, but I am not thinking of getting married so will not say any more about it. I am lively, full of fun and enjoy dancing, skating, etc, and not forgetting a ball game. Now in closing I will add if there is any young man who wishes to write to me merely for a good time, he will find my address with the Editor. I am eighteen years old, but this is my first attempt to write to the correspondence column, so hope some one will take pity on me.

"Just a plain Ordinary Girl."

Wants to Write to Rambler.

November 17th, 1909, Brae, P.E.I.

Sir:—I have been an amused reader of your paper for some time. I often wished to join your merry bunch, so I have decided to do so at last. I often wished to be able to gallop over the prairies on horse-back, and I yet hope to be able to do so some day. I would like to correspond with any of the lonely bachelors in the great West.. I should like to correspond with "Rambler" of the March issue, also "Jethro" of the July issue. As it is the order to describe ones self here goes. I am seventeen yars old, five feet four inches in height, very slender, weight 109 pounds. No one has ever been guilty of calling me good looking. I will give more satisfactory information on request. Wishing your valuable paper many more happy years printing letters. I sign my self,

"Dreamer."

From A Yorkshire Lassie.

Yorkshire, Oct, 1st, 1909.

Sir—I should very much like to join your correspondence column. It is most interesting to me as we have nothing like it over here. I would like to know all about life in the West, particularly so, as I have a brother in Canada. It is he, who sends us the W.H.M. What nice short stories you get, so original. Well, as for description, I am just an ordinary English girl, and want correspondents of both sexes. I should be extremely pleased to answer any letters written to me. My address is with the Editor. Hoping you will find space to publish this.—Yours sincerely,

"A Yorkshire Girl."

From Far Away Bird's Hill.

Manitoba, Oct. 2nd, 1909

We have taken the Western Home Monthly for almost a year, and I have been very much interested in the correspondence page, but could never muster up courage to write. Some of the letters are very interesting, and there are some very amusing ones. Nearly all the girls are full of sympathy for the bachelors in the West, but I do not think they need so much sympathy. I know some bachelors around here seems quite happy and contented with their lot, and I am sure if they or any other man who has bached for a long while should get married, they would be very hard to please, because their wife's way of doing things would be so different from theirs. I live on a farm, but have lived in the city too, and must say I prefer the country especially in the summer when everything is so beautiful. It is very seldom I have to do any outside work, and I am very glad for I do not like it. I can do any kind of house work, besides cooking, sewing and making butter, of course that is womens' work on a farm, and I think when they do that and do it properly they have done their share. I have been twice to B.C. but do not like it very much. I like living on the prairie where we can see for miles around us, and see the sun rise and set. My letter is getting long so I will close,if the editor thinks this letter worth publishing I will write again sometime and tell of my trip to B.C. I will sign myself,

"Happiness."

Does Not Drink or Smoke.

Nova Scotia, Nov. 15th, 1909.

Sir:—Kindly allow me a short space in your correspondence column. I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, and am greatly interested in the correspondence column. I live on a farm down in Nova Scotia, am twenty-four years old and am considered pretty good looking. I do not either drink or use tobacco, but I certainly do like to flirt with the girls. I am very fond of music and can play the violin and sing. I would like to correspond with "Bridal Wreath" in August number if she would write first. Anyone wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor. Hoping to see this letter in print, and if the Editor will please forward the enclosed letter to "Rose of Halbrite" in August number, he will greatly oblige.

"A Colchester Boy"

From Pride of the Prairie.

November 7th, 1909.

Sir:—I am not a subscriber to the W.H.M., but my Uucle whom I am visiting at the present time is a subscriber, and has been much benefited by its most interesting reading. I, myself am very much interested in the "Correspondence Column," and also think the "Problems for young men" very helpful, and although I am of the opposite sex I find them very interesting. I have just received the November number and I am very much taken with the letter from "The Prairie Kid," would be pleased to receive a private letter from him or any others who care to correspond, will find my address with the Editor if he considers this worth publishing. It seems customary to give a description of one's self, so I guess I will follow suit. I am seventeen, just what some people term a kid. But I consider myself quite grown-up, am 5ft. 6½ in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes, have quite a few good qualities as well as a lot of bad ones. Am very fond of riding, tennis and all kinds of sports, also of music. Well I am afraid I have said far too much for the first attempt, so will close.

"Pride of the Prairie"

An Admirer of Yetho.

Manitoba, Nov. 19th, 1909.

I am not a subscriber of your interesting magazine, but have been reading my cousin's paper and am very much interested

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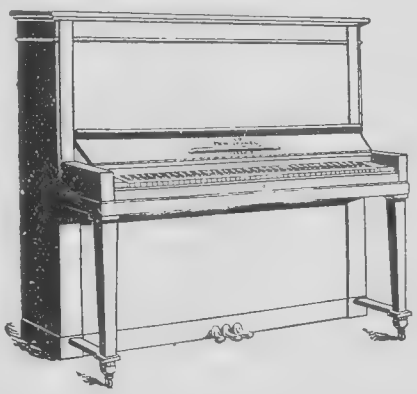

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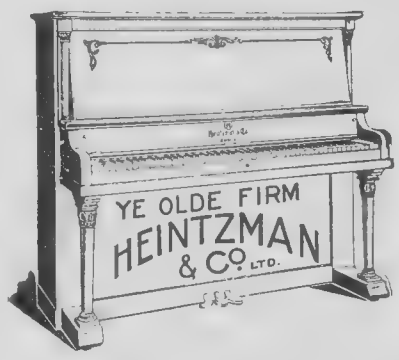

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in the correspondence column. I live in the city when home but have been travelling or at college most of the time for the past four years. I will try to describe myself, am 21, weigh 105 lbs, 5ft. 4 in. tall, dark with black curly hair and as to my eyes I have never yet found out what color they are. Am very fond of art, music, skating, reading and sleeping. Can do a little house work when necessary, as I spent a term in a Domestic Science School. If any of the gentlemen over twenty-two would care to write for pleasure I shall answer all letters. My address will be with the Editor. Please forward enclosed letter to "Jethro" July number. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. "The Little Dark Girl".

Casette is Reminiscent.

Sask, Can, 24th, 1909.

Sir:—Your columns contain so many interesting and amusing letters that I have often thought I would like to write one myself. I have not always lived on the prairie, but I enjoy Western life. Autumn is a pleasant time here we have so many bright sunny days. But just now I find the longing to go back to old Ontario strongest. I can see in imagination the many beautiful shades in the old forests and can almost hear the rustle of the fallen leaves as in fancy I stroll through the woods. Wouldn't it be fine to join a nutting party some day. Just think of all the beech nuts, butter nuts, etc., thot the squirrels feast on and the children of the West don't even know what they are missing. How I envy the apple pickers and wouldn't it be fun to gather grapes, the pleasure of picking them would make them taste twice as good. I would like some correspondents to help make the long winter pass pleasantly. I hope I have not made my letter too long. "Casette."

A Letter Worth Answering.

British Columbia, Nov. 7th 1909.

Sir:—I have seen your valuable paper for the first time to-day and the Correspondence Page at once attraced my attention. You see I came to this country in April last and I am very lonely and miss the books and papers and letters dreadfully. I came out here expecting to have a position as Assistant Companion Housekeeper to a lady starting a Poultry Farm. "Salary first year and shares the next." Well possibly I had not made sufficient enquiries tho' the references were excellent, and dear Editor and friends I had an awful time for three months. The lady turned out to be 70 not not fifty and the Poultry Farm did not exist. Well, I was fortunate enough to get a school and am teaching on a "Permit" up in the mountains and wondering whether I shall be able to stand it much longer and all the time determined not to give in and go home. You see, Mr. Editor. I thought I could work hard on the Poultry Farm and get a little home of my own, when my sister would join me. I have been a teacher in "the Old Country" ever since my parents died anl I am so tired of lodgings and being looked down upon because I earned my living that I determined to break away and come out here. Well I am not really sorry and don't mean to give in or give up hope yet, and I'm expecting to get a better school soon but in the mean time I should like so much to hear from some of your correspondents. There must be many comrades in loneliness—men and women in this great country and we might help to cheer each others lot. I met such kindness on my journey and in many other ways that I am "hoping for more"—that you Mr. Editor will publish this letter and perhaps some of your correspondents similar to "Honest labor," "A Young Wife and Mother," "Wandering Pilot," etc., may write to me. I remain yours truly. "A Yorkshire Woman."

A Correspondent From B.C.

East Kootenay, B.C. Oct. 8th, 1909.

Sir:—Having been for the past two years a reader of your valuable and interesting paper, I took the opportunity of taking an interest in the correspondence columns, which I should like to join. I do not see the names of many writers of this province and perhaps some of the girls would like a little news. This is certainly a beautiful country, with the glorious valleys between the ranges of mountains, with towns and ranches on the numerous rivers and creeks. I can only give a vague description of myself. I am 25 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 170 pounds, have light hair, semi blue eyes. Am English, have been out here quite a while and have got Canadianized. If any of the girls would care to correspond with me, their letters would be very acceptable. Wishing your paper every success. I will sign my name. "Hot Air Harry."

Jolly Tar is Lonely.

Alberta, Canada, June 1909.

Sir:—I have been an interested reader for sometime although I am not a subscriber. I would like to join the correspondence list. It is very interesting and amusing to read the letters from some of the mem bers. I will say a word on matrimony. I think it is alright to be married, but it is not a wise plan to be in too big a hurry. Some write very sensible letters while others just scratch down anything that comes along. I trust no one will be offended about what I have said. I will try and say a word myself. I am of a jolly and happy disposition, some say I am rather good looking, but as for that I cannot say. I am 21 years old, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 145 pounds and have a fairly good education. If any young lady wishes to write she will find my address with the Editor. All letters will be answered. "Jolly Tar."

Three Hot Ones.

Sask. Nov. 7th. 1909.

Sir:—We three girls are all readers of your W.H.M. and think it a fine magazine, especially the correspondence page. Some of the letters are very sensible and others are just the reverse. As every one gives a description of themselves, we will follow suit. Texas: blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and red hair, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 127 pounds, age 20. Montana: auburn hair, blue eyes, sun burnt complexion, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 130 pounds, age 17. Jumbo: brown hair, grey eyes, weight 123 pounds, age 19. We are all good Bronco Busters and can lasso any thing you can bring along, and are excellent shots. We can dance, play cards and play on a mouth organ. We three girls were born and raised on a ranch which now contains 337 head of cattle. We were out on our round up yesterday to see if all were there. Now if any of the young ladies or gentlemen of the West would like to visit us, we will give them a jolly good time. We would like to correspond with any one under 25. We are not in the matramonial line as single life is the best for us. We will sign ourselves. . "Three Bronco Busters."

Another Homesteader.

Wheatland, Man. Nov. 11th 1909.

Sir:— Please find 75 cents for a year's subscription. Although up to the present have not been a subscriber have had the pleasure of perusing several of your papers and must admit have derived much benefit and news from them. The correspondence column I think exceedingly interesting and amusing, and right away I seize the opportunity to beg a small space in that department. To begin with, suppose must follow the usual procedure by giving my description, which is as follows and to the best of my ability, accurate, I am an Englishman, age 26, height 6 foot 2¼ inches, built in proportion, weight nearly 200 lbs, hair fair and moderately curly, eyes blue, and if the ladies will permit me to say so, am considered good looking. Am a life's abstainer and do not chew, but smoke a little. Am fond of any wholesome sport, and although I do not play any musical instrument, am fond of all kinds of music, and am an excellent waltzer. Would like to further add that I'm sympathetic and sensitive and inclined to be artistic and original, and nothing gives me greater pleasure in my spare time than endeavoring to beautify my home. I had a pretty one in England, where I had a business but failed, so came to this country and have followed farming since, which I consider an ideal life. The type of girl of my fancy is one of moderate height, medium in looks, domesticated and ordinary qualifications. Before concluding, will add, that I consider a serious matter, and would not contemplate such a step without a thorough personal acquaintance. Any lady caring to write can be assured of a reply, and I would gladly exchange photos. Wishing the W.H.M. success. Will sign myself. "The Long Un."

From an Eastern Lass.

West Monkton, Ont, Oct. 4th 1909.

Sir:—I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for a short time, and I am interested in the correspondence columns, so thought I would send a few lines to your page. Well I am a Presbyterian and very fond of music. I can play on the piano and sing. I enjoy all kinds of amusements. I am five feet tall, brown hair and blue eyes, I am on the sunny side of twenty and can bake, feed chickens and help with outdoor work. As this is my first letter I will be wondering if it escaped the waste paper basket till I see It in print. I would like to hear from "Honky Domm" in May issue and also "College Kid" in April issue. My address will be found with the Editor. I would greatly thank any of the readers if they would let me know of a vacant situation in a store as I am intending to go to Business College soon. I will also say I would like to correspond with any of the boys or girls who will write to me first as I am very shy. Wishing the paper every succes. I will sign myself. "Theo."

From India.

Sir:—I have perused the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly for several months, and would like to pen a few remarks. I am not a subscriber of the Western Home Monthly but I am an interested reader. which I think is almost as good. I hope this letter will not find its way to the waste basket. If you can possibly give it a little space in the correspondence columns I shall be very pleased. As this is my first letter I don't intend to air my views on matrimony, but I do think that if two people are to live together all their lives they ought to know each other well before they can run the risk of spending their existence in misery. I am busy person, but with it all I have a few moments to spend in pleasant correspondence. So if any of the readers care to write to me just for the sake of exchanging ideas, and spending a little time in healthful correspondence I will be very pleased to reply. My address is with the Editor, 'All the Way from India."

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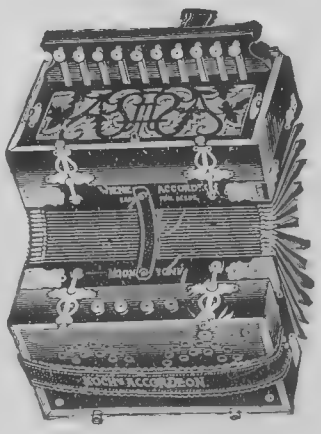

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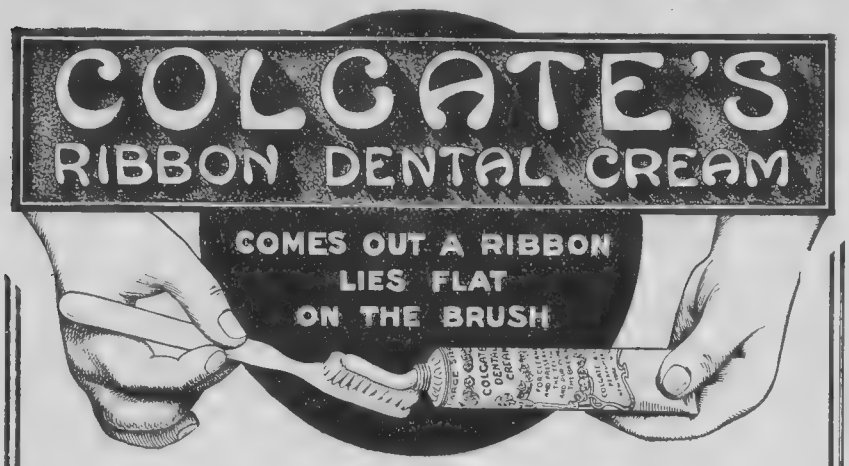

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Prize Problem of October.

The October problem was as follows:—

Mrs. Leith asks Mr. Wood to call on her, and Mr. Wood calls at the wrong house, and asks is Mrs. Leith is at home. The servant says "Yes," and announces him in the drawing-room, which is full of people. Mrs. Dale, the lady of the house, whom Mr. Wood has never seen before, advances, shakes him by the hand, and says she is glad to see him, and introduces him to her daughter and other ladies. Mr. Wood, who has meanwhile been anxiously waiting for Mrs. Leith to come into the room, realizes that he has come into the wrong house. What should Mr. Wood do?

The prize goes to Miss Lucinda Smith, Billings Bridge, Ontario.

The answer is as follows:—

"A gentleman never remains in a false position longer than is unavoidable. Mr. Wood should go to his hostess immediately on realizing his error and after enquiring for Mrs. Leith, apologize to Mrs. Dale for the servant's mistake, and ask to be excused in order to find Mrs. Leith. Before leaving Mr. Wood will ask permission to leave his card in the hall for Mr. Dale."

Prize Problem this Month.

The problem for this month is given by Mrs. Wm. G. Matheson, of Port Morien, Cape Breton, who will win the prize. Some very fine problems came in too late last month. The copy for this part of the journal is always in three weeks before the paper leaves the office:

Problem.

The father of a certain household is a very stern man and when vexed is unreasonably angry. His two young daughters indulging in a wild romp broke a valuable piece of furniture. They are full of terror and dread their father's wrath. Is the mother justified in evading the truth to screen the girls and leading the husband to believe it was broken in some other way, or what should they do?

A Magnetic Shield.

Is there any substance through which a magnet will not act? — E. F. C., MacLeod. No known substance. A thick piece of iron is the best shield.

Missing Bank Balance.

In the June number of the W. H. M. mention was made of a pamphlet issued by the Department of the Interior in regard to unclaimed money in the Canada banks.

In 1903 my brother had money in the bank in Ponoka withdrawing it the next year. I have reason to believe it was placed in another bank but as he died quite suddenly I can find no trace of it.

Will you kindly tell me how I can find out or where I should send for the reference mentioned.—Mrs. E. B. Rimbey, Alta.

Answer.—When a balance remains on deposit in any chartered bank for a period of five years without any further deposits or withdrawals being made in that period the bank, if it does not know the whereabouts of the depositor, must make a return to the Dominion Government of the amount at the credit of the account. The Dominion Government publishes in a blue book the list of all such balances giving the name of the depositor and the bank in which the deposit was made. We would advise you to procure each year this blue book which you can buy at a very nominal cost from the Finance Department at Ottawa.

The Real Star of Bethlehem.

What is actually known as the Star of Bethlehem?—J. J. L.

Kepler proved that Jupiter, Saturn and Mars were in conjunction three times in the seven hundred and forty-seventh year after the foundation or Rome, that year being very near the birth of Christ. This conjunction appeared in the sign of the Zodiac which astrologers connected with the fortunes of Judea, and certain writers have tried to identify it with the Star of Bethlehem. Furthermore, according to the Chinese astronomical tables, a very bright new star actually did appear in the heavens at this very period. The indentical conjunction of planets occurs only once in about eight hundred years. It has been shown, however, by later astronomers, that the appearance of this conjunction does not answer the requirements of Saint Matthew's description. Therefore the Biblical authorities claim that the text implies a super-natural appearance in the heavens and not a star in the ordinary sense of the word.

Burning the Yule-Log.

Why is Christmas sometimes called Yuletide? What is the significance of the Yule-log?—"Yule."

Yule, or Yuul, was the name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to their great festival of the winter solstice, or turning of the year, and the name has survived. The burning of the log was a very old Yule-time custom of the Scandinavians, who, at the festival, kindled huge bonfires to the god Thor. Burning the log was practiced in Scandinavia, England, Italy, some parts of France, and Servia. The charred ashes were supposed to have magic powers.

Teacher's Control Over Pupils.

Has a teacher any control over his pupils after school hours, when they are off the school grounds? And is he obliged to settle difficulties between pupils on their way home?—A. S.

The teacher's right to punish is not necessarily limited to acts done during school hours, but may extend also to acts committed after school hours and off the school grounds, if the effect of such act reaches within the schoolroom and is detrimental to good order and the best interests of the school; and this rule applies to the pupil's conduct after his return home as well as to his conduct in going to and returning from school. The teacher, however, is under no obligation or duty to settle difficulties between pupils except in so far as they may affect the descipline and good order of the school.

Foreclosure of Mortgage

Where a mortgage is foreclosed by a sale of the land, do the growing crops pass to the purchaser, or do they remain the property of the mortgagor or occupant of the land? — R. R.

In the absence of any agreement to the contrary, the entire interest of the mortgagor in the land passes to the purchaser, and he is entitled to the crops growing on the land at the time of the sale to him, in preference to the mortgagor or any one claiming under him whose claim originated subsequent to the mortgage.

Furnace Heat.

How can you counteract the effect of furnace heat?—W. B.

Nothing can be done to fully counteract the bad influence of furnace heat on plant life. Its effects can be modified somewhat by daily showerings of the plants, and using all possible means to impart moisture to the air. Beyond this nothing can be done.

The Plum Pudding's Significance.

How did the plum pudding become associated with Christmas?—L. A. D.

The plum pudding, originally known as the Christmas pudding, is said to be emblematical of the rich offerings

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TORONTO BOOK COMPANY, 5 Jordan St. Toronto

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

"Not Yet"

A square jaw is a sign of strength. A good mouthful of teeth well interlaced denotes decision of character. A strong profile in which the lips meet and match like the top of a folding desk closing with precision, reveals the fact that the owner can, in all probability, think clearly and act promptly. All these are indications of will power. Staying power is the test of personal character. It is more important to "hold on" than to go on. Edward H. Harriman had great vision and great stability. Both these qualities are revealed in the following incident quoted in the "Review of Reviews":—

"The shortest hint at Mr. Harriman's extrahuman power is one he himself gave,—the famous two words in answer to Governor Hughes' question whether he had attained a certain object:

"Not yet."

How They Do It.

You need not know everything about history, poetry and philosophy in order to pen an article on any given subject. If you were familiar with all the literature of any particular theme the world would hardly have time to examine all your literary treasures. What humanity really wants is your "impression" of what you have seen, heard, and experienced. The average reader likes to listen while an author "thinks aloud." Listen to the remarks of Harold E. Gorst:

"Ask any self-respecting journalist what he does when an editor commissions him to write an article on a certain topic. Let us suppose him to be largely ignorant of the subject in question. Does he fly at once to books and similar sources of information in order to gather material in the shape of facts and ready-made opinions? Not if he understands his business and knows that elementary principle of the successful writer—how to preserve freshness of mind. He retires to a secluded spot, far from books and men's voices, settles himself into a comfortable chair, lights a cigarette, and thinks. His first instinct is to fathom his own mind, and to see whether there may not be concealed, in its recesses, some original reflections connected with the topic about which he has been asked to write."

Mental Possibilities.

Spurgeon said that when he was preaching he had to think of seven things at once. (1) He had to think of what he was saying. (2) He had to think of what he was saying in relationship to what he had already said. (3) He had to think of what he was saying in relationship to what he was going to say. (4) He had to think of the effect of the whole on his listening audience. (5) He had to think of the effect of his pronouncement on his own reputation as a speaker. (6) He was compelled to ask himself if there was anything in that particular division of his discourse which would awaken the drowsy old man in the fifth pew, and last of all, he was compelled to ask himself when that infant elocutionist in yonder woman's arms would "shut up." From which we are prone to conclude that preaching of an extemporaneous sort has something of mental drill in it for the average pulpit occupant. Lyman Abbott, speaking in this connection—the vast possibilities of a trained mind—says:—

"A friend of mine recently told me this story of his experience with Theodore Roosevelt. He called at the White House to read to the President, at his request, a paper for the President's consideration. Mr. Roosevelt was reading a scientific book, told his friend to go ahead with his reading, and at the same time continued to read the book. My friend naturally concluded that his document was getting no attention until from questions interspersed from time to time, and remarks upon the document when the reading was over, he was forced to the conclusion that it was not the document but the book which had been practically ignored. But later, at luncheon, the President talked with a scientific guest of the scientific treatise in a way which showed conclusively that he had read it understandingly. My friend remarked humorously that Mr. Roosevelt did not give ordinary mortals a square deal; that psychologists tell us we only use one lobe of our brain, and it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt used both—one for the document, the other for the book. The story is here told because it furnishes an unusual illustration of the power of the will over mental processes."

Character Building.

A man's character is greater than all his mental powers and social privileges. Every thought creates character. Every act is an incarnation of character. Every decision is a revelation of character. Every habit is a pillar in the edifice of character. As Thackeray has well said "Sow a thought and reap an act, sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character, sow a character and reap an eternal destiny." To be able to think is a dangerous privilege and to be free to act involves tremendous moral responsibility. Thoreau said:—

"It mattes not half so much what kind of a ballot you drop into the ballot box once a year as what kind of a man you drop out of bed into the street every morning."

Sand!

We believe in courage. We admire backbone. We like clean grit. We appreciate the right kind of "cheek". We are charmed by audacity. We are fascinated by sublime audacity. We can even grow enthusiastic over a certain type of courage known as "nerve". Courage—backbone—grit—cheek—audacity—nerve—this is the Hero's Brigade. J. Napier Milne remarks:—

"I remember reading once of a boy who was a staunch teetotaler, and who was about to be apprenticed to a trade. The foreman of the place offered him a glass of beer, but the lad replied that he never drank such stuff. This rather irritated the foreman, and he said, somewhat angrily: "We have no teetotalers in this place." "Please sir, you'll have one if you have me," said the lad. This only irritated the foreman more, and he replied: "Look here boy, you must either have this beer inside or outside." "Well," answered the little fellow, "you can please yourself, sir. I came here this morning with a clean jacket and a clean character. You can spoil the jacket if you like, but you shan't spoil my character." Wasn't that a brave litle chap? Where can we get similar courage.

Your Destiny.

Don't fight with your destiny. Every adverse circumstance has an advantage. Brains and beauty are not usually given to the same individual. Ugly faces are linked to strong bodies. Slender forms are apt to be crowned with active minds. The man with a club-foot thinks all through his anatomy. The little man, thank Heaven, has conceit enough to carry him through. While giants who go stalking through the land, very often die of heart-failure. So don't quarrel with your face. Don't grumble with your destiny. Don't fume over your fate. Dr. Norman McLeod once remarked:—

"My life is not what I have chosen, I often long for quiet, for reading, and for thought. It seems to me to be a very paradise to be able to read, to think, to go into deep things, gather the glorious riches of intellectual culture. God has forbidden it in His providence. I must spend hours in receiving people to speak to me about all manner of trifles; must reply to letters about nothing; must engage in public work on what seems uncongenial, vanishing, temporary waste. Yet God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts, my powers, my failings and weaknesses, what I can do and what I cannot do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead—to follow Him. I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more, in what seemed to be almost a waste of life, in advancing His Kingdom, than I would have done in any other way. I am sure of that."

Brain Tracks.

Every habit creates a brain-track. Every brain-track controls a habit. To think one and the same thought one hundred times, cuts that through into the brain as deeply as a stone-cutter carves an inscription into a tomb-stone. Mental intoxication precedes physical intoxication. Even when a drinking man is sober, the brain cells of his brain-tracks call for rum, even as the ruts on a dusty road thirst for water.

"If an intellectual process runs through our brain once," says Henry Drummond, "it leaves comparatively no effect; but say it over a hundred times, and a footpath is worn through the brain; the one hundred and first time will be easy; say it a thousand times and lo! through all the cellular structure of the brain there is laid forever a thoroughfare upon this one intellectual idea, and temptations and sins march to and fro in endless processions along the beaten track."

Science And Christianity.

When you get down to the granite of real established fact, Science and Christianity are a unit. There is not a fundamental principle in Christianity which does not find its best illustration in science. The laws of Nature are the laws of God. The Sabbath rests upon a natural law. Sobriety is demanded by the laws which govern the body. Morality and religion are but the two faces of the same coin. Christianity demands nothing which science and common-sense does not necessitate. You cannot preach morality without preaching religion and you cannot promote religion without spreading morality. Dr. J. M. Buckley says:—

"Edward Payson Weston is the most extraordinary athlete among those who have shown courage, perseverance and endurance, so far as we can ascertain. We contend that his achievement of walking nearly 4,000 miles in one hundred and four days and five hours, in a battle with the elements the greater part of the way, compelled to walk hundreds of miles on railway ties, has never been equalled in history, in that kind of exercise. We think he is as much entitled to a monument as a great many people who receive one. Weston uses no tobacco; Weston uses not a drop of ardent spirits; Weston never walks professionally on Sunday; Weston is more than seventy years of age. He has competed with a large number of persons in the course of his life who were dissipated.

Think It Out.

Men are confronted with problems on every side. The solution of these problems insure solid success. Preachers' problem—How shall I fill my church? Dentist's problem—How shall I perfect teeth without pain? Merchant's problem—How shall I dispose of goods for which there is no demand? Lawyer's problem—How shall I compel men to seek for my advice? Doctor's problem—How shall I persuade men that the laws of health are in my possession? Politician's problem—How shall I convince men that my policy is right? In each case there is a splendid acreage for profound thinking. Every problem is solved by thought. Just here let men cull an illustration:—

"A good story is told of how Coquelin, the celebrated actor, won his membership of the Sub Rosa Club in the Latin Quarter, Paris. He was present one night at the club's weekly supper, and having heard there was a vacancy in the roll, applied for membership. The only rules of the club are: "Think much. Write little. Be as silent as you can." The presiding officer, with this last rule in mind, answered the applicant by placing before him a tumbler so full of water that another drop would have caused it to run over. Coquelin understood. He had evidently been misinformed about a vacancy; the club membership was full. Over the table was suspended a rose, the club emblem. While the glass still stood before him Coquelin broke a petal from the flower, and laid it so gently on the water that not a single drop was spilt. A silent man could join and make no trouble. Around the table ran a ripple of smiles and little hand-claps and nods of approval, and Coquelin was unanimously admitted."

Ordinary People.

Ordinary people possess extraordinary possibilities. The boy in home-spun is the orator of tomorrow. The modest youth standing on the outer rim of the crowd will be hurled by the hand of controlling circumstances upon the platform of passing events, there to wield the sceptre of power. Rev. James Small, in the Christian Standard, remarks:—

"Some preachers succeed because they love common things and common people. A scholastic preacher wrote a friend of mine: 'Charley, what am I to do? These people of mine are so far beneath me that when I look into their faces they remind me more of so many pumpkins than anything else. I am heartily sick and discouraged.' My friend wrote him a sensible and encouraging letter, and ended up by saying, 'Remember, ——, the best part of the pumpkin is always inside.' I think that the first preacher's heart was more like a pumpkin than the people's heads. He did not know, and perhaps never will, the difference between a sermon and a "message." That preacher had opportunities in that congregation that angels would covet."

Dont Be A Snob.

Was your father a common laborer—confess it! Was your mother a waiting maid—admit it! Did you come over the ocean in the third class—assert it. Did you never pass through the halls of a college or university—Acknowledge it! Are you an immigrant pure and simple—own up to it! Be anything but a snob. Listen to Rev. John McNeill:—

"I remember years ago my eldest boy came home from school. Evidently somebody had said something to him about his father's genesis, that is to say that although I was a preacher then, I had not always been a preacher. Johnny came home and crept into the study and got on my knee and said, 'Father, were you ever on the railway?' He had evidently heard it from some little snob in the school. I said, 'Yes, Johnny, I was.' He gave a wee sigh, the size of his breast—evidently the worst he had heard was true. "Father,' he said, 'a porter like those men down at Euston?' —the real bottle green, you know. 'Oh, yes Johnny,' I said. Another sigh. Then he suddenly brightened up and said, 'But father, that would be before you were a gentleman.' Now you see the job you gave me to give Johnny a right idea of what a gentleman is. For Heaven's sake save your sons and daughters from all this snobbishness. Don't be a snob yourself or your children will be hopeless.

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MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

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The Phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. **Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. **We want to convince you;** we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

My Reason

I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. **Perhaps you, yourself, would want a Phonograph,** and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on a free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money, I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2.00 a month, if they want it.

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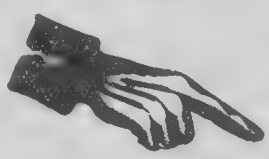

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What the World is Saying.

A Not Unnatural Inference.

This new town of Chin in Alberta is probably a suburb of Moose Jaw.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A Prince Albert Aspiration.

We should like to see a fleet of grain boats on the mighty North Saskatchewan.—Prince Albert News.

And Up Went the Price of Cement.

It is stated by Montreal papers that the brokers who negotiated the recent cement merger cleared $200,000!—Toronto Telegram.

Poor Men!

By the way, what a lovely time the husbands of those fighting suffragettes over in Great Britain must have.—Goderich Signal.

Western Canada's Progress.

A new town every week and a new school every school-day is Alberta's record for this year. Who can equal it?—Calgary Herald.

Antipodean Government Short-lived.

Another Ministry has been upset in Australia. In the Commonwealth they have an average of two Governments a year; in Canada two in a lifetime.—Ottawa Citizen.

Flour Mills Increasing.

Canada's flour mills are increasing, that is right. Increase Canadian industries by finishing the article here and leaving the by-products to be further applied as food for stock.—Saskatoon Phenix.

Dishonestly Packed Apples.

Some of our apple shippers have found some more dishonest apple packers this week, notwithstanding our editorial on the sin and folly of such conduct. Will they never learn that honesty is the best policy.—Dundas Banner.

We and Our Neighbors.

Canada's people buy in the United States about $2 worth of merchandise for $1 worth bought in Canada by people of the United States. In the spite-cutting the big slice will come off the long U.S. nose. —Montreal Gazette.

United States Capital in Canada.

Since we commenced to make Canada dance to our tariff music, Canada has compelled Americans to invest $200,000,000 in that country, which seems to be pretty good pay for the dancing.—New York World.

The More Direct Route.

Those who are interested in the grain trade of the port of New York should look at a terrestrial globe for the explanation of the success of Montreal as a competitor. They will find it in the fact that Montreal is on a smaller circle of latitude.—Toronto Globe.

Advice to Young Statesmen.

Four members of the Alberta Government are under 38 years of age. It is to be hoped that they will bear themselves modestly, remembering Prof. Jowett's advice to his class at Oxford: "Gentlemen, none of us here are infallible, not even the youngest."—Hamilton Herald.

Italy Wants a Trade Treaty With Us Now.

If you want to get friends get rich. There is sunny Italy clamoring at the gates of Canada to be allowed to negotiate for a similar commercial treaty between herself and the Dominion to that which exists already between France and the Dominion. She thinks it will do her good, and she is probably right. —Victoria Post.

As to Juries.

To urge that juries be abolished because one jury disappoints expectations is rather hasty talk. Juries may be exasperating at times, but there is no telling when they may come in useful. — Brockville Recorder.

Would Have Made a Difference.

The total value of Canada's fish catch last year was $25,451,085, but heaven only knows what it would have amounted to if the one our sporting editor almost caught had not gotten away.—Montreal Herald.

Fine Country North of Edmonton.

The Canadian Northern Railway's annual report states that to the north of Edmonton and in the extensive Peace River district there is already the nucleus of prosperous agricultural settlements, and of a general trade throughout a territory five times as large as the United Kingdom. This region is at present without railway service.—Ottawa Free Press.

Don't Forget Father's Knee.

There was much to be said for the good lessons learnt at our mother's knee in childhood, as mentioned Monday night at the Presbyterian Church Jubilee. But what of the lessons learnt when we were placed on father's knee, and held there kindly but firmly—face downwards?—Port Arthur News.

Horrid Possibility.

Up in Chatham, Canada, teachers are ordered not to do any work outside of school, except in preparing to be more proficient in instruction. Think what the stockings of the female teachers may come to and how the bachelors may be forced to use shingle nails for suspender buttons.—Detroit Free Press.

Talk About the Weather.

What an influence the weather has upon our moods. At best we are but human barometers. It is easy to cherish a grouch when the skies are clouded and the rain falleth alike upon the just and the unjust. But when the heavens are blue and serene, when the distant mountains stand out like carved cameos against the horizon and the air tastes like wine, then, then we thrill with the joy of life, and we again greet one another with smiles.—Prince Rupert Empire.

Women and Secrets.

A governor of the Bank of England thinks that women ought not to be employed in the bank because they cannot keep a secret. Thousands of women have discovered early in their matrimonial career that their husbands were blockheads, but they have concealed the fact from the world all their lives.—Vancouver Province.

Elevated to the House of Lords.

It is noted that the present Liberal Government in Great Britain is not making many new peers. Before final judgment is passed upon it, however, it will be necessary to wait till in the course of time it retires from office. The dying days of a British administration generally see a good many of its loyal, rich and generous supporters sent to their reward among the hereditary law-makers.—Montreal Star.

Coast Province and Prairie Provinces.

As our interests in British Columbia are more involved with the interests of the people of the Prairie Provinces than they can be with those of any other part of Canada, as the products of the Pacific Provinces are complementary to each other, we are pleased beyond measure at the splendid business in prospect as a result of the bountiful harvest.—Regina Leader.

The Banks in New Towns.

It is a pleasing reflection that the bank now seems to be the advance guard in new western towns, instead of the saloon, as formerly. At Lethbridge, with a population of seven thousand, there are branches of ten chartered banks, and in one case in the Northwest it is reported that a branch was opened in a farmhouse, awaiting the sale of townsite lots by the railway.—Stratford Beacon.

The Selection of Jurors.

A Toronto clergyman urges the need of strong men in the jury box. That need cannot be too strongly emphasized. The fate of people charged with crime should not be left in the hands of weak men. Men of good judgment and intelligence should be called into service always, and not the first man that an officer can find on the street, as is often the case.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Lawyers' Cinch.

Six lawyers engaged in a law suit, which was postponed on November 20, owing to the illness of one of the counsel, got $525 for their two minutes attendance, one of them not even being in the room. The fellow who was thus taxed made an appeal against it, but got no mercy, and of course it will have to be paid. That's the advantage of being able to make your own rules and allowing no one to interfere with them.—Goderich Star.

Truces from Political Fighting.

A good example of the way in which English statesmen lay aside in private and social life the antagonisms of Parliamentary debate was recently afforded by the fact that Mr. Lloyd-George at a Welsh function proposed Mr. Balfour's health in terms of appreciative eulogy, and that Mr. Balfour in his reply recalled an exact precedent for this interchange of civilities: an occasion in 1902, when he was entertained by the Welsh members in the very midst of the education debates of that year.—Chicago Tribune.

The Wisdom of the People.

It is easy to fool any single individual, but it is hard to fool the people. What one man does not know another man is very apt to know, and a hundred people know more than any single individual who is trying to fool them. One of the hundred is sure to think of a good answer to any fallacious argument, and this will spread. A man does not know much, but the people are exceedingly bright, because they learn from each other.—Atcheso (Kansas) Globe.

In Regard to the End Seat in Church.

Why is it that nearly everybody who attends church likes to sit in the end seat and hold on to it like grim death and every person who gets a berth in that pew must stumble over them? We confess we do that sort of thing. It is to get out quickly in case of fire—we sinners are quite strongly reminded of fire, flames and brimstone that is pursuing us and we can't tell just exactly when it is going to come. We want to be in a position to make a quick get-away.—Medicine Hat News.

Defective Cattle Shipment Statistics.

In the Calgary Herald is a quotation from the report of A. F. Dillanger, operating assistant to the Railway Commission regarding the shipment of cattle. Ponoka is credited with the shipment of only 114 head for last year (1908) whereas the number shipped aggregated to about 1800 head. We cannot allow such a mistatement of facts to go unchallenged, and it is to be hoped that the other shipping points will likewise draw attention to discrepancies in this report or the impression will become general that Alberta is a poor country for raising and exporting cattle, whereas the contrary is the case.—Ponoka Herald.

Making Law a Mockery.

Even more unaccountable than the "lynchings" in the United States is the toleration which alone makes them possible. Unless a community, while possibly deprecating the action, sympathises with the motive, it would be impossible for the participants in one of these orgies of rage and brutality to escape the penalty which the law prescribes for murder, and whose enforcement in any one case would be a strong deterrent of others. If the process of the law in some of the commonwealths is so slow and so uncertain as to make punishment problematical the rights and persons of citizens are certainly not made more secure by either condoning or participating in making law itself a mockery.—Victoria Colonist.

"Kissing the Book,."

In England an effort is being made to abolish the kissing of the Bible as the seal of an oath. It is a heathenish practice, akin to the breaking of a saucer, the slicing off of a fowl's head, and the blowing out of a lighted candle. The witness does not imbibe the spirit of truth through the dirty cover, but he may come in contact with microbes and other impurities. Still, man is a superstitious creature, and sometimes retains his superstition after he has parted with his religion. Dishonest witnesses have been known to tell with glee how they kissed their thumb, instead of the book, thus evading the penalties of false swearing.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Up And At It.

My friend, make a start. Get something done. Turn over a new leaf— and write it full. Have faith in your destiny. If necessary nail a horse shoe over every door and paint a four-leaf clover on every window pane. Be your own medium and tell your own fortune. If the lines on your hand are not suggestive of success according to the best students in palmistry re-arrange them by hard work. Stab your doubts and kindle your hopes. Get to work. Act! That was a wise remark by Sidney Smith:—"Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort."

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Be wise and make your selection NOW and obtain first choice. Our Xmas Folder is mailed free on request, and is filled with suggestions for Xmas Gifts, for one and all, and at prices suitable to each and everyone's purse. Prove it for yourself by a trial order. Thousands of persons all over Canada order from us. There must be a reason. Values talk. Read our Great Free Delivery Offer and consider the saving it means at the end of one year when buying through Scroggie's Catalogue.

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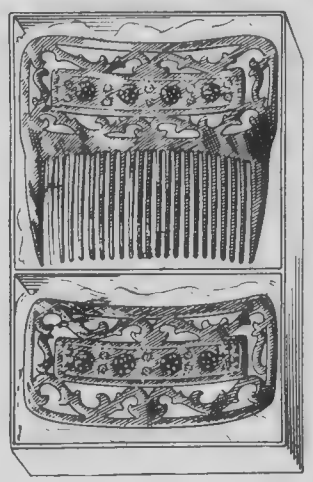
Making a splendid motor, traveling or storm veil. Colors: black, white and cream, and all the leading colors. SPECIAL PRICE.....50c.

H387—Smart lace Jabot, made of fine spot net and chiffon trimmed, fine maltese lace insertion, and steel beads. Ribbon in white, sky, pink and mauve. Neatly boxed. Price 98c.

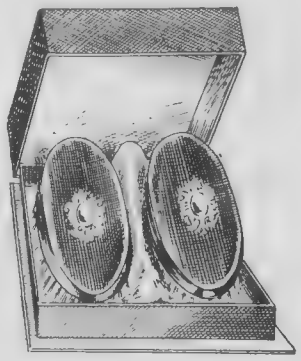
B6—Blouse Length of 3½ yards of imitation Cashmere Flannel, made in new designs and fashionable colorings, for ladies' blouses and shirt waists. Handsome collection of Paisley or shawl patterns light or dark colorings; also made in stripe and spot patterns with choice of cream ground with pale blue, navy, brown, red and black designs. —The best imitation of the all wool French flannel. —Neatly packed in a fancy box, tied with silk ribbon and sent with a Christmas Greeting Card.
Price.....79c.

H384—Neat Jabot, made of fine net guipure lace applique, jet beads, cord silk frilling and silk top, in colors, black, white, sky, pink, mauve and old rose. Neatly boxed. PRICE ....69c.



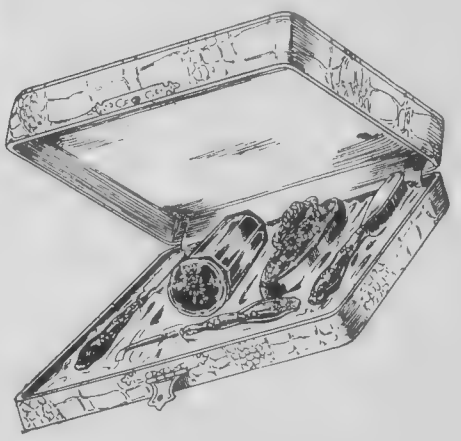
F98—Jet Comb Set, exactly like cut, with black Comb and Barrette to match, made of heavy stock, hand carved, openwork design and studded with jet and 20 high class brilliants. Each set put up in a neat box suitable for Christmas gift. Special Price....59c.

F58—Box of talcum powder, covered with Dresden ribbon, and trimmed with baby ribbon. Complete. Price 35c.

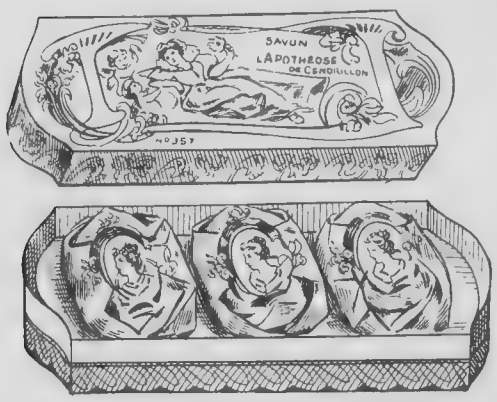


M4 — Pair Military Brushes, in rosewood, or ebonoid, with silver mounts good bristles, nicely boxed. Price....99c.

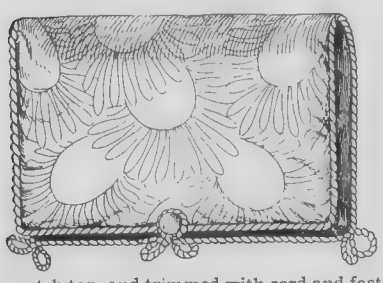
H382—Stylish Stock Collar, made of fine Valenciennes lace and insertion, guipure lace and applique, and pearl beads, in black, white and cream, and neatly boxed. PRICE 49c.



M5—Five piece Manicure Set, sterling silver mounts, handsome design, as cut, satin lined in leather covered case, 8 by 7 in. Price.....$4.50.

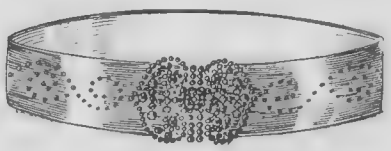


N301—Maubert's imported French Soap, finest quality, neatly packed 3 in a box. SPECIAL.....55c.

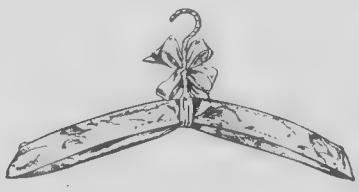


L52—Handkerchief Cases in rich brocaded patterns, floral, and conventional designs in delicate shades, on heavy white silk corded ground, lined with dainty colors to match top, and trimmed with cord and fastener. Small size, 7 x 9 in., price 25c. each. Large size, 8 x 11, price 50c. each.

H394—Special line of Directoire umbrellas, handles silver inlaid, and plain ebony, assorted styles, taffeta cover. Neatly boxed Price $1.35 each.



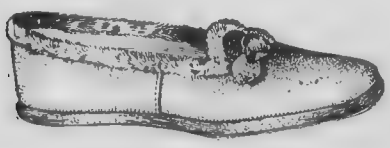
H398—Cut steel silk elastic Belt. Fine quality. Colors of elastic, black, brown, navy, white and green. Nicely boxed. Price.....$1.75



F102—Coat or blouse hanger, made of fancy silk Dresden ribbon, in any shade and in several different dainty floral designs, trimmed with Duchess satin ribbon, padded and perfumed. Price 75c.

M. 42—Enamel Stick Pin, floral designs. A handsome Christmas gift.
PRICE.....50c.

M10—Pepper and Salt Shakers, cut glass, sterling silver top, 3 inches high. A handsome present nicely boxed. Price....$1.00.



GERMAN SLIPPERS 49c.

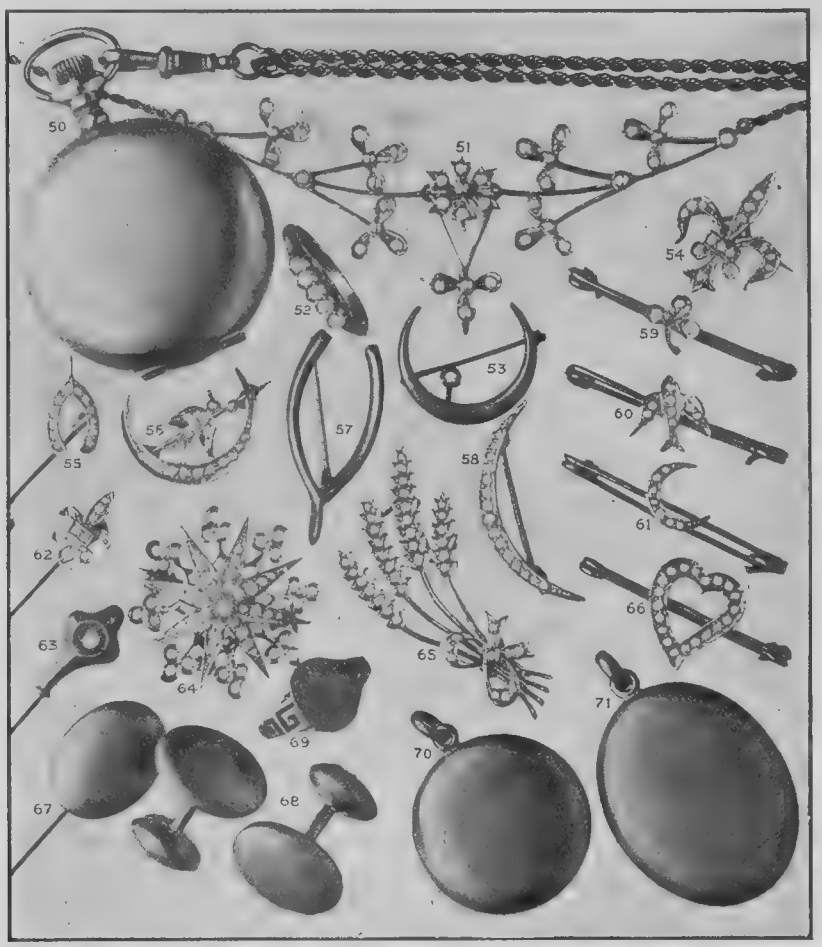
J24—Ladies' black felt German Slippers, with thick felt soles, finished with a dark grey fur binding, and felt bow on vamp. This slipper is lined throughout with a red flannel, making a very warm, comfortable house slipper. Sizes 3 to 8.
A decided snap at.....49c.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

W. H. Scroggie Limited

Dept. W.H.M. Montreal, Can.

J28—Men's fine imported French Slippers in a very neat dark check design, finished with a medium felt sole covered with a thin leather out sole. This slipper is warmly lined throughout, making it very comfortable for house wear. Size 6 to 11. Could not be duplicated less than $1.25. Scroggie's extra Christmas value.....69c.



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50	Ladies' watch with finest quality gold-filled case and Waltham movement with chain, fully guaranteed	$15.00
51	Fine pearl necklet, 14k gold	16.50
52	14k ring, 5 fine whole pearls	5.00
53	10k gold brooch, with pearl	2.00
54	14k pearl brooch and chatelaine	5.00
55	14k pearl wish-bone scarf pin	2.50
56	14k pearl brooch	4.00
57	10k gold wish-bone brooch	2.00
58	14k pearl crescent brooch	3.00
59	14k pearl brooch	2.00
60	14k pearl bird brooch	2.25
61	14k pearl crescent brooch	$2.00
62	14k pearl fleur-de-lis scarf pin	2.50
63	14k scarf pin, fine whole pearl	4.00
64	14k pearl brooch and pendant	11.50
65	14k pearl wheat brooch	12.00
66	14k pearl heart brooch	3.25
67	10k signet scarf pin (any initial)	1.75
68	10k gold cuff links (any initial) ...pair	3.00
69	10k gold signet ring (engraving free)	3.50
70	14k gold locket, $6.50; 10k (engraving free)	4.50
71	14k gold locket, $8.50; 10k (engraved as desired)	6.50

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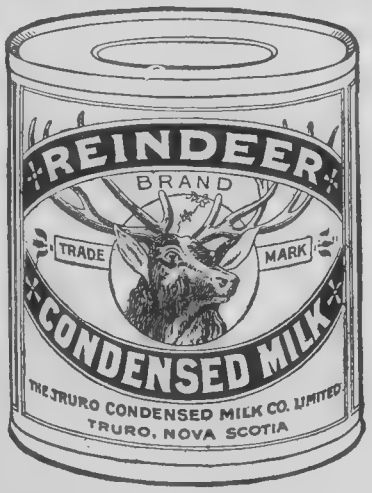
Jewelers and Silversmiths Winnipeg

Reindeer Milk



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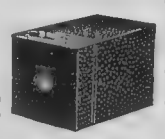

This Snap Shot Camera complete for taking photos 2½ by 2½, free for selling 30 of our 10c. packages of beautiful post cards. We trust you. Write today and we will mail you the cards to sell.
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20 Lovely Floral Post Cards, with initial in Gold 10c
Union Post Card Co., Dept. 65
81 Pine St., New York City.

Temperance Talk.

Total Abstinence In Army and Navy.

It seems strange that our government should allow the sale of intoxicating liquors to soldiers in the field, which seems to be the meaning of a recent order of the war department. If there was no objection to this order from a moral point of view, the following item shows how objectionable it is from a sanitary measure:

Naval and military authorities are nearing the conclusion that both soldiers and sailors are more effective as fighters when the supply of alcohol, which it has long been the custom to serve out to them when in active service, is discontinued. In the navy of this country the use of stimulants on board when at sea is prohibited, and the British admiralty, which used to allow double grog rations when ships were going into action, has now ordered that not a drop of alcoholic liquor is to be allowed on the day when fighting is to be done. The prime mover in this change of practice is Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, the British Commander-in-chief, who has instituted exhaustive experiments with a view to ascertaining the relative effects of alcohol and total abstinence upon the physical endurance and staying qualities of troops. One regiment would have its supply of malt liquors cut off, another would be deprived of its whisky, while a third and fourth would be allowed to purchase their ordinary liquor allowance at the canteen. In every case where stimulants were allowed notable signs of lassitude and a lack of spirit and endurance were manifest in the soldiers after two or three days' hard fighting, whereas the men who had abstained showed every day more staying power, alertness and vigor. The War Department now debars the soldiers from all stimulants except in hospital, and every one in camp, while on active service, from the highest to the lowest, is restricted in the matter of liquid refreshments to tea and oatmeal water.

The result of this new rule is the coolness and steadiness of soldiers under heavy fire are said to be remarkable, and to abundantly confirm Lord Wolseley's dictum that nowadays calmness and collectedness are more valuable qualifications for the soldier than reckless dash.

Veto in Hartney,

Hartney is one of Manitoba's leading towns, about 40 miles south-west of Brandon, and it is under Veto. It is within 13 miles of Elgin, 18 miles of Souris and 20 miles of Deloraine, all license towns, but it commands the business of every mile of its territory and boasts of one of the best appointed and most popular hotels in that part of the province.

W. H. B. Hill, mayor of the town, and the leading merchant, does not pose as a temperance man, but on being requested to give a statement for publication in response to questions about Veto, supplied the following:

How Does it Affect Business?

"It does not pay a business man to be in oposition to Veto. Any restriction is better than the licensed bar-room sale of liquor. The largest part of the money spent for liquor is taken out of local circulation and is not returned in any form to the community. The temperance hotel consumes just as much food stuffs as the licensed one. The expenditure on liquor is a waste that taxes every business in the town.. If the business man will search for the causes of losses by bad debts he will find that by far the largest number are directly traceable to the liquor traffic. If a general merchant loses by bad debts in a year $500, he would be quite as well off if he had done $5,000 less business in the year."

"As a business man I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that business conditions are infinitely better under Veto than under license. When you stop the waste, bad debts become fewer, collections easier and savings accounts larger, without a doubt.

Do License Towns Draw Business?

"Hartney most effectually disproves the statement that towns with bars draw business from Veto towns. Our town commands the trade of every mile of territory due to it, and a little more. The mailing list in the Hartney P. O. proves this. Ladies living in the country much prefer to make their purchases in a town where there are no drunken men on the streets or drunken drivers on the trails.

Is the Law Enforced?

"Drunken men are not seen on our streets. Our lock-up may be said to be out of commission. Our constable tells me that it has been used three times this year and on two of the three occasions by drunks who were ejected from trains. It lessens other law troubles, for our bailiff says that he has not sold any property or chattels in the Hartney district under execution during 1908. There was a large crowd in town all day of our fair and I did not see a single individual under the influence of liquor.

How About Hotel Accommodation?

"There are few houses in towns the size of Hartney which rank up with the Willard House. It was opened in May, 1907 and the first few years' business showed a net profit of 9 per cent. The first five months of the present year show $600 profits in excess of the same months of last year. The stock holders are well pleased with their investment. The stock is not all held by temperance people but also in good amount by persons who are not teetotallers, but who are opposed to the open bar."

"There is no virtue in bemoaning past folly unles we are led thereby to a wiser future."

Have A Fixed Purpose.

Learn to look at things from a practical standpoint. There is a great deal of reaching out for help along lines that appeal to the imagination without convincing the understanding.

Everyone is eager for success. And all would like to find some easy road to its achievement. It is easy to sit in the sunshine and think success thoughts. But the effort must not stop with the thinking. The one who succeeds must buckle down to hard work. She must believe she will win, but there must be no slackening of her endeavors.

It is possible to create a mental atmosphere wherein work will seem wearisome. But even this is largely a matter of selection. The work that one likes never becomes drudgery.

Congenial employment is one of the first essentials of success. One may drift into distasteful lines through stress of circumstances, but she should not stay there. Any honorable employment is better than dependence or want. But unless a woman's occupation enlists her best energies she has mistaken her calling and should bend her efforts toward securing a position where she can put her heart into her work.

It isn't a wise plan to shift about from one plan to another in the hope that any change will be an improvement. A woman should have a definite purpose. She should choose her work with reference to her inclinations and capabilities. And having made her choice she should be constantly on the watch for an opportunity to begin.

She may have to begin where the hours are long and the pay is poor, but better that than more money for work she dislikes. It is a start in the right direction. There is a chance for growth, and each upward step is an unfolding,—a development.

The reason so many women, — and men, too, remain in positions they despise is because they are afraid to make a change. They don't dare give up a certainty for an uncertainty. The lion of fear is on guard at every door of opportunity. They distrust themselves. They want to get out of the old rut, but they are afraid they won't be equal to the new place.

They lack a fixed purpose in life. Such a purpose is a stranger to fear. It sees only the goal. And obstacles and hindrances count for nothing in comparison.

The indecision and lack of self-reliance manifested by many women is due to lack of purpose. In a general way they would like to accomplish something. But they have no special plan. They need

Drink and Tobacco Habit.

Were a remedy known that would cure the craving for liquor or tobacco without the knowledge and co-operation of the patient it would be the greatest discovery of the age, since not a drunkard or a tobacco user, in a very short time, would be found in the land.

A little reflection on the part of anyone contemplating curing a friend of either habit in this manner will reveal the absurdity of it,

Frankness with the person to be benefited should be practised, for, with his assistance, he can be cured of either habit, while without his consent the effort would end in failure.

Dr. McTaggart, of 75 Young Street, Toronto, Canada, guarantees a cure of the appetite for stimulants in from three to five days, when the patient follows his directions faithfully.

His tobacco remedy is specially prepared for the purpose—the cost being only $2.00—and the course lasts about two weeks.

Both remedies are excellent tonics, hence leave no bad after-effects.

Abundance of testimonies, by permission, will be furnished to any interested person.

The doctor invites correspondence.

THE Keeley Cure FOR LIQUOR USING AND NEURASTHENIA

30th year of success, half-a-million Cures. No sickness. No suffering. Write for **Facts.** Treatment and Correspondence Confidential. Address

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Poor John..... *Miss Vesta Victoria*
The Last Pub ..... *Ernest Shand*
The Angel of my Dreams. *Mise Millie Lindon*
If those lips could only speak... *Will Godwin*

Across the Bridge
Baby
Baby Mine
Blind Boy
Blind Irish Girl
Come back from dreamland
Come back Love
Comrades
For old time's sake
Golden Wedding
Gone away
Honeysuckle and the Bee
Hush little girl, don't cry
I heard the Bells at Morning Chime
Just a little Sunshine
Just like the Ivy I'll cling to you
Let me kiss your tears away
Let us be sweethearts again
Masks and Faces
Miner's Dream of Home
My fiddle is my sweetheart
My little buttercup
Oh that my love were near me
Playmates
Seventh Royal Fusiliers
Shall I be an Angel, Daddy?
Singer was Irish
Sing us one of the old songs
Shipmates in safety, shipmates in danger
Sleep and dream that life's a garden
Soldier Boy's Motto
Sons of England
Spell of love
Star of love
Softly smiles love's golden summer
Tin Gee-Gee
There goes my soldier boy
There's nobody just like you
Tears are blessings
That grand old song
Their heads nestled close together
Two loving hearts
We don't know how we love them till we lose them

C. BUTLER, Box 193. P.O. Winnipeg

YOU CAN STOP DRINKING

Your Husband Son or Friend from

Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him, or loss of his time. It will **cost you nothing** to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds, and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **E. Fortin, R. 135, Chicago, Ill., 40 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.

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Traveling Salesmen earn from $1,000 to $25,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be an expert by mail and our **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU** will assist you to secure a good position. We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and cannot supply the demand. Thousands of our graduates have secured good positions. Many who formerly earned $25 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our free book "*A Knight of the Grip*" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 246 National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

money and they are willing to do almost anything to get a little income. But the question of fitness or adaptability does not enter the consideration. Today a friend suggests one thing and they form all manner of schemes to bring it about. To-morrow another friend proposes a different plan, and the efforts of the previous day are abandoned and forgotten.

It is a good thing to take counsel of friends when they know more of a situation than we do. But in most cases they only know a part of the conditions, and are not in a position to advise intelligently.

The woman who has a fixed purpose doesn't bother much about other people's opinions. If she takes counsel with a friend and it clashes with her purpose she generally brings it into line with her intentions. She likes advice when it accords with her arrangements; but no advice or counsel will cause her to swerve from the main issue.

The woman with a purpose does not lack decision. She may make mistakes, but at least she wastes little time in balancing unimportant trifles. She acts promptly, and abides the result. If things turn out badly she tries again; but always with the same object in view.

The desire to do a certain kind of work presupposes an element of ability in that direction. No one ever has a pronounced trend toward that for which she has no possible talent. And the woman who has such a predilection should follow the leading; for in that direction lies success.

A fixed purpose for a woman does not necessarily have reference to a business career. Many women who have never needed to earn a dollar in their lives have adopted business principles in their social and domestic arrangements. They have a fixed purpose, and it consists in getting the best out of life. Such women are the real helpmeets. They are the ones who see the goal ahead for husband or children, and who count no effort, stop at no sacrifice, that may bring the desired result into manifestation.

The woman with a fixed purpose is not always exempt from trials. She meets with annoyances and perplexities the same as other women. But she does not yield to them. She finds a way to overcome them. They are a part of the price of victory.

Sometimes she meets with unexpected trouble. Perhaps the son in whom her hopes are centred develops a craving for liquor. She doesn't quite understand how it came about. Surely there has been no shortage in the home teachings,—not particularly along temperance lines. In fact, there hasn't been much said on that subject. Whiskey never had touched her life before and she has given it little thought. She understood of course that there had been a bit of social drinking. Many ambitious young men did that. But drinking to excess,—why, there was no drinking in the family. Away back in the grandfather's time they were noted for abstemiousness.

Later she understands that it isn't necessary to inherit one's craving from an unfortunate ancestor. It is astonishingly easy to cultivate it at first hand. Her ambitious son had drank a little socially; then he had drunk for stimulation; so that he might tax his endurance a little farther.

It had all been done in the interests of ambition, and the desire to forge ahead. But whiskey and brain work did not mix. He had failed on the project, and he had become a drunkard.

The woman with a fixed purpose does not give up to vain repinings. Always straight ahead shines the wished-for goal, and if her son has missed his way through drink she does not accept it as a defeat, but as a postponement.

She makes a study of his case. She tries the various arguments with which mother's seek to reform drinking sons. But they are not effective. Then somewhere she learns that inebriety is a disease. Her son is cured. And again the sun shines for her and a bow of promise spans her skies.

"Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self-forgetfulness, a healthy interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family."

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For it.

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health — your happiness — your very life itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than all the other diseases put together—it leads on every year to thousands upon thousands of deaths.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself?"

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you are fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. **Worse still — you're allowing Catarrh to get down to your lungs.**

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh — it's Consumption. Consumption often results from neglected Catarrh, and great numbers of people die every year just because they've neglected Catarrh.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you really helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just how to cure Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. For twenty-one years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble — the benefit of my wide knowledge and beneficial discoveries.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Learn at once how Catarrh can be cured —thoroughly and successfully.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address **Catarrh Specialist Sproule** *(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.)* **117 Trade Building, Boston.** *Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.*

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head.
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME .....

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.....

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure — you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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A Dreadnought in the Making.

By FRED T. JANE.

OFFICIALLY, a ship is built during the period from laying her down to the day when she is certified as ready for sea. Actually, however—if the Hibernicism may be allowed — the real work of building her is mostly done before she is built at all!

First of all, the idea of her has to be born. The ship is to carry such and such guns, and to be protected with such and such armour. A fancy sketch of her is got out, and, as like as not, pigeonholed for a while. It is then "an idea for a battleship some time in the future."

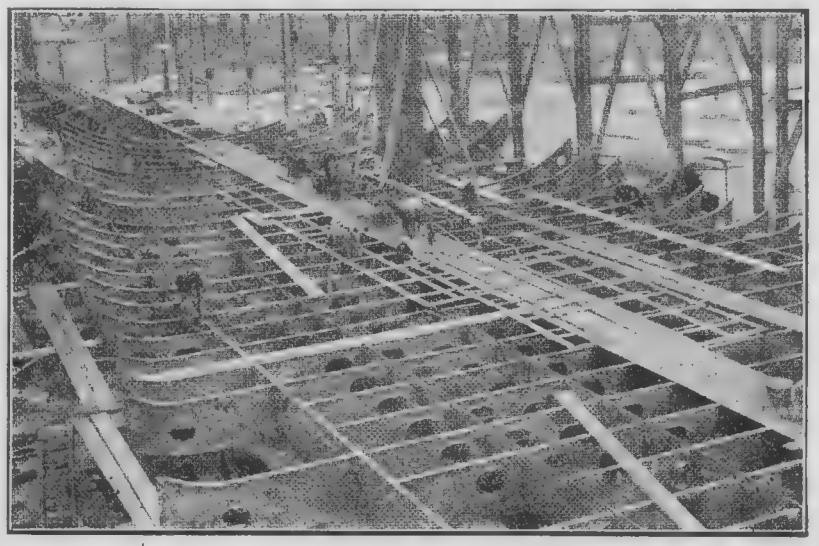
Presently this sketch gets sent around to certain people for opinions and suggestions; and, quite possibly, it is not till after a course of this that the naval architect comes into contact with the vessel at all.

The process of building a ship is very much like that of building a house. Any man who builds a house always has certain general notions as to what he wants—a bow window to one room, a conservatory perhaps to another; so much garden space, and what not. He mentions these requirements to the architect, who then endeavors to translate them into practice so far as is consonant with the price and possibilities.

Much the same process generally happens with battleships, only, the building of a battleship, being infinitely more intricate than the building of a house, a great many more complications arise. For example, there is the well-known yarn of the beautiful perfect battleship which some distinguished admiral once thought out. In his zeal for the maximum of attack and defence he entirely forgot to allow any space for the machinery! And it almost invariably happens that the original idea has to be greatly modified, because the ship could not carry all that it is desired to put into her. Every battleship is a compromise, and battleships will go on being compromises to the end of time. Comparatively few people, however, realize the enormous amount of compromise that takes place.

The weights to be dealt with are enormous. The complete weight of a modern "Dreadnought" is somewhere about twenty thousand tons; and yet long and learned papers have been read by naval architects and lengthy discussions taken place on the subject of saving a quarter of a pound of weight on some fitting, and three ounces on another. Only by such careful thought for seemingly insignificant trifles can "Dreadnoughts" be produced at all. Just at present we are hearing a great deal about the study of the maximum strength for the minimum weight in connection with flying-machines. But for many a long day the naval architect has had to face very nearly as acute a problem. In some cases, if possible, it has been more acute, as, for instance, the epoch-making designs of the Italian naval constructor Cuniberti, whose fertile brain first conceived the "Dreadnought" type of battleship. Colonel Cuniberti (Italian naval constructors have military titles) sprang into fame some six years ago with some small Italian battleships, which were to carry what most other people considered an impossible allowance of armour, armament, and speed for their displacement. These ships—the "Vittorio Emanuele" class — are now built and successful. The success was secured by an almost diabolical ingenuity in weight-saving. And this ingenuity was carried so far that ordinary tables were made of asbestos with hollow steel frames, because fractions of weight were saved thereby. By so

The huge building-slip on which the ship is built: the vertical piles seen in the foreground are the extent to which the great ship's stern will reach.



The floor of the ship: The official keel plate is the narrow strip leading away from the centre of the hulk.

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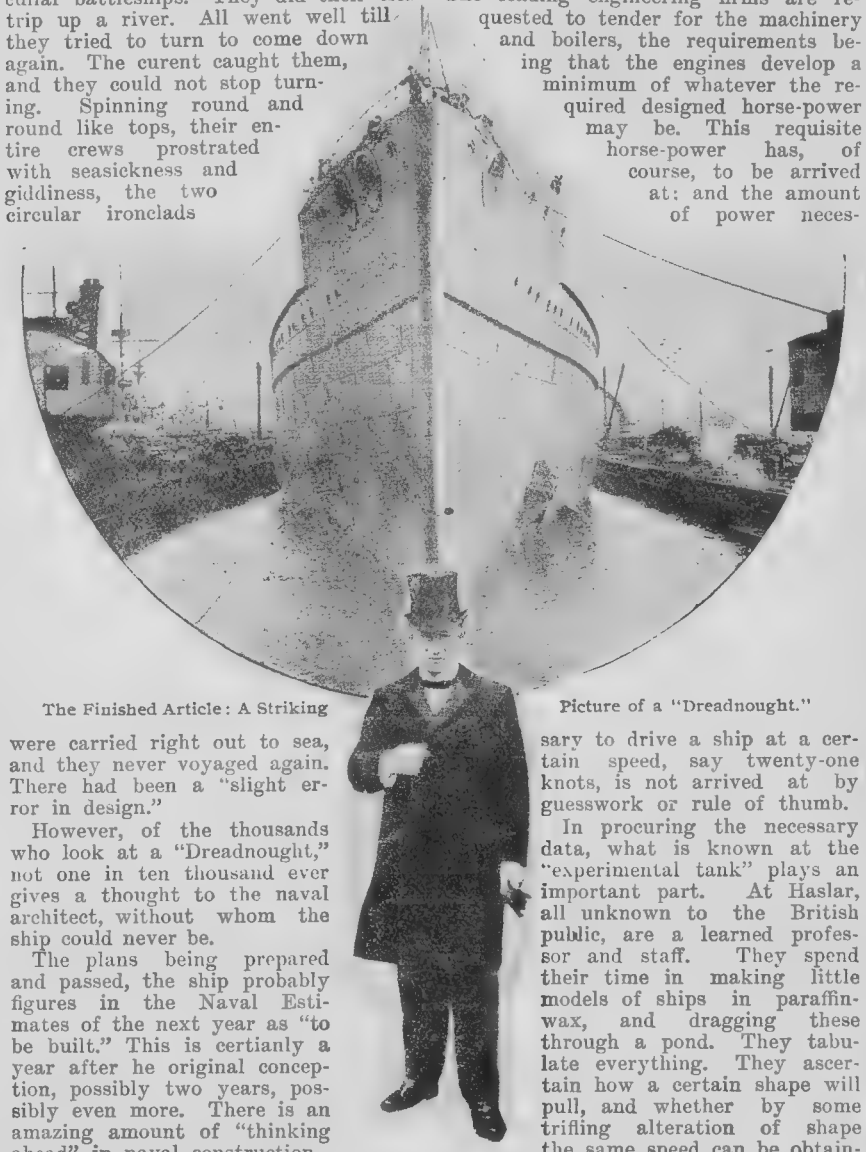
thinking and working things out the clever Italian saved from one to two thousand tons of weight. The naval architect is little heard of—he has never been glorified on the music-hall stage. It is very much the fashion nowadays to speak of battleships as the creation of "Labor." But the real "god in the car" is the naval architect, of whom the general public hardly knows anything at all. In weeks and months of intricate calculation he thinks out the complete article; and on him depends whether, when built at all, the "Dreadnought will be a success or something that "turns turtle." Such a fate has befallen more than one "Dreadnought" of other eras. In the days of Henry VIII. the "Mary Rose" so came to grief. So did a famous early turret-ship of ours, the "Captain," though, in this case, interference with the naval architect was the cause. Sometimes the architect's errors have been amusing rather than tragic, as, for example, in the case of an ingenious Russian, Popoff by name, who designed a couple of circuliar battleships. They did their trial trip up a river. All went well till they tried to turn to come down again. The curent caught them, and they could not stop turning. Spinning round and round like tops, their entire crews prostrated with seasickness and giddiness, the two circular ironclads



The Finished Article: A Striking Picture of a "Dreadnought."

were carried right out to sea, and they never voyaged again. There had been a "slight error in design."

However, of the thousands who look at a "Dreadnought," not one in ten thousand ever gives a thought to the naval architect, without whom the ship could never be.

The plans being prepared and passed, the ship probably figures in the Naval Estimates of the next year as "to be built." This is certianly a year after he original conception, possibly two years, possibly even more. There is an amazing amount of "thinking ahead" in naval construction.

The Constructor of the 'Dreadnought': Sir Thos. Mitchell.

Some time after the announcement that the ship will be built, either some dockyard receives the order to build her, or the big private yards are given the plans and requested to send in tenders for construction. We will assume that our particular "Dreadnought" is to be built in a dockyard. The plans arrive and are taken charge of by the chief instructor of the dockyard, on whom the entire responsibility of building now rests.

At about the same time a few foreign spies will also arrive. The object of these, is by hook or by crook to get hold of details of the plans; and they do not draw the line at much in their efforts. To defeat these gentry not only is everything most carefully guarded, but the work to be done is split up so that no one knows more than a very little.

To give an everyday example. Suppose a pocket-knife were to be made. Every blade, every spring, every rivet, every piece of the handle turned out independently would insure that no one engaged in the construction could say what the knife would be like when complete.

Now comes the "laying-off" of the ship. Life-size chalk drawings are made from the plans on the floor of a big building specially used for this purpose. These having been carefully inspected, checked, and tested, patterns are made from which later on all the necessary castings can be done.

Here, again, is a feature of battleships of which no one ever thinks. Every rib, every plate, every everything, has to be its exact proper shape. The best way in which I can give a popular conception of this is to ask the reader to imagine a Hotel Cecil, in which every single brick was different to every other brick, in which every brick had to be exact and to fit into its proper place! It is rather a staggering idea; but it under rather than over estimates the amount of brainwork that has to come into play before "Labor" touches the job at all.

Even after all this vast expenditure of time and thought this ship is not ready for building. She has still no actual existence. She is still, as it were, a thought awaiting translation into fact.

The next step is "ordering material." The leading engineering firms are requested to tender for the machinery and boilers, the requirements being that the engines develop a minimum of whatever the required designed horse-power may be. This requisite horse-power has, of course, to be arrived at: and the amount of power necessary to drive a ship at a certain speed, say twenty-one knots, is not arrived at by guesswork or rule of thumb.

In procuring the necessary data, what is known at the "experimental tank" plays an important part. At Haslar, all unknown to the British public, are a learned professor and staff. They spend their time in making little models of ships in paraffin-wax, and dragging these through a pond. They tabulate everything. They ascertain how a certain shape will pull, and whether by some trifling alteration of shape the same speed can be obtained with less pull—that is to say, with less power.

And therefrom they calculate out the horse-power necessary to propel our "Dreadnought" at a certain speed, and many other wonderful things, too technical for mention here.

Armour-plates also are ordered, likewise guns and gun-mountings, torpedo-tubes, and dozens of minor fittings.

So far I have said no word of the actual building. The truth is that the actual building of a "Dreadnought" is merely a "putting together." Politicians interested in cutting down the Navy use as an argument that we can build battleships quicker than any other nation.

For politicians that does all right; and the detail that the politician apparently knows nothing whatever about all these preliminaries matters nothing. But the cruel and unadulterated truth is that no nation can really build a "Dreadnought" quicker than any other nation—it can merely pretend to do so. The real work is preliminary work; and all the "fast building" that we hear about is pure humbug.

The recipe for "fast building" is simply to wait till a vast amount of material is collected and then rush the

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putting together. But rushing the putting together is limited by the fact that only a certain number of men can be employed on any one job. One lot may dig out all they know, another lot be as slack as possible, but the difference will be trifling.

All the world over, a certain casting must need exactly the same number of minutes to cool down, and nowhere can a single second be gained in such tasks except at the expense of efficiency. "Fast shipbuilding" is like a watch that runs so fast that it makes the sun due to set about noon. The sun is due to set accordingly, but it does not get behind the hill a moment sooner whatever the watch says.

Building rates vary, of course. The original "Dreadnought" was put together inside a twelvemonth: while the Turks have a battleship that they began twenty-three years ago and which has not yet reached the launching stage! In the first record everything was ready to time; in the second little or nothing was ever forthcoming.

It is customary in our dockyards to collect many hundred tons of material before the ship is "officially" commenced. A ship may be built in a dock or on a "slip." Docks sufficiently big for modern warships being scarce nowadays, slips are invariably employed.

The first part of a ship to be "laid down" is the keel-plate, which is the backbone of the ship. The keel is made up of plates about twelve feet in length —these are riveted together by huge pneumatic riveters. On top of the keel-plate is placed a vertical keel, into which the ribs are subsequently fitted. The general idea is not so very unlike a human skeleton. The photograph shows this very clearly.

After the Launch: Nearing Completion.

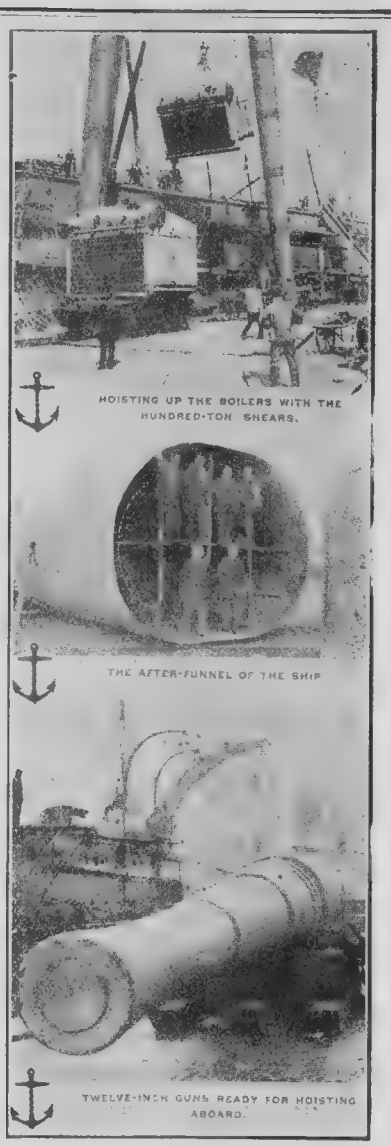
The period of greatest visible growth of a ship is just after the laying of the keel-plate. The original "Dreadnought" was the most remarkable example of this. She sprang up in a most wonderful way. In quite a few days what had been an empty void became full of a vast ship-skeleton.

Next, the various bulkheads are built in. The bow and stern pieces, enormous castings, are got into position. The inner and outer skins grow rapidly, and presently the protective deck appears.

At this stage the ship somewhat resembles a huge cigar. The protective deck is flat on top, with the ends sloping down. The top of the deck, when the ship is afloat, will be just above the water-line level, the bottoms of the slopes some feet under water.

By now a perfect forest of scaffolding will have arisen around the ship. She has reached a chrysalis stage, and her continued growth is entirely hidden by the scaffolding. Everything put into her is carefully weighed beforehand, so that the total weight of a ship is known at any moment.

There is no exact stage of construction at which launching is a feature. A ship may be launched as quickly as practicable, or she may be advanced a very long way before being set afloat. The usual rule with us is, however, an early launch with a "Dreadnought" weighing about a third or so of her total displacement when completed. The ship is, of course, a mere shell, but with a coat of grey paint she looks fairly complete so far as the hull is concerned. All the scaffolding is cleared away. Stands are erected for priv-



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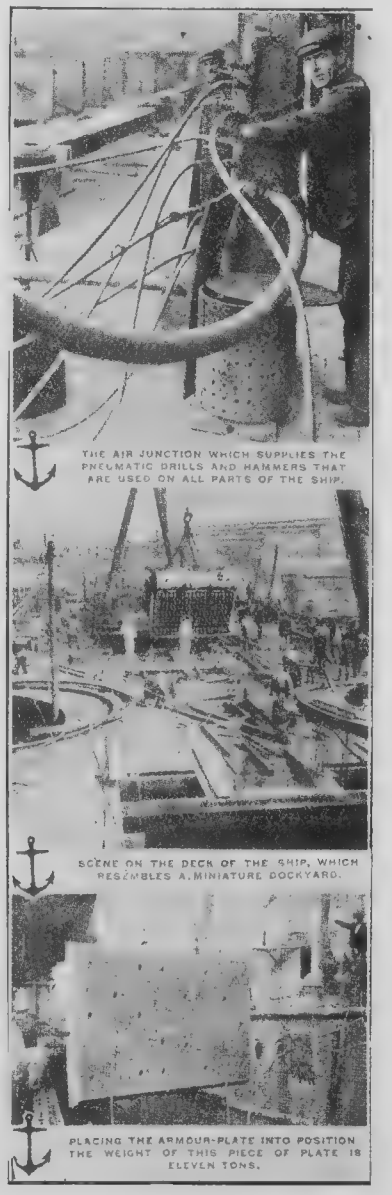

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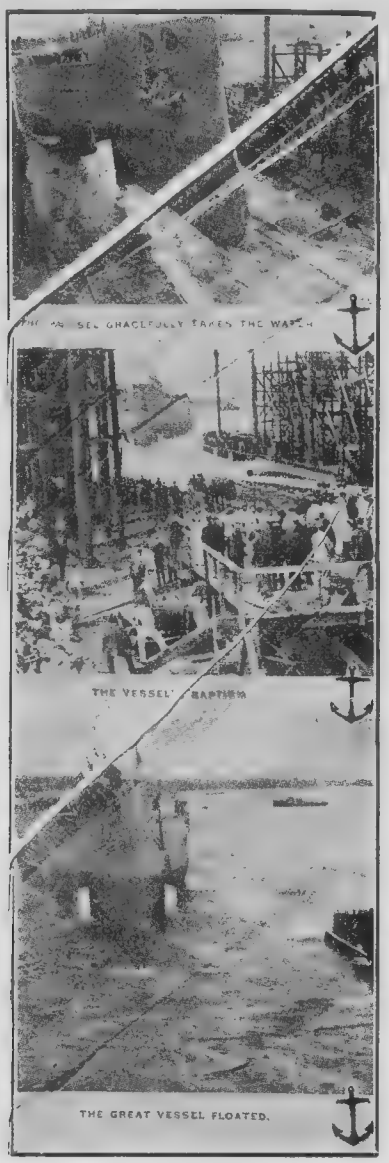

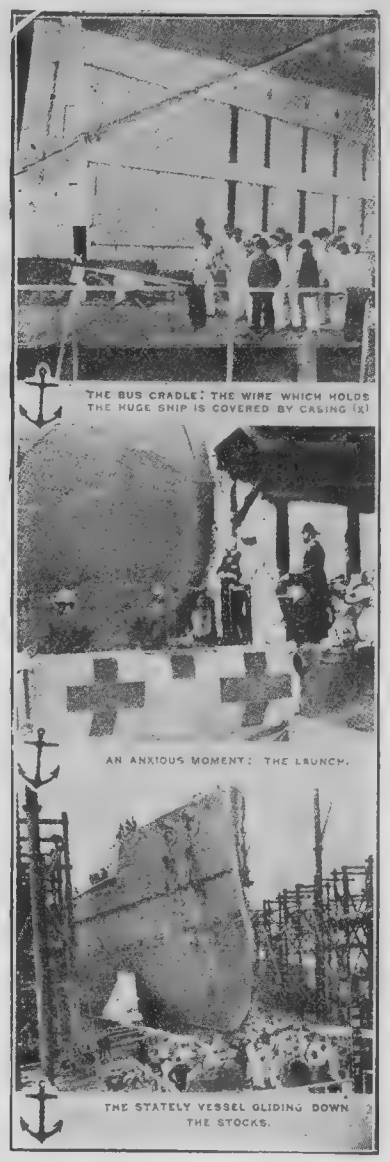

...ged spectators, with a special stand around the bow for the launching ceremony.

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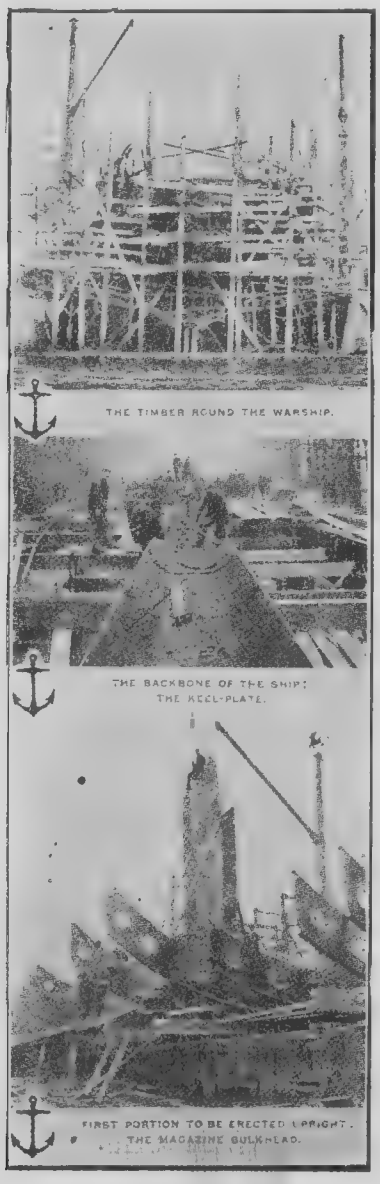

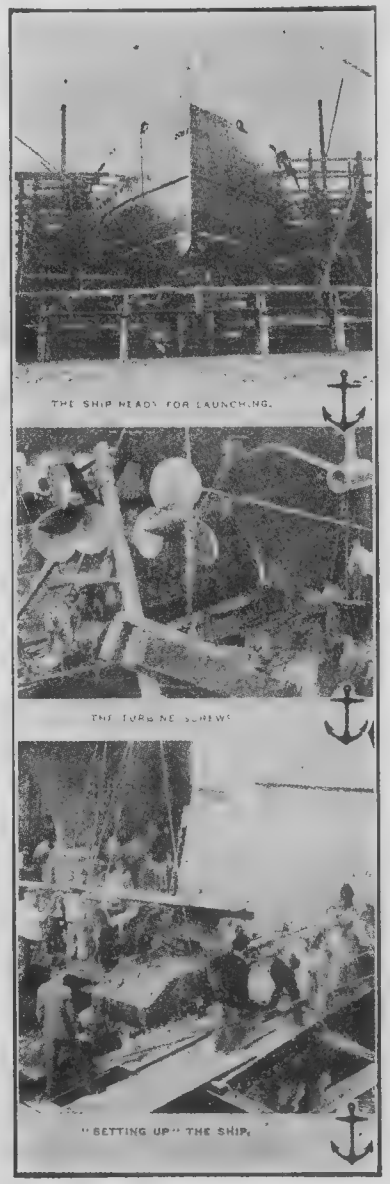

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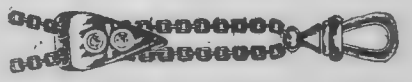

This high-grade, gold filled **Ladies' Guard Chain,** extra quality **Rolled Plate,** cable swedged link, with slide, set with brilliants, 48 inches long. We give it **Free** for selling Twenty packages of Post Cards at 10c. per package. Each package contains six high-grade Christmas Post Cards, embossed in colors and gold. Write to-day for post cards and when sold send us $2.00 and we will forward you the Chain.

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BOOKSELLERS

WINNIPEG MANITOBA

sound of a bell. This operation sometimes extends far into the night, and is then extremely impressive.

The ways down which the ship will slide are then plentifully greased with tallow. So the ship stands ready for launching, held in position only by the "dog-shores" under the launching-cradle, (They are marked "X X" in the photograph.)

A launch has been described so often, and one launch is so much like any other launch, that it is unnecessary to say much about it here. A ship is regarded as "born" on the day of her launch, because then, for the first time, she takes to the water. But actually the incident is more on a par with a duckling's first leap into a pond.

Once safely launched, the new ship is as quickly as possible taken out of the water again, for she is put into dry-dock. Here, unless they have been seen to before launching, her propellers will be fitted, also the rudder, and her armour-plates will be put into position.

If all has been well planned, everything will be waiting in the dock-yard alongside; and the rate at which a ship gets completed depends almost entirely upon organization in this direction. British organization of this sort is now extremely good.

Armour-plates weigh anything from ten to twenty tons each. There is, of course, an exact niche into which each has to fit. And just here comes in the difference between good and bad war-ship building. I have seen foreign ships with huge gaps between the plates, these gaps being filled with bits of wood, putty, cement, and what not! Making armour-plates to fit exactly is very much of a high art.

So soon as the armour-belt is in position, the ship is taken out of dry-dock and into a fitting basin, where she floats alongside a jetty. Here, under the enormous shears, her boilers are hoisted on board, and at a later date her turrets and guns. The funnels also are got up, and finally the masts.

By this time the ship will begin to present a complete appearance, and cease to grow visibly. Work will mainly be concentrated on internal fittings, ranging from hundreds of auxiliary engines to officers' cabins. Before the ship is quite complete she will go to sea for her trials. The machinery is tested at all powers, guns and torpedoes are fired, the stopping and turning powers noted, and so on and so forth. This ordeal being satisfactorily emerged from, the ship returns to the dockyard to "complete for sea."

Finally there comes a day when, smart and newly painted, the battleship is ready for commissioning. Then, and not till then, is she "taken over" by the Navy as an effective unit of the British Fleet.

BARROWCLOUGH & SEMPLE
Winnipeg.
The finest collection of Music in Canada.

Father and Daughter.

"Please come in a moment, Mr. Morgan, and hear Marion play the 'Largo.' As this is her sixth week upon it, she ought to do it very well."

The young girl looked up aghast as she heard her music teacher address these words to a gentleman passing through the hall. He entered with an expectant smile and a hearty "Thank you for the opportunity," adding, "I love that fine old 'Largo.'"

As the girl stumbled through Handel's music, striking false notes, heedless of the tempo, playing with total lack of feeling, the father's face expressed first astonishment, then grave disapproval. At the close the teacher said, quietly:

"Marion is not without ability, but she is too heedless to practise."

The man's answer was simple and graphic. Drawing up the sleeve of a handsome surtout, he showed his daughter the threadbare cuff of a black coat beneath, and said, touching the whitened seams:

"I should not be driven to the subterfuge of wearing an overcoat this warm weather to conceal the poverty of my dress beneath were it not that I wish to give you the advantage of such opportunity as you are now neglecting."

The shaft struck home.

Richter says that the mother puts the commas and the semicolons into a child's life. But the father puts the colons and periods. Marion had no mother so the father had to manage the whole punctuation. His success was shown in Marion's daily talk afterward.

"My father never lets me complain. He says we have so much more than we deserve. He thinks it ill-bred toward God to murmur."

"My father's opinion does me the greatest honor," she replied to a school friend bent on some escapade, "and I should be miserable to forfeit it."

"I can remember no stories among my

father's store of which the point is the failure or inferiority of other people."

Courtesy is so marked a part of my father's character that it would be affectation in him to be other than courteous."

"Marion is unlike other girls," a college man once said of her. "She is free from pettiness and narrowness and one-sidedness. She has so entered into the thoughts and feelings of a true gentleman that she is one herself!"

Thirty years have passed since the lesson of the overcoat and the worn sleeve revealed to Marion the heart of fatherhood. In the years between she has gained what too many girls, alas! miss—intimate friendship and companionship with her father. He calls her "Her old father's joy," although sometimes "Little mother." Today hers is the guiding voice and hand. He takes his food from no other hand; he leans his weary head against her breast and smiles into her answering eyes.

"Never can I expect to be so truly beloved and important in any other man's eyes as I am in my father's" she has replied more than once to younger men, "and when it pleases God to take him from me, I hope I may be too old to think of bearing any other name than his."

Can any one imagine that this "old maid's" life has failed of fulness and joy?

From Factory to School.

Possibly no class of people on earth were ever so hard pushed for honest or even plausible arguments as to why they should be tolerated as the saloon-keepers and the men engaged in the liquor traffic. Among the silly sophistries foisted on a suffering public by those fugitives from aroused public opinion is that the public schools would have hard sledding if it weren't for the license money.

They put up that argument out in a certain western city where 256 joints were flourishing. But when these joints were closed tight a lot of interesting facts came to the surface and among them these:

The schools were suddenly and unaccountably crowded and an investigation was set on foot to find out the reason why; it developed that six hundred pupils under the age of fifteen who had been working in factories to help support their families had quit their jobs and started to school for the excellent reason that, with the saloons closed, the fathers had "quit boozing" and were earning a good enough living so that they could take care of their families and put their children at the school desk instead of keeping them at the lathes and the benches.

When the biggest part of the United States is under fairly enforced prohibiton we do not believe that there will be 2,250,000 children under fifteen years of age working for hire as they are now. License money may seem, for a time, to make a big show in putting up a lot of school houses, but at the same time it is very busy in cracking the cruel lash of poverty over the children and driving them into shops and factories and stores when they should be in school laying the foundations of healthy citizenship.

Don't forget it: A dry town means a fat schoolhouse; a wet town means a fat poorhouse.

God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it. It is never more, it is never difficult; it is always just what we can bear.

Heaven guides all true lovers that are to be husband and wife, leads them from the farthest corners of the world, through storm and trial, danger and death, to their own appointed home in one another's arms.

SCOTCH, IRISH & ENGLISH SONG BOOKS.

SEMPLE & BARROWCLOUGH, Winnipeg. Largest Dealers in the Dominion.

The Thawing of Joel Stormonth

By ADA MARIE PECK.

NOT that Joel Stormonth had always been a human icicle—instead, he began his career like other people. Just when the change came no one could tell. Nor by what strange chemical process the gold of the almighty dollar so chilled and congealed the life-current in his veins that at sixty-three he was wrinkled, grizzled, and bloodless, the blue of his eyes frozen to steel-like gray, his full, manly figure shrunken to the most spare proportions.

It was half-past six the night before Christmas, and he hated Christmas; he did not believe in it. It was not to him a sacred day, nor a day when there should be joy and feasting. Instead it was, in his estimation, a humbug — a celebration of something which might or might not have happened. It was, in short, a day when people stopped working and spent their money; and when one-half the world begged from the other half—for what else did gift-giving with one hand while holding out the other for something in return amount to? Not that anyone ever gave him anything—he wouldn't thank one to—but at the same time he was being eternally solicited to head subscriptions and give presents. Why, that very noon, as he came back to his office from luncheon, a dozen grimy hands had been held out to him. "To-morrow is Christmas, you know," they all urged, like so many imbeciles. He was even jostled by a little girl who was so busy looking at the wonderful snow-scene in a shop window as she slowly walked past that she fetched up against him with a bounce.

"Do excuse me!" she said prettily. "I was so busy looking at the lovely things in the windows! To-morrow is Christmas, you know." She added it with a sad little inflection, as if she and Christmas had not much in common.

He noticed that the long bright curls which hung below her coarse blue hood were about the size and color of gold eagles, and fell to computing, with a chuckle and an unctuous rubbing together of his hands, how much money they would represent if they really were solid gold and were laid together and sliced off just as thick as twenty-dollar pieces.

Then, that very night, just before the store closed, he heard William Newell, one of the under-clerks, ask at the desk for ten dollars—a whole week's wages. And when he said to him with a feeble attempt at jocularity: "Going to invest that as a nest-egg, I suppose," the fellow turned and looked at him, with indignation in his fine gray eyes, and answered sharply:

"I am going to invest it in necessaries, sir,"—then his voice softened; "and of course there are a few extras to buy, because to-morrow is Christmas, you know."

"Just like the rest of the fools," growled his employer, as he watched, rather enviously, the straight, handsome figure as the clerk left the room.

Soon the great wholesale house was closed, and Joel Stormonth, secure against all intruders, prepared to give himself a "Christmas-box," as he facetiously said. So he went to the ponderous safe and took out the great books and laid them on the desk before him; then he perched himself on the high stool, where he somehow had the look of a bird of prey about to pounce upon something, and bent one talon-like forefinger and ran it slowly down page after page. "A splendid profit this year," he said, with a satisfied drawing in of his lips; "put that in your stocking to-night, Joel Stormonth," and he nodded until his head got to bobbing, and ran his long, sharp fingers through his grizzled hair as if he were plunging them in silver, and then rubbed them together as if he were laving them in gold.

"Now about those stocks and bonds"—and he jumped off the high stool with

surprising alacrity, going briskly to the safe and bringing back a japanned box with a pleased, self-satisfied air. Then he figured again, finally holding the scrap of paper close to the light, and looking at it gloatingly. "A grand sum total," he reflected; "put them in your other stocking, Joel." And again he nodded with joy—not genuine joy as other people feel, but a frigid semblance of it—and smiled in a cold, wintry fashion which curled up his thin lips as if they were autumn leaves and a nipping frost had touched them.

He even dropped his head on one of the great open ledgers to think a moment of his vast possessions. It could not have rested there a second when a pair of thin, white hands were outstretched toward him.

"Who the deuce is begging this time?" he questioned with acerbity.

"I, your mother," replied a low, sad voice. And there stood before him a slender figure in the gray dress he remembered so well.

"I, too, want a Christmas gift. Can you give me the fulfillment of the bright dreams of your youth—the achievement of the pure ambitions and noble aspirations of your early manhood?" she asked, sorrowfully.

"That I cannot do"—and for the first time it dawned upon him that there was sometning which gold could not buy. "But I can give you money," he said, eagerly. "Not much, perhaps," he added, cunningly, "but a little—enough for your present needs."

A look of indescribable grief spread over her features—she shook her head sorrowfully and faded away.

Then laughing little faces peered into his and chubby hands were held out, with tiny hollowed palms like pink-tinted sea-shells. He had always regarded children as a nuisance; they existed that there might occasionally one grow up into a great rich man like Joel Stormonth, who could control a syndicate, crush a railroad, or wring a few pennies from a poor widow. He had never supposed they could be so beautiful, so winsome! But he only exclaimed gruffly:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"There stood before him a slendor figure in the gray dress remembered so well."

"We might have been yours," they answered; "and we want the joy and love we might have brought into your life—for to-morrow is Christmas, you know."

"Joy and love!" he echoed, with a sudden feeling of poverty. "I—I haven't any for you, but I can give you some bright new pennies"

Then all the little children gathered around him with pitying looks.

"Not any joy or love, but just bright, new pennies! Poor, poor man!"

Now Joel Stormonth was not in the habit of being pitied, and it angered him, and he raised his head and reached forward to push them away. The arm upon which his head had lain was numb with the pressure, and he rubbed it vigorously, muttering:

"An absurd dream—megrims, just megrims. Liver out of order: must take pills;"—and then went on with his figuring. There were notes and mortgages in a small drawer of the desk, and one had been caught at the back of the tiny space behind another drawer, which it was necessary to open to prevent the paper from being torn. Evidently it had not been unlocked for a long time, for the key turned with difficulty and the drawer stuck, and when he drew it out it came with such a jerk that its contents were upset. A little box in it was quite upside down, and when he went to turn this over its contents rolled in different directions. He placed his hand at the edge of the desk to prevent them from falling to the floor, and a broken penny fell into it, followed by a soft, golden curl. The curl seemed a thing of life, for it caught on his thumb and coiled around it. He shook it off on the great open book with a shudder, and it trembled as if some breeze from bygone years passed through it, and made him think of the way the wind used to blow back his sister Amy's curls as she came running up the flower-bordered walk of the old homestead.

"I have nothing to give you for a keepsake, unless it be one of my curls," she said when he went out into the world to seek his fortune.

Continued on Page 52B

Your Holiday Delicacies Should be Pure and Fresh

Stale, impure, unwholesome food products will mar your happiness. **MAKE CERTAIN** you have the **BEST PUREST, FRESHEST CANDIES, NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.,** obtainable by sending your order to our grocery department. Wingold groceries are the best money can produce. Guaranteed pure and sweet. Thousands who have tried the **WINGOLD WAY** are delighted. Send to-day for our **Big 40 Page Grocery Catalog.** It shows the way to **SAVE ONE-THIRD ON YOUR LIVING EXPENSES. We offer the PUREST, FRESHEST, and most delicious food products for Less than Retailers ask for the ordinary kind.**

TRY OUR

Special Christmas Offer

you will save money and be highly pleased.

20 POUNDS SUGAR BEST GRANULATED 50c

JUST THINK 20 pounds pure granulated sugar only 50 cents. We could not sell sugar at this price if we did not have an object in so doing.

OUR OBJECT We would like to have every reader of this paper give our GROCERY DEPARTMENT A TRIAL. THE QUALITY AND PRICES WILL PLEASE YOU.

OUR LOSS Your gain, we charge our loss on this special offer to advertising expenses.

YOU SAVE $6.55 We gain a customer. You try the **WINGOLD WAY**, your dollars will bring you more and better goods. Cut out this and mail it today, enclosing $11.45 and we will ship your order the same day it is received.

CHRISTMAS OFFER No. 1-09.	Our Special Price.	Retailers' Price.
20 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar	$ .50	$ 1.25
5 lbs. Black or Green Tea	1.50	2.50
5 lbs. Mocha and Java Coffee	1.50	2.50
⅛ oz. bottle Best Vanilla Extract	.45	.60
⅛ oz. bottle Best Lemon Extract	.45	.60
3 lbs. Shredded Cocoanut	.50	.90
1 lb. Cinnamon (highest quality)	.22	.40
1 lb. Black Pepper	.25	.40
20 lbs. Best Jap Rice	1.00	1.25
1 lb. Ground Cloves	.28	.50
3 lbs. Pure Food Baking Powder	.60	1.00
1 lb. Soluble Cocoa	.35	.70
3 lbs. New Figs, Best Quality	.30	.45
5 lbs. Hallowi Dates	40	.60
2 lbs. Fine Table Raisins	.30	.40
5 lbs. Mixed Nuts	.75	1.00
2 lbs. Garland Chocolates	.80	1.20
3 lbs. Assorted Fancy Biscuits	.50	.75
2 lbs. Bohemian Fruit Pudding	.70	1.00
	$11.45	$18.00

Shipping weight about 100 lbs. taking the minimum rate on small shipments. THERE WILL BE THOUSANDS accepting this offer get your order in at once so you will not be disappointed.

Sent Free Handsome Nickle Plated Tray and our **Grocery Catalog** packed with every order.

Our prices on **Silverware; Carving Sets, Table Cutlery, are the Lowest for Strictly High Grade Goods. Write for Special Catalog.**

The Wingold Stove Co., Limited 181 Bannatyne Avenue East WINNIPEG

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Double Refined Blue Steel, body Asbestos Interlined.

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Just as Illustrated—Positively the Handsomest, Best and Most Economical Fuel Consuming Steel Range made.

This is but one of many patterns. Write today for a Wingold Stove Catalogue. It describes and illustrates all the Newest Stoves and Ranges which we offer direct to user at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

Stocks carried at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg. Prompt Shipment Guaranteed. 30 Days' Free Trial Given. Write Today for our New 1909 Stove offers.

The Wingold Kitchen Cabinet $17.35

No. 3-16. This exceptionally attractive new, up-to-date high-grade kitchen cabinet is a splendid example of convenience of arrangement in kitchen cabinet construction. It is made of specially selected hard white maple, thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, finished natural color. Entire hight of cabinet 82 inches. The base has a whitewood top, size 26x48. It has a long divided dust-proof flour bin which holds 80 lbs. of flour and large cupboard for pots pans etc. Two long drawers above are convenient receptacles for cooking forks, spoons, knives, and various other utensils used in every kitchen, Fitted with one kneading & chopping board finished on both sides which can be removed and placed on top for convenience in using. The top section has spacious cupboard, 30x31 with glass doors to the right of which is a small cupboard and three medium sized drawers for spices, etc.. Notice the tilting bins on each side of the cabinet. The construction of this splendid cabinet is first class throughout. The drawers, doors and bins are perfect fitting. Drawers and bins can be easily taken out for airing, a convenience seldom found in cabinets made by other manufacturers. The posts and panels are perfectly framed and joined together, every post and piece the best that skilled workmanship can possibly produce. The finish of this Cabinet is a light natural white maple color, no coloring being used. The surface is perfectly sanded and smoothed and given several varnish coatings which brings out the beautiful natural grain of the wood, and has the appearance of purity and cleanliness.

IT'S A WINGOLD

Only $46.75 Complete

A Regular $85.00 Value

Burns Coal or Wood

Death on Your Table.

If typhoid germs were big enough to see and you were to come into your dining room and see half a dozen or a dozen of them holding high carnival on a piece of bread or a piece of cake, or walking across your dining room table, what would you do? You would not eat that piece of bread or cake, would you? And you would arm yourself for battle and exterminate these germs instanter, wouldn't you?

But because you see nothing but a half a dozen commonplace, familiar houseflies walking over your table and crawling over your food, you are content to "shoo" them off and set that food before your family without a thought. There would be a thousand times *less* danger were there an equal number of visible typhoid germs walking around your table in place of those flies. They could be exterminated, and that would be an end of the matter. Now these germs may actually be there. It is more than likely that they are there, not a dozen only, but perhaps thousands of them, and they are invisible. They have been left there by those flies which you regard as nothing more than a nuisance. They are being left wherever those flies walk.

FILTH THE BIRTHPLACE OF FLIES.

Fix this in your mind also: Every fly is *born in filth;* every fly on your walls, your table, your food, has come from a manure heap, rotted garbage, the decaying body of an animal, or a privy vault. Fix in your mind that every fly feeds on *decaying matter, sputum,* human and animal *excrement.* There is no exception. The fly is a constant menace to every member of your family. If a bit of decayed matter fell in your pan of milk that pan of milk would go in the swill pail in a hurry, wouldn't it? Yet that fly is every bit as disgusting and a hundred times more dangerous in that because of his travelling about he is likely to have *germs of many kinds* upon his feet and body.

You wouldn't allow your baby to drink from a glass in which an infinitesimal bit of poison had been dropped. You are taking just the same chance when you allow him to drink from a cup around the rim of which a fly is crawling and into which a fly has fallen. This is not theory; it is fact, established by scientific research and experiment. Flies are strong fliers. They travel considerable distances and they are always on the move. The fly crawling on the piece of bread on your table may have come direct from a manure heap and a half hour later may be back at that same mnure heap, only to return to the house again. A pleasant thought, isn't it?

THE WAY TO GFT RID OF FLIES.

Keep your house screened. If flies are so plentiful that they will get in when the door is open, see that every particle of food in your house is screened.

Allow no garbage to stand uncovered.

Where garbage must stand, sprinkle with lime or kerosene oil.

Do the same thing to manure heaps and remove from stables every three or four days, and when removed cover with lime or sand.

Allow no decaying matter of any description about the premises.

By destroying the breeding places you destroy the pests.

Flies are nature's scavengers and unquestionably have their place, but that place is *not* in the house.

The human body is a miracle of mechanism. In a marvellously small space are placed millions of cells, pores, tissues, muscles and nerves—constant, tireless, faithful servants of the body. The life and activities of a whole city are paralleled in a minified form in the human body. No work of man can compare with it in the exquisite accuracy of its processes, the wondrous economy of its workings, the simplicity of its laws, the ingenuity of its mechanism and the perfect harmony and cooperation of so many diverse interests.

All the mechanism acts automatically and continuously, yet beyond and above this human machinery is Mind, the wonderful, deathless part of man, governing all his activity.

In the human face there are but seven elements: forehead, eyes, ears, nose, mouth, cheeks and hair. These may be called the seven notes of the face. Nature can sing these seven notes in but three changes or in three keys: color, size and form. And in using merely these seven notes in three keys she has sung billions of human symphonies into the world without a duplicate.

More than half of the weight of our bones, three-fourths of the weight of our muscles, and seven-eighths of our blood, or about three-fifths of the weight of the whole body, is water.

The average weight of a man's skeleton is about fourtten pounds, and its height one inch less than the living man. The skeleton of the leathery-winged bat is, bone for bone and joint for joint, similar to that of man.

It is a strange fact that on so simple a question as the number of bones in the human body, anatomists are not unanimous. The usual figures give the number at two hundred and six, not counting the thirty-two teeth. The distribution is: skull, twenty-two; ears, six; trunk, fifty-four; upper extremities, sixty-four; lower, sixty.

Nature abhors a straignt line, so there is not a straight bone in the whole body. All are bent and twisted—some in two or three directions, and the surfaces joining separate bones are invariably oblique to each other.

THE BODY'S HEAT AND COVERING.

One of the marvels of the human body is the self-regulating process by which Nature keeps the temperature, in health, at ninety-eight degrees. Whether in India, with the temperature at one hundred and thirty degrees, or in the Arctic regions, where the records show one hundred and twenty degrees below the freezing point, the temperature of the body remains practically steady at ninety-eight degrees despite the extremes to which it is subjected.

Of the total heat given out by the combustion of food man can make one-fifth available in the form of actual work, while science has never constructed a steam engine that could utilize more than one-ninth of the energy of the fuel burnt under the boiler.

The skin is covered with minute scales like those of a fish. A single grain of fine sand would hide one hundred of these tiny scales; yet, small as they are, each is the covering of from three hundred to five hundred pores.

In a square inch of the palm of the hand 3528 perspiratory pores have been counted. On the basis of a fair average of 2800 for each square inch of surface, and estimating 2500 square inches as the surface of the body of a man of ordinary height and bulk, the number of pores is 7,000,000. If joined together they would make a tube twenty-eight miles long.

The perspiration averages from two to three pounds daily evaporation; every breath throws from the lungs a certain quantity of water. Every minute, day and night, the average is preserved of eleven grains of water evaporated from the skin, and from four to seven grains from the lungs.

"NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD."

Poor Lady!

Nellie went with her mother to call on a lady who is a collector of old china, and in whose drawing room are many cabinets filled with her treasures.

"Mother," she said, when they were going home, "don't you feel sorry for poor Mrs. Haskell?"

"Why, dear?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Did'nt you notice she hasn't any kitchen? She keeps all her dishes and plates in the drawing room."

$1,000 given away FREE to our Readers

We have succeeded in evolving a new sort of Competition which we are absolutely certain will prove a pleasant and popular pastime for readers during the long evenings. It embodies all the elements that make for success, and we are sure that it will prove the most popular competition ever inaugurated by any periodical in Canada.

The charm of the idea is its simplicity

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Every month during the winter we will, in a disguised form, print the names of a number of Canadian post offices, and competitors will be required to find out the correct answers. To make our meaning clearer we will give two examples:—

(1) A Girl's Name—a small pointed Piece of Wood
The solution of this is ***"Winni(e)-peg."***

(2) King Edward's Father.
The post office represented by this is naturally
"Prince Albert."

CONDITIONS

There are absolutely no conditions regarding the eligibility of competitors. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to come in and win. There is no entrance fee. Remember that **YOU** stand just as much chance of winning the $500 prize as anyone else. If you cannot solve all the names, don't be discouraged. Try again and bear in mind the fact that we are giving nearly sixty prizes, any one of which is worth getting. We feel sure that our readers will find this competition most fascinating. It is perfectly simple, and success should reward the efforts of those who will take a little time and trouble once a month.

PRIZES

To the persons sending in the largest number of correct answers we will award:—

1st Prize, goods to value of			**$500.00**
2nd Prize	,,	,,	**$250.00**
3rd Prize	,,	,,	**$100.00**
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5th Prize	,,	,,	**$25.00**
6th Prize	,,	,,	**$10.00**

And a handsomely bound Book to each of the next 50 as Consolation Prizes.

Winners will be entitled to select their own prizes from any firm advertising in *The Western Home Monthly*. We think this will be more popular than if we chose the prizes ourselves, as **you** are the best judge of what is most wanted in your home.

A different coupon will appear in each issue until the close of the contest.

Every name represents that of a Post Office in the Dominion of Canada.

No employee of *The Western Home Monthly* will be allowed to compete.

The competition is so simple that it does not require any explanations. We think we have given full particulars, but if there is any point on which further information is required, write us and enclose stamp for reply.

All answers must be made on blanks appearing in issues of *The Western Home Monthly*. Answers received on any other sheets **will not** be accepted.

The decision of the management of *The Western Home Monthly* shall in all cases be final.

The Second List of Names

We append a list of well-known Canadian Post Offices. Some of them you may be able to solve at a glance, while others may require a little thought. Get your friends to help you!

CUT THIS OUT

DECEMBER COUPON

	POST OFFICE
8. A great American Writer .	.....
9. A British Naval Hero . .	.....
10. The Premier of Manitoba .	.....
11. A Projectile—an Opening in the Head	.....
12. The late Queen Victoria's Husband	.....
13. Transparent—a Liquid . .	.....
14. An Organ of the Body—a Joint of the Body . .	.....

A slight misprint occurred last month in a few copies and in No. 1 the word **preposition** was spelt as **proposition.**

Important Notice. Fill in the answers in the spaces provided, cut out Coupon **and retain it. Do not send it to us now.** We shall tell you when Coupons are to be sent in, and how they are to be addressed. THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

A British Victory.

The British fourteen-gun brig-sloop *Speedy* was cruising, in the spring of 1801, in the Mediterranean. She was commanded by Lord Cochrane, and, as the captain has no small share in making a vessel of importance, this bold little gnnbrig actually became a source of great annoyance to Spain by cutting up her coasting trade. Orders were accordingly issued by the Spanish government to send out armed vessels in pursuit of this impertinent little brig.

But she merited her name, and was by no means easy to catch. One bright April morning,, however, the *Speedy* had a narrow escape. The thirty-gun xebec *Gamo,* actually set out in pursuit of her, tried a stratagem to trap her which almost succeeded. By means of closed or hanging ports the *Gamo* pretended to be an unarmed vessel, and thus decoyed the *Speedy* within hail; then drawing them up, she displayed her heavy battery. For once in his glorious life Lord Cochrane considered "discretion the better part of valor," and determined to return *ruse* for *ruse.* The *Speedy* mounted only fourteen guns (four-pounders), while the *Gamo* had thirty-two guns and was well manned. To escape would have been impossible, as the xebec sailed doubly as fast as the *Speedy.*

The gun-brig therefore coolly displayed at her gaff-end the banner of Denmark, and a man, dressed in a Danish officers' uniform, stood bravely on her gangway, and answered the hailing of the Spaniard in Danish—or something like it.

The *Gamo* nevertheless distrusted the nationality of the brig, and sent a boat to her with an officer. But the English were not to be caught. As the Spanish boat approached, a young officer on the *Speedy* gravely hailed him and bade him not to come on board, as they had lately quitted one of the Barbary ports (very possibly they had!) and that if he ventured on their deck he would subject the Spanish ship to a long quarantine.

This hint answered admirably. The Spanish had no wish to incur such a doom, and drew off. The officers mutually saluted and waved hands, and the two vessels parted company—the Don to rejoice at his escape from the risk of the plague, and the Englishman to laugh over the *ruse* he had practised.

But the laugh was not altogether a merry one—the *Speedy's* officers would rather have fought their big opponent; and Lord Cochrane had to console them by promising to fight the *Gamo* the next time they met, which was sure to be soon.

A month passed by. The saucy little *Speedy* still hung, as it were, on the skirts of the Spanish trade, and was still vainly pursued by the enraged Spaniards.

As day broke over the blue sea one bright May morning, the *Speedy's* "look-out" gave notice of a sail standing toward her. She gave chase at once, but the light breeze scarcely filled her sails, and it was nearly nine o'clock before she got within gunshot of the stranger. To the joy of the *Speedy* they then discovered that the vessel approaching was none other than their old friend the *Gamo,* whom they had reluctantly deceived.

Now Lord Cochrane could keep his word! The *Speedy,* being close under the *Gamo's* lee, tacked, and began the action by firing on the Spaniard.

The *Gamo* promptly returned this apparently absurd defiance, and very soon attempted to board her puny foe; but that was too much of a good thing, considering the disparity of their numbers, and the brig, the instant she heard the order given, bore up also.

A second time the attempt was made, and again it was frustrated by clever seamanship.

At length, after a cannonade of forty-five minutes, in which, with all her swift maneuvers, the *Speedy* could not escape the heavy broadsides of her foe, and had three seamen killed and five wounded, Lord Cochrane determined to board the Spaniard. This was assuredly "taking the bull by the horns." At the beginning of the fight the crew of the *Speedy* consisted of only fifty-four men and boys. She had now lost three men entirely, and five were, to say the least, not very efficient. The crew of the *Gamo* consisted of a total of three hundred and nineteen men, boys, officers and marines.

But it is not the fashion of "Jack" to count heads on such occasions. His arithmetic is, perhaps, not remarkably good. He is apt—Lord Cochrane was especially—to see his foes through a diminishing medium. So the gallant captain ran the *Speedy* close alongside the *Gamo,* and, with a rush and a British cheer, the seamen—led by their gallant commander—sprang upon the decks of the *Gamo.*

There forty men found themselves opposed to three hundred. But the swords and cutlasses of the British fell heavily, and they cut for themselves a way amidst the crowd of enemies.

But it was a tremendous struggle, desperate for ten minutes, especially in the waist of the xebec. Once the gallant seamen of the *Speedy* were nearly overpowered by the numbers opposed to them. At that moment the clarion voice of her commander was heard hailing the *Speedy.*

"*Speedy,* ahoy! Send me fifty more men on board."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply.

You are aware that only *six* men unhurt remained on the brig, so the order could not really be obeyed; but the forty men on board the *Gamo* were already so formidable that the Spaniards had no relish for the promised addition, and at once surrendered.

The Spanish colors were struck, and the Union Jack floated over the xebec.

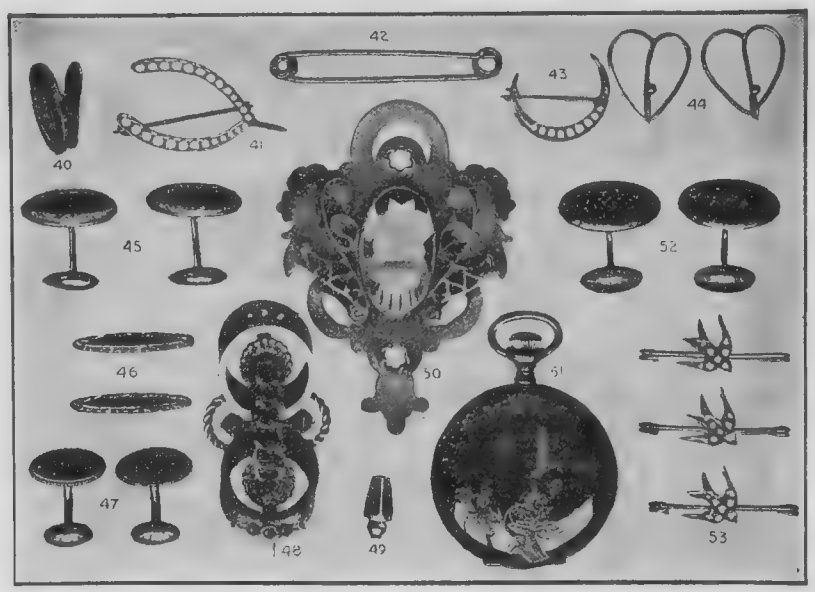
On her deck lay her commander,

For the benefit of new subscribers we append the coupon which appeared last month.

NOVEMBER COUPON

	POST OFFICE
1. To mark with a Hot Iron—a Preposition . . .	.....
2. The Governor-General of Canada	.....
3. To Sell—a House of Worship .	.....
4. The Latin for Queen . .	.....
5. A European Country . .	.....
6. Acid—Exists	.....
7. A Vehicle—a Person . .	.....

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND RETAIN IT



It is only natural when buying an Xmas gift to choose that which besides being the most beautiful is the most useful.

40	Best Rolled Plate Tie Clip	$ 25
41	Solid Gold Genuine Pearl Wishbone Brooch	6 00
42	English Gold Filled Safety Pin	25
43	Solid Gold Genuine Pearl Crescent Brooch	2 50
44	Solid Gold Tie Holders	2 00
45	Sterling Silver Links	50
46	Blouse Pins	from 25c. to 8 00
47	Best Gold Filled Ladies' Links	1 00
48	Fine Gold Filled Brooch with Garnets	2 25
49	Gold Filled "Bull Dog" Tie Pin Fastener	25
50	14k Filled "Dutch" Collar Pins in Topaz and Amethyst	3 50
51	Guaranteed 25 year Cashier Case, 15 jewel, special	13 50
52	Solid 10k Links $3.00 up; Solid 14k Links $4.50 up	
53	Solid Gold Genuine Pearl 3 piece Blouse Set	3 50

We do not issue a Catalogue, but will supply goods from any catalogue printed and will save you money.

Order by above numbers any article on which you may decide, and your selection will be promptly sent to your address.

Archie M. McDougall, Diamond Merchant, Jeweler and Optician

578 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG

Don Francisco de Torris, dead; near him were the boatswain and thirteen men, killed; forty-one were wounded.

Of the forty men who had made this dire havoc, only one seaman was killed! The first (and only) lieutenant of the *Speedy*, Richard William Parker, was wounded severely; her boatswain and one seaman were also wounded.

Meantime the "doctor," as the surgeon is always called on board ship, Mr. James Guthrie, had cleverly taken the helm, and remained with the killed, wounded and boys on board the *Speedy*.

We may imagine with what exultation they received the victors when they returned. It was a difficult task to take care of their numerous prisoners, but Lord Cochrane was equal to his task, and in a few days the little *Speedy* and her lofty prize were safe at anchor in the harbor of Port Mahon.

The *Gamo* mounted twenty-two long Spanish twelve-pounders on the main deck, with eight long-eights and two heavy carronades (twenty-four pounders) on the quarter deck and forecastle. Her crew, as we have said, consisted of two hundred and seventy-four officers, men and boys, and forty-five marines.

So bold an achievement was rare even in that age of noble deeds and gallant men.

We live our little lives. We go about our daily task. We sleep and we wake. But how seldom we consider that, but for the guiding hand of Him who sits upon the girdle of the heavens and holds the reins of the chariot of the sun, we might be whelmed and lost in illimitable space. This journey is not a figment of the imagination, but is a solid, tangible, demonstrable fact. The weight and terror of this conception, as of many other astronomical verities, are almost too great for the human spirit to bear, and when the thought comes home with gripping force the spirit cries out against it. But it is well, when such thoughts oppress one, to fall back upon the greater fact of a personal Providence, to rest securely in the knowledge that even in the whirling universe of starry systems, and in the deeps of illimitable space, we are not lost, but are known individually and intimately by One who is able to keep us even unto the end.

Maxims and Moralisings.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong.—Tennyson.

If a son of Ad have two valleys full of gold, yet will he desire a third.—The Khoran.

It ain't what you give, it's what you've got left after you give that tells the story.—"Jenny Allen."

Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible.—G. H. Lorrimer.

Let it be remembered that "kindness" means, as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care.—Ruskin.

It is one of the dangers of a democracy that it is unusually liable to tidal waves of emotion.—The Bishop of Hereford.

The Modern Farm Horse

IN RECENT YEARS great progress has been made in perfecting farm machinery of all kinds and many new machines have been developed to enable the farmer to do his work easier, quicker and also better. **"The Modern Farm Horse"** is one of the latest and by all means the greatest development along this line.

What will "The Modern Farm Horse" Do For The Farmers of Canada?

It will do practically all the farm work where motive or other power is required. **"The Modern Farm Horse" will do the Plowing, Harrowing, Seeding, Breaking, Harvesting, Threshing, Hauling, Grinding, Sawing, etc.** It will do all these things well—**easier, quicker and better** than they can be done by any other means. **"The Modern Farm Horse"** requires but little care when not working, less care than a team when working; **absolutely no expense when not working,** and when working, less then a team capable of doing equal work.

What is "The Modern Farm Horse"?

This is the name given the **HART-PARR KEROSENE-GASOLINE TRACTOR**—the highest development of traction engineering—the only engine made that successfully meets the requirements of the farm.

The question may be asked, why the Hart-Parr engine has been such a conspicuous success, while other attempts have been failures, and the answer to this question will be found in the following facts: In the first place the designers of the Hart-Parr engines had several years' experience in the operation of steam traction engines, and thus knew from practical experience the exacting service required of traction engines, and how they should be built to meet it. Moreover, they were educated engineers. Thus they took up the design of a gasoline traction engine with a broader equipment and training then any previous designers.

The engine used on the Hart-Parr Tractions is designed especially for traction engine service. All other designs use an ordinary stationary gasoline engine mounted on a traction truck, and this combination is called a gasoline traction engine. When one builds an automobile he uses an engine designed especially for this service. When one builds a launch he uses a marine type engine, and so on. So also in building a successful gasoline traction engine, the engine must be designed with this end in view. This is the reason Hart-Parr engines differ in many essential points from those used by others.

OVER 200 IN USE NOW IN WESTERN CANADA.

Hart-Parr Engines have these distinctive features; They have two cylinders, they are dust proof, they are oil cooled, they use kerosene as well as gasoline. Ask for particulars.

HART-PARR COMPANY

26 MAIN STREET

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA

Some SHIRTS

Say Mr. Workingman!—

Have you ever figured out your shirt expense BY THE YEAR?

How would you like to cut this expense in half.

Can it be done?—Yes, if you WANT it done.

You have worn shirts ever since you were "kneehigh." Did you ever go into a shop and pay out GOOD money for a poor, cheap, skimpy, badly constructed, fall-all-to-pieces-make-a-man-swear kind of a shirt?

Didn't it make you mad?

Didn't you feel SORE at the man who would MAKE that kind of a shirt and sorer still at the man who SOLD it to you?

And, right then and there, while you were good and sore, didn't you wish that SOME shirt maker would have sand enough to make shirts you COULDN'T find fault with—REAL shirts—top notchers—shirts a pair of which would wear a whole year—guaranteed to do it, no question about it.

You'd shake hands with that kind of a shirt maker, wouldn't you?

THAT kind of a shirt would save you considerable shirt money, wouldn't it?

Well, Mr. Workingman!—

We've made just THAT kind of a shirt.

We've called it the "Husky." It's the "Huskiest" shirt ever built, or ever likely to be in this generation.

We've put a good deal of heart and soul and CONSCIENCE into this particular shirt, and all we ask of you and good folks like you is to EXAMINE it.

See whether it isn't the shirt you have been waiting for. See whether it isn't a shirt after your own heart.

Will you do it?

Will you back us up?

Will you take a look at the ONLY workingman's shirt ever built that is calculated to cut down your shirt expense?

That's the whole idea of the "Husky" shirt—to cut down your shirt expense.

We've said the "Husky" is the BEST shirt ever built.

So it is—by far. More than that, it's the most ECONOMICAL shirt.

It has more downright old-fashioned honesty and CONSCIENCE and WEAR and MONEY'S WORTH woven into it and BUILT into it than any other shirt that ever went on a man's back or into a washtub. It's a fine LIBERAL shirt—an honest shirt.

The cloth is honest, the making is honest, the idea back of it is honest.

We put particular emphasis on that word HONEST.

It means more than goodness; it means the LIMIT of wear; the limit of what a broadminded mauufacturer CAN put into his product when he intends to live by his product—not only to live from year to year, but

H.B.K BRAND.

to live for many years—to build up a LASTING business.

We've gone considerably out of our way to make the "Husky" shirt stand up under rough wear and rough usage—to represent all that a working shirt can possibly represent.

The "Husky" shirt is especially built for strength—durability—hard wear.

Every seam in it is a turned seam—no raw edges.

It is double stitched throughout with the strongest thread made—six cord thread.

The stitches are CLOSE and straight and LOCKED—no loose ends to rip and ravel—every single stitch stands by itself for firmness.

Look at it inside and out. Notice the shape of it—the fullness of it—the finish of it—the remarkable STRENGTH and sturdiness of it.

Notice the double stitched yoke over the shoulders, the LARGE sleeves, the ROOMY military pockets, the gussets BOUND in—not merely stitched in.

Notice particularly that the side seams are CONTINUOUS from cuff-end to gusset—no cross joints—no overlapping—the whole shirt is just as SMOOTH and EVEN and FINISHED on the INSIDE as it is on the outside, showing CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP—nothing SLIGHTED. Nothing "Sweat-shop" about it. No "slapped-together" work this.

Notice again that the cuffs and collar are DOUBLE THICKNESS, the buttons are sewed on by HAND—can't come off—the button holes are full size, lock-stitched, carefully cut and finished—they won't shrink, stretch or frazzle like cheap button holes.

See if the whole shirt isn't built according to YOUR ideas of how a first-class shirt ought to be built.

We think it is.

We have tried to build it just that way.

But it isn't the making alone that we are proud of.

We are still prouder of the stuff it's made of.

Do you know what "Noxol" Cotton looks like?

Probably not.

It's a NEW fabric, specially made for us, specially woven for "Husky" shirts. No other shirt maker in the world has thought it worth while to use a shirt fabric so good.

Water won't run through it, dust won't sift through it, electric light won't shine through it.

If you can imagine a fabric made from iron or steel or aluminum, and yet so soft and flexible that you could roll it up in your coat-pocket then you would have some idea of the TOUGHNESS of "Noxol" Cotton.

It's a wonderfully strong, wonderfully TOUGH piece of cloth—tougher than any cloth ever put into a workingman's shirt before—such a fabric as no mill was EVER asked to make until we asked for it.

Harvesting in the West.

A Western G

'S by the Year

You can get some idea of how GOOD this "Noxol" shirt fabric is when we tell you that every man who gets hold of a HUSKY shirt for the first time thinks it's SILK.

It isn't. It's cotton. But it's such FINE cotton, it's woven so CLOSE and so firm and from such tightly twisted threads that a "Husky" shirt weighs 24 OUNCES against 16 ounces FOR THE NEXT BEST SHIRT ON THE MARKET.

Think what that means.

Fifty per cent more THREAD in it.

Fifty per cent more CONSCIENCE in it.

It's easy enough to stop at good enough, but to go fifty per cent better than good enough calls for COURAGE.

It called for extra business courage on our part to order a shirt fabric so good that a man would be sure to get MORE than his money's worth — more than ANY manufacturer ever thought it necessary to give him before in a working shirt.

And, mark you this.

That extra eight ounces of triple twisted yarn which we put into the "Husky" shirt, to begin with, doesn't count for just WEIGHT alone.

It counts for TOUGHNESS.

It counts for LONGEVITY.

It counts for stand-up-against-hardship.

It counts for the utmost limit of wear, resistance and strength.

More than that, it counts for a desire on our part to give you the BEST shirt that is humanly possible to produce — a shirt like you would make for yourself if you knew how—a MONEY SAVING SHIRT.

Money saving! How?

By cutting your shirt expense down to one half, may be to one-third.

By reducing your shirt expense to ONE pair of shirts a year instead of four or five.

By giving you TWICE or three times the wear you ever before got out of a shirt.

We put it down in connection with this talk that one "Husky" shirt will OUTLAST THREE ordinary shirts — it's built for that; intended for that; specially made for that.

When you buy a pair of "Husky" shirts you get with them our written guarantee that they will wear you a WHOLE YEAR or your money back from the dealer and us.

Remember. — Our signed guarantee goes with every pair.

We cannot tell how much longer than one year a pair of "Husky" shirts will wear, but we WARRANT it one year at least.

It will probably wear two years to three years. Our foreman thinks THREE years with ordinary usage.

We figure on the WORST usage and then we guarantee a pair to wear a full year. That's more wear than any shirt maker has ever yet put into ANY shirt.

H.B.K BRAND.

After you examine the "Husky" you will think as we do—this shirt OUGHT to wear SEVERAL years. We hope it will for your sake; the longer the better, so far as we are concerned.

It isn't for the profit alone on the "Husky" shirt that we write this AD or build the "Husky."

There's an IDEA back of it—an ambition —the idea of supremacy in workingmen's wearables—the idea of having you look to the "H.B.K." (Hudson Bay Knitting Co.) Brand on goods as representing the VERY BEST THERE is, from your standpoint — the ECONOMICAL standpoint.

We could go along as we have done for years making good working shirts — as good as the best in Canada—but we want to go a bit further.

We want to get the unspoken THANKS of the man who likes to feel that there is ONE maker of shirts who looks after the wearer's interest first—who helps his dollar to buy more than it could buy without such an ambition working for it.

That's the "H. B. K." idea.

That's the idea of the "Husky" shirt. It's an idea that will bear thinking about.

The "Husky" comes nearer to being an EVERLASTING shirt than ANY shirt ever planned—nearer to YOUR ideal of what a man MIGHT get for his money than ever thought possible.

Come and look at this extraordinary shirt.

Don't buy any more shirts until you've examined the "Husky."

Because you'll find it is the shirt you need —with a full year's wear guaranteed on every pair of them.

Ask for it.

Don't let anyone sidetrack you off the only shirts guaranteed by the makers for a full year's wear or your Money Back.

The word "Husky" is branded on the inside collar of every one of the shirts which are made only by

THE HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

MONTREAL

Buttons sewed on by hand	-	-	-	**Can't Come Off**
Button Holes bar-tacked	-	-	-	**Can't Break**
Seams double stitched	-	-	-	**Can't Rip**
Gussets reinforced -	-	-	-	**Can't Tear**

A full assortment of "HUSKY" SHIRTS in various colors will be found in the shops of all good merchants throughout the West.

A Western Grain Field.

Shropshires.

FOR SALE

I have for sale a quarter section of what I know is some of Saskatchewan's best prairie, in the Birch Hills district, about six miles from C. N. R. (station of same name) and elevator; there is water enough for stock etc., and wood to provide fuel, the soil is rich. It is the S.W. ¼, sec. 31, tp. 45, rge. 24, west of 2nd. Price is low and terms arranged to suit. Write now to J. O. Lefebvre, Box 3086 Winnipeg, Man.

Art Prints for Xmas Gifts

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" (military subject)

"Prince Charlie's Farewell to Flora Macdonald, 1746"

"The Pool of London"

"And When Did You Last See Your Father?"

These four beautiful reproductions in colors mailed with our catalogue of Art Prints for 25 cents.

QUEEN CITY ART CO
TORONTO, CANADA

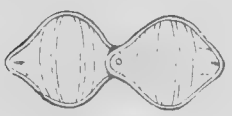
A $1,000.00 a Year Side Line

For Farmers' Sons and Others

The Modern Money Maker will clear anyone anywhere upwards of $10 0 a year in the time that is usually wasted. This is no canvassing or peddling scheme, but a real up-to-date business that will make you from $5 to $25 for every hour you devote to this business. Your customers will make from $25 to $200 on every deal. Do you suppose you could do business on such a proposition? Well I should say so; customers will hunt you up like hungry wolves after your business is once known. It requires less than $1.00 capital and will never take more. One county is all the territory you can handle satisfactorily. 25c. coin will bring full instructions and outfit with fi st mail prepaid together with other gilt edged eye-openers.

If the Modern won't make good we are too glad to give your money back. Send 25c. to-day and start a business that does make money on the side.

Address **THE N. W. FARMERS SUPPLY**
M. Dept., 610 Ashdown Block, Winnipeg.



Send 25c. receive a boned bust extender, giving perfect shape to the bust, insure a perfect fit to any waist add 8c. for postage.
N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.

Lady's or Man's WATCH GIVEN FREE

For selling our **Picture Post Cards,** handsome Canadian and English Views,, and Men's **Collar Buttons.** Watches are guaranteed silver nickel, man's given for selling $3.00 worth, and lady's for selling $3.50. Send us your name and address and we will mail you Post Cards to sell 6 for 10c., or Collar Buttons to sell at 10c. for set of 4. You may sell whichever you wish. Both are very easy sellers. Write to-day. A Post Card will do. **The Reliable Premium Co,** Dept. V Waterloo, Ont. 26

Send 90c. receive by return mail this beautiful underskirt in black, navy, brown, green and red, made of good quality sateen, has 3 ruffles, 3 rows strapping, and dust frill. Order to-day skirt No. 3531. Give length wanted.
Add 10c. for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

25 LOVELY POST CARDS 15c. in beautiful colors; all from actual photographs. Worth 50c. Sent for only 15c. to those who order NOW. **T. H. GROZIER, 207 Virginia Ave., Jersey City, N.J.**

Send 30c. receive fifty Silk pieces suitable for fancy work. Post paid.
Standard Co., Box 308, London, Ont.

Sunday Reading.

Sunday Afternoon.

A miracle touched me at twelve, for behold I saw
The New Year rise as a young god rises in might.
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,
But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine;
In his hands he caught my hands, while clarion clear
His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth:
"Comrade hail! For I am the New, New Year.

Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astir
Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead.
Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!"
I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth;
He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will.
Up, faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year;
Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfil.

A Stranger's Song.

She was a stranger whom I met
An hour within a crowded room;
I do not know her name, and yet
Her memory lives, like sweet perfume.

She sang a song my mother sung
Once when the twilight shadows fell;
High in the sky the dim moon hung,
And flower-chimes rang the dead day's knell.

Long years the swaying grass has spread
Between my mother's face and me;
But backward by that sweet song led,
I leaned again against her knee.

Ninette M. Lowater.

Helping People.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well son" he said, " how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartening answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perserverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent, but intensely interested spectaor, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything! Why, if I helped twenty-five in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God, that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellowmen? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound at night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

Church as Man's Birthplace.

The ideal human organization is that in which sacred and secular are one,—the Kingdom of God. It is impressive to our hurried secularity that ever men felt so deeply as to make them our benefactors by insisting upon the dominance of the sacred, and making the church of God the organizing centre of human life. Yet that has always been the divine idea, and more or less thought or experience will always put us in sympathy with God's conception.

The church is every man's real birthplace; in the sacredness which enshrines it all his secularity has its root and life, and thus the church is the initiator of all that makes him, for earth or heaven, a man.

"And of Zion it shall be said: This and that man was born in her; and the highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."—Psalm 87, verses 5 and 6.

How easily here we see that the church, bad or good, will be the organizing centre of man's life.

Religion is the deepest, swiftest stream in the onflowing life of human beings. Nothing really ever gets to a man's very self, nor enters into his real life, which does not touch and influence his religiousness. Until his ideas of what is greater and better than himself are moved upon, until his feeling of dependence, his sentiments of reverence and awe and fear, until his love and conscience are reached, and their movements made to confess a new force upon them, the man, the secretly hidden man, has escaped.

Whatever else, on the other hand, is unmoved, whatever else in all the wondrous complexity of his life, or in all the marvelous plenitude of his powers is as motionless as the hills, if in any experience of the soul from within, or from the world without, the subtle threads which bind his being to the great and mysterious heart of the universe, are touched, so that a deeper awe, a sweeter peace, a loftier reverence comes from them, then the man, the imperial man, is moved. The most central and essential, the most vital thing in him is man's religiousness.

Again, his attitude toward the greatest fact in the whole universe of his experience or thought is, more than all other things, decisive of his life and character. As a fact of experience or of thought, God is. The lowest savage, with the member of the Royal Institution, is deciding his life, its quality and direction,—yea, his very self, —by his attitude to his realized dream of God

So these two considerations would impress us with the fact that the institution, be it or men who are to be, the repository of powers which we know, or any institution which stands for man's sense of the sacred and his vision of God, is, by its very nature, supreme.

The Kingdom of God taking up into itself the dim longings of the heart, gathering up the voiceless hopes of the mind, and bringing down from above, within the same mysterious circle, the unknown forces and facts of the realms beyond,—this kingdom, ever to be coming into our real life from the life ideal, must have just that unique, central and supeme place, which God seems to have accorded it in prophet's vision and in psalmist's song.

What a tremendous fact in history has been worship! It has lighted the vision of the unseen church of God into the skies as it has seemed to rise from the dust of the earth, and it has made the visible church into domes and spires and arches, crowding them with singing, weeping suppliants But because the church has this embodiment of God's relation to man, and man's relation to God, it is the real birthplace of man.

Amid the sacred influences which unite to make this institution of the soul, the citizen of the world awakes to find himself a man. The fact of birth is at once one of the most mysterious and interesting of all the universe. Every other process and movement of Nature seems to have a sacredness and impressivenss which may never match this. A man's birth-hour is the time when his essential being begins to assert itself. He then commences life, with a distinctness and a definiteness altogether new.

The spot where the man himself thus enters the world ought to be sacred to him; the fact that a man was born there ought to give the spot a sacredness to the world. If this is so concerning the birth-place of a man's physical life, what shall be said of the hallowed meanings which centre in the spot where he was born from above, where his essentially spiritual self first felt the thrill of existence, where his life of thought and aspiration and achievement first knew those raptures which excite the human with the inflowing of the divine?

Every man who has lived deeply, and distinctly a manly life, a life has been inspired by the faculties of his nature which distinguished him from a highly developed animal; every man, I say, who has had a definite and true life, has a birthplace where consciously or unconsciously, there came sweeping into his bondage, a sense of freedom; when there came to his sleeping soul a sense of bright, crisp awakening day-time; when he first stood forth in the consciousness of new hope and faith, the world all new about him, and he believed in the universe and in himself

It may have been down there in the old country home, when, at noontide one day you mused by the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," and, half-dreaming, you looked up through the whispering leaves to the ample sky, until you lay down entirely enwrapt with the bewitching liberty with whch your fancy sped from cloud to cloud, enchanted with that delightful sense of winged hope which had thus turned the world upside down or right side up, you knew not which, and you cared not, so that you might still travel without opposition through the limitless sky.

Then the sky grew too small and great purposes were born in your soul, as the heart of a man throbbed under the harvester's vest; when the man thought how little was the world and man, and how vast must be the unseen and the Divine; when finally you allied yourself with the eternal and infinite, and felt, as you rose up to go back to the sickle or the flail, that you had slept for the time on the bosom of God.

However and whenever, God and the soul will keep these birthplaces sacred, and they will blossom with memories forevermore.

Hope Thou in God.

Look up, sad heart, the vigil's o'er;
We're out beneath the morning stars.
Breathe deep blessing of this tonic air,
Brush from the brain the memories of the night—
That wasted frame uneasy on the couch,
The haunting shadows of that hapless room,
Those dismal records of the fluttering pulse,
That heartless clock appointing curatives—
Sad heart why dwell on these?

Look up in faith, sad heart; behind
These transient forms there sleeps thy friend.
Beneath thy friend there lies the love of God.
Canst thou not trust thy dear one so reposed?
The restless planets ride upon his will;
The troops of stars are held in his embrace,
They sing together of His faithfulness—
And shall He not keep faith with those he loves,

Keep faith with even thee?
Look up in peace, sad heart, and know
That love forever loves His own.
God's son hath heard His call for a new day,
The east already whitens to the dawn!
And can He not reanimate thy joy,
And create that dear companionship?
Beyond the utmost of human skill
Stands God, serene, omnipotent!
Wait patiently for Him.

Henry Turner Bailey.

Limp Prayers.

I once saw in a shop window in London a placard which simply announced "Limp Prayers." It described, I believe, a kind of prayer-book in a certain sort of binding, which was for sale within; but it brought to mind many a prayer to which one had listened, in which he could not join, out of which had been left the whole backbone of thought, and to which he could attach none of his own heart's desires. Prayer may be too light, as well as too heavy to ascend.

The End.

What is the ultimate end of Christ's commandments? We have the answer in these words in the First Epistle of Timothy: "Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." Love, proceeding from purity, and "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise," That is what we look forward to attaining, and that is what grows out of a sincere faith in God.

True Love.

Charity, or love, will always be an effort till we have suppressed self. "I have come to the end of myself," said a great Christian after many a year of struggle. It was no longer "some of self, and some of Thee," but self was subordinated, defeated, suppressed. This kind of victory cometh only by prayer and faith. Nature is for ever teaching us to look after ourselves, to seek comfort and avoid misery. But Christ's law must be for us "to love the brethren."

I can show you, says a missionary, Christian churches, school and homes in those tiny, beautiful islands in the Southern ocean, which once were given over to the orgies of cannibalism. I can take you to the grave of a missionary on one of the islands, on whose tombstone are written these simple words: "When he came, there were no Christians. When he died, there were no heathens." I can point to islands like the Hawaiian, whose moral tone and standing in the world have been altered by Christian influences, and which, after embracing the truth of Jesus, have been doing their share toward the evangelisation of the other islands.

How impatient we are! We want the harvest the moment after we have sown the seed. Dr. George MacDonald warns us against such foolish haste. "Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord," he says. "Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits."

Our witness as Christ's followers, stationed by God's will and for His purposes in the changing, God-forgetful world, must have a welcoming and a winning quality; it must be genial and considearte. The first question we need to ask ourselves in regard to our own sincerity. Do we really want men to come into our church fellowship? In some communities many men have reason —or think they have—to doubt. It is for us, by our sincerity and cordiality, to resolve that doubt.

There is a challenge of hardiness. To make the Christian life unnecessarily hard is a mistake. Hair shirts and other self-imposed tortures, physical or mental, have no part in the scheme of Jesus. We are not to hunt far and wide for a cross, but we are to go on with our lives strongly, seriously, and the cross will surely appear right in the day's pathway. Who wants a career untouched by the cross? We should have fewer adherents among young people for our religion if we advertised it as an easy thing. Garibaldi appealed to his soldiers in some such terms as these: "Behind you are ease and comfort, home and friends; before you, rags and suffering; but let him who loves his country follow me." Our leader says to us, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." There are wrongs to be righted, burdens to be lifted, soul-purity to win.

LIFE'S PARADOX.

They told me Wealth was all in all, and then,
With greed that comes alone to famished men,
I strove for wealth; by day and night I toiled,
Nor recked how others fared, what hopes were spoiled.
And when 'twas gained I stopped to count my store,
To count, exult, and, eager, wish for more;
But as each piece fell on the vault's hard stone,
Mixed with its ring I heard a human groan.
I started up from the accusing pile,
Now worse than vain, that did so late beguile!

They told me Pleasure was the chiefest good,
And so I followed wheresoe'er she would;
Where light feet led, where mocking lips allured,
And black eyes told my hopes were half assured.
When all was gained, then blight fell on my isle—
I had been dreaming on a wanton's smile.

They told me only Knowledge was divine,
And so I strove straight way to make it mine.
I read all books, held converse with the wise,
Travelled all lands, and searched the distant skies.
Then, standing in the edge of Learning's sea,
I heard the breakers calling thus to me:
"In vain, O man, my depths thou wouldst explore;
Thy soundings all lie close within the shore."

Wealth, Pleasure, Knowledge, all in turn were tried,
Yet in the dust it seemed I must abide.

A spirit came and whispered in my ear,
And raised me up; then led me to a hight
From which we had a vision far and clear
Of all the world, its peace and joy and light.
The spirit said: "If thou wilt follow me,
Wilt seek not self, but look beyond, above,
All that thou seest will I give to thee"
I raised my eyes—the spirit's name was Love.

When Day is Done.

When day is done, and from the gaudy sky
The glory fades,
Then quiet falls; and rest comes by and by
With night's dear shades.
When life is done, and climbed its craggy steeps,
All hot suns set;
When in vast joy that neither sighs nor weeps,
We then are met;
When rest shall hold our hands, and grace,
Like evening psalm:
Shall whisper peace. And from the troubled face
Heaven's blessed calm
Shall every tear-stain wipe away and fear;
With Christ at hand
No heartache can through golden years draw near
That heavenly land.

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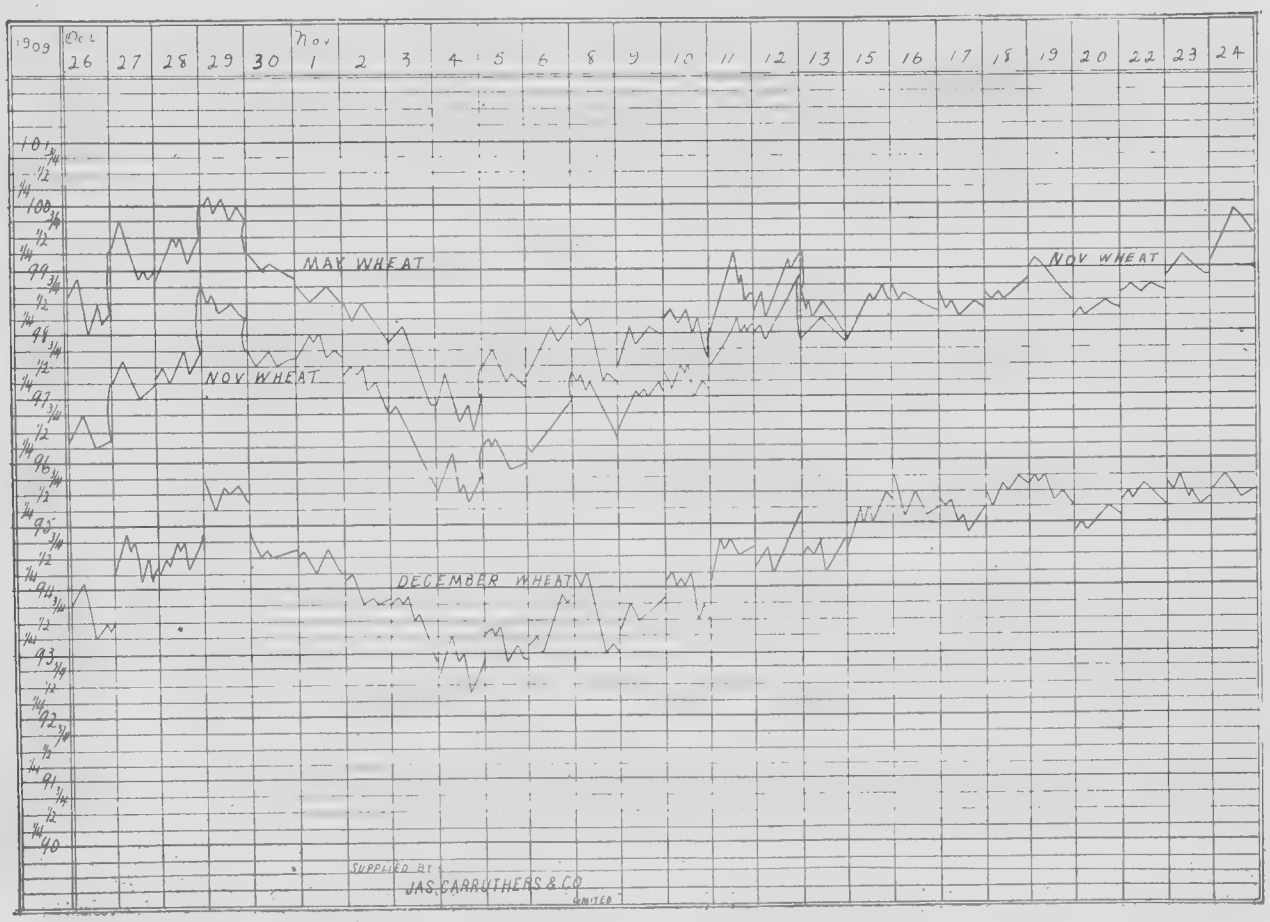

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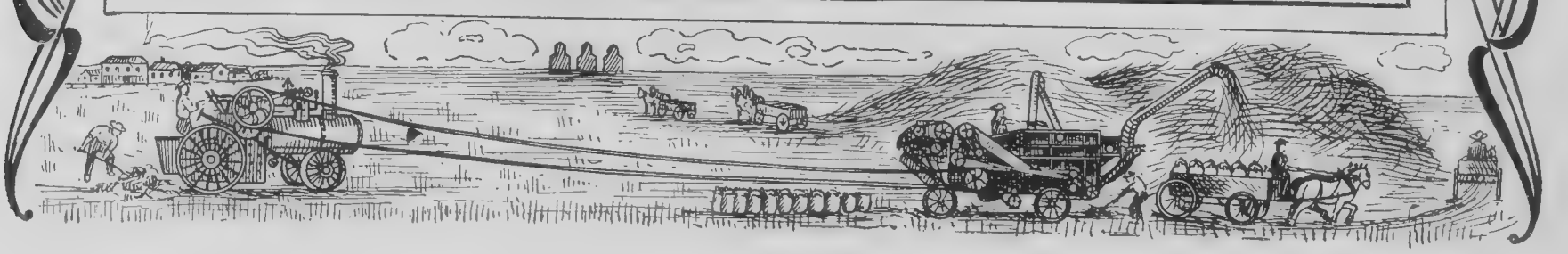

Continued from Page 44 H

"You must be good to Amy when I am gone," pleaded his mother, a few years later.

Had he been good? How a remorseful conscience wrung his ice-bound heart! When she made an imprudent marriage, he repeated the homely saw, "that as she had made her bed so she must lie," and let her suffer the consequences. She died long ago in the far West; whether in misery and want he never knew; he had been too busy making and keeping money to even care.

"Mere trumpery!" he said, as he replaced the curl and broken penny in the box and picked up the bit of guitar-string and love-knot of faded ribbon—yet he picked them up carefully, and they had made his old, time-hardened world-worn heart beat as it had not done in years—for they brought back the memory of a fragment of song and a few bars of Spanish dance-music out on a side porch one moonlight night, and of a pair of eyes so softly, sweetly blue. The eyes were closed now. Over in the corner of the old church-yard Ruth rested from all care and worry and fret. In the summer time the rain fell gently, the sun shone brightly, and a great white rose-bush bore myriads of blossoms, and under it glossy myrtle was thickly interlaced. People said that Ruth died of a broken heart; that Joel Stormonth was so absorbed in money-getting that he never found time to appoint the wedding-day, and that, between wounded pride and affection, she faded like a fragile flower. The rumors made him uneasy for a while, then he returned with renewed zest to his wonted occupation.

Once he went to the little graveyard in winter, and the white rose-bush was so covered with hips which were so coated with ice that the red only showed through faintly—probably there was just such fruitage on the bush now. And Ruth—how sweet and dainty and loving she was! How velvet-soft her pink cheeks were! He well remembered when he first took her in his arms, and she laid her bright head on his breast. Had any one ever so loved him since—would any one ever so love him again—or, in fact, love him in any fashion!

There was a sudden revulsion of feeling; like a lightning-flash his real paucity stared him in the face. He became conscious in an instant that in the wide world not one being cared for him—he had done nothing to make them care. He became conscious that all the silver in the universe, all the gold, all the stocks and bonds, if placed in the balance would be outweighed by one faithful, loving heart. As the rose-hips glowed beneath their icy covering, even so his heart began to redden with the flow of memories, and to swell with emotions which threatened to rend its frigid coating. His head felt full to bursting; a sharp pain ran through his temples, and his pulse beat irregularly—sometimes in great thumps, then so slowly. How cool his mother's hand used to be! If he only could put his head in her lap, as he used when a child, and sob away this misery which had suddenly come upon him.

"Mother, oh, mother! I want my mother," he cried in sharp agony, as if he were six instead of sixty-three, and a great tear forced its way out from under his thin, gray lashes and plashed down on the open account-book.

It fell on the sum-total of a column, and, like a miniature microscope, turned 3,764 into 3,764. The great figures mocked him an instant, then became a blurred, bulging spot. "They are nothing," he cried. "Money is nothing, nothing; I want my mother, my lost youth, my wasted years!" And he sobbed as only a man in the extremity of grief can sob.

There was a curious sensation about his heart; a rending and crackling as if the tears had an inward channel and flowed in a hot, scalding stream on its icy encasement.

"What shall I do?" he cried in agony; "what can I do? To-morrow is Christmas and I have no share in it!" He remembered the holidays of his boyhood and the merry children at the homestead; and he remembered, too, that now even the street children shrank from him. He sat in deep thought a moment, then he shut the great books with a bang and put them back in the safe, and before he locked it he put a handful of coin in his pockets, but stealthily, like a man half ashamed of his actions; then, having replaced the other papers, he made all secure for the night and started out.

It was only eight o'clock, and the streets were filled with a merry, eager throng. The crowd was so dense before the shop window where the wonderful snow-scene was displayed that he could hardly make his way, and, as he pressed along, the little girl with the golden curls and blue hood was right before him. There were tears in her eyes and she looked at him appealingly.

"I don't know what I shall do," she said. "My papa told me I might stand here until he came back from the market, and I am afraid I am going to be carried away off with the crowd and get lost."

"Take hold of my hand, little girl, and don't be afraid; I'll take care of you."

It was a great many years since Joel Stormonth's lips had framed such words as those, and they were stiff and unwieldly; but the little girl looked up at him with innocent trust in her eyes, shook back her curls and said:

"All right, but I do wish we could get a little nearer to the window."

So he edged his way with her soft, cold little fingers clinging closely to his gloved hand. Then a sudden impulse moved him to say:

"How would you like to have a doll like that?"

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "That would be too beautiful for anything; it would be like a fairy story. But you see I never can have, for my mamma says we must be very e-quo-nomical; papa doesn't make much money."

"We will go into the shop a moment, just near the door, where your father will be sure to see you." Then, before he hardly knew what he was doing, Joel Stormonth bought the doll—and, somehow, such a feeling of liberality came over him that he wished that it cost twice as much—and placed it in the child's arms.

"Here," he said; "it is yours."

"Mine!" she cried, clasping it with ecstacy. Then she looked bewildered and held it toward him. "No, no; I don't dare to take it," and there were tears in her beautiful eyes. "It cost too much—and then my mamma hasn't a single Christmas thing, and Jo hasn't much. I'd rather have something for all of us—or just nothing at all," she added, politely.

"I was going to give you this for your mother," he said, with ready mendacity. Where can you put it so that you will not lose it?" And he took out a ten-dollar bill.

"Oh, no," she said, drawing back; "I couldn't think of taking that, too. If mamma knew she wouldn't let me; she'd say I hinted. If I have that you must take back the doll—and—and," she added, swallowing a sob at the thought of losing her newly acquired treasure, "I'm afraid you are robbing yourself. You don't look so very rich"—and she gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"In some respects I am far poorer than you are," he said, gravely. "But where can you put this money?"

"Mamma puts it right here, inside my coat; there is a little pocket, and I never lose one penny when I go to market."

Then he fastened in the bill and put the doll in its box and placed it in her arms.

"What a dear, good man you are!" and she gave his hand a little squeeze. "Oh, there is papa!" she cried, as a young man with his arms full of parcels pressed through the crowd, looking anxiously to the right and left.

"This way, papa. Here I am" and she rushed forward, still clinging to Mr. Stormonth's hand.

"I was afraid you were lost," he said with a relieved look. Then seeing Joel Stormonth, he straightened himself

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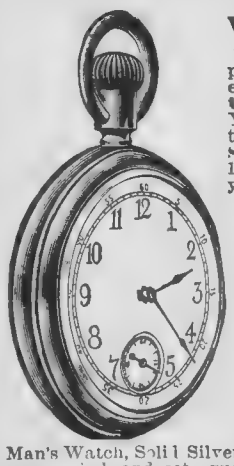

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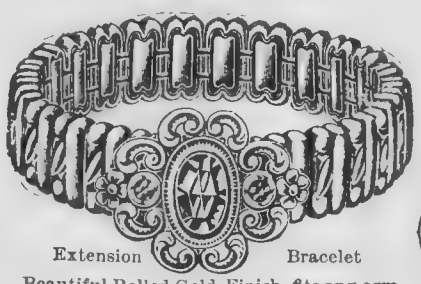

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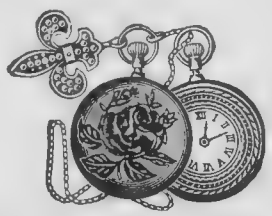

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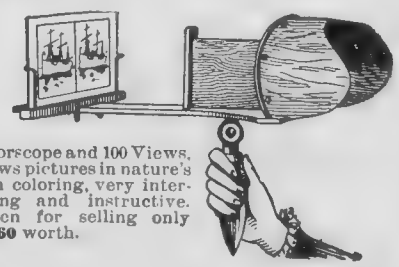

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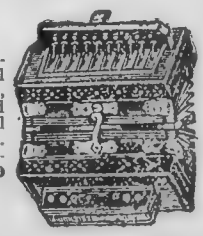

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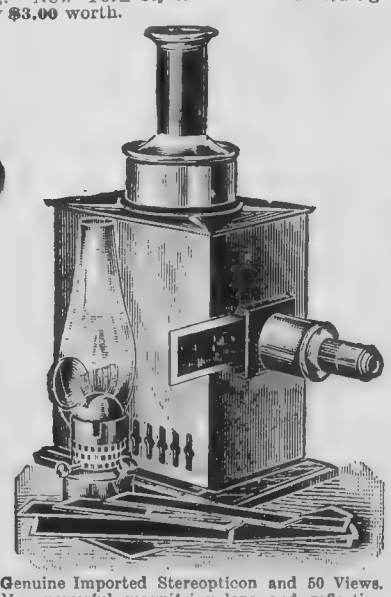

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as well as he could, encumbered with parcels. For the encounter filled him with consternation. His irascible employer would probably dismiss him then and there; the tell-tale bundles would stand for so much extravagance—and times were hard and employment would be difficult to find.

While at the same time it flashed through Stormonth's mind that the young man's coat was thin and threadbare; ten dollars a week was really very little upon which to support a family. Heretofore he had considered the sum munificent. "They must live close," he said, "close." It will do 'em good. If they economize they can lay up something out of ten dollars a week. Then the fools needn't encumber themselves with wife and children!" What he said now was, "I have been taking care of your litle girl for you, Newel."

"Thank you, sir," returned the clerk, holding one hand behind him as much as possible, although it contained nothing but a paper of celery and a pair of chickens.

"And oh, papa!" exclaimed the child, with shining eyes, "you don't know what is in this box—just the loveliest doll! And in my pocket paper money with two figures on it for mamma and Jo. This dear, kind gentleman gave them to me." And she pressed her cheek against Joel Stormonth's coat-sleeve and smiled up in his face with a look in her winsome blue eyes that went straight to his heart and melted the last vestige of ice about it.

"Alice, this is Mr. Stormonth, for whom I work," exclaimed Newell as well as he could for surprise.

"I thought you said he was — he was——"

"What?" sharply asked Stormonth.

Newell's face paled. What if the child should repeat the unflattering description of his employer he had often given her mother.

"Why, just careful of your money," she answered in a little well-bred way. "But that is nothing," she added naively. "I suppose that is how you are able to give away so much." And again she smiled and patted his hand.

Both men blessed her in their hearts —Newell, for not blurting out the truth and losing him his place, and Stormonth for not openly telling him what he really was—a miserable miser. He felt that he could not bear to hear that from her sweet lips.

"Sir, you are very kind to do all this. I do not know how to thank you," stammered Newell, awkwardly.

Mr. Stormonth merely bowed in acknowledgement, and Newell said:

"Come, Alice, let go of Mr. Stormonth's hand. We must not keep him standing in the cold."

"I am just waiting, papa, because I thought perhaps you would invite him to eat dinner with us to-morrow. Mamma cried last night because she hadn't any folks to ask."

Newell's face flushed. "You don't understand, Alice. Mr. Stormonth would hardly care for our humble fare."

The child still clung to his hand, swinging it slightly, and standing first on one foot, then on the other. "Would' n't you?" she asked, earnestly.

"Of all things. Otherwise I shall eat a solitary meal at my club."

"I am sure you will be welcome," said Newell, with embarrassment. "But we are very plain folks."

"Such much the better. At what time, may I ask?"

"At three o'clock, I remember hearing my wife say."

"Good-bye," said Alice. "I wish I had a Christmas present for you," she added, regretfully. "I might kiss you. Papa says I kiss very sweet, and that when he has the blues it cheers him up. I thought you looked kind of lonesome like." Joel Stormonth bent his gray head and the child pressed her soft lips to his furrowed cheek.

How fragrant her breath was! And how sweet her rosy lips were! They thrilled him all through. It was as if a balmy southern breeze touched a frosty February day with its revivifying power. He stood once more erect and went on his way homeward with a brisk little step.

Naturally, his heart, so recently freed from its frigid covering, was sensitive, and it pierced him to the quick to see that, as he approached, a group of newsboys and bootblacks, who had always convened on a certain corner, fell back on either side, all their boisterous mirth hushed. They couldn't have huddled more closely together if a biting north wind had swept up the street. One, evidently a new-comer, had the temerity to thrust out his arm in its ragged sleeve and spread open his dirty red fingers and say: "Gimme a Chris-mus nickle."

Then they all laughed in derision.

"There ain't no stuffin' in old Strongbox," said one, in a low tone, but not so low that Joel Stormonth did not hear him.

"Nobody never knowed him to give nothin' to nobody," whispered another.

The old man stopped irresolutely — his heart ached and quivered as if the words were so many fiery little darts aimed straight at it. "Boys," he said, and there was a little tremor in his cold, hard voice, and his sentence was labored, "I wish you a merry Christmas, and here is something to help have it with;" and he put his hand in his pocket and drew out the coins of different denominations. "But I want you to be honorable and make a fair division."

For a moment they stood as if stupefied, then one stepped forward and dragged his tattered cap off his head. "We ax yer pardon, sir. Ye'r a better man 'n what we thought you wus. And now," he said, turning to the others and swinging his old cap, "A merry Christmus to Mister Stormuth! Hooray fur Mr. Stormuth!"

The rest of the way home Joel Stormonth sped along as if rejuvenescence had really set in—for he had bathed in that wonderful fountain of generosity and kindliness toward our fellow-men—a fountain whose waters smooth away wrinkles and restore activity to stiffened limbs.

His rooms had little look of holiday cheer. The fire in the grate was low, and as the dinner hour was long past he rang for luncheon to be brought him. The neat maid who responded looked pale and tired, and put the tray down in a mechanical fashion and turned to go.

"Wait a moment, Mary," he said, and she stopped with a resigned look on her face. He always exacted extra service and found fault.

"You have waited on me nicely for some time. Take this bill and buy yourself a Christmas present; or, better yet, put it in the bank for a rainy day."

Mary looked at the bill, then looked at him, then she leaned her head on the mantel and cried as if her heart would break.

Mr. Stormonth walked fussily back and forth and hemmed and hawed.

"You'd better go, Mary," he said, uneasily.

"Do excuse me, sir, but I was so discouraged, and my mother is sick and needs so many things. Why, this money will save her life! And I thank you a thousand times! I shall pray on my bended knees that tomorrow may be the happiest Christmas you ever knew."

But Joel Stormonth sadly shook his head—Christmas could hold nothing for him—and sat before the fire and brooded a long time. His reflections must have been sad and softening, for two great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell hot and burning on his thin old hands, and he went over to bed and buried his head in the clothes. He tried to pray, but his unwonted lips could not frame a sentence. Finally, as if wrung from his heart's depths, came the words, "God forgive me!"

Somehow his sleep was sweet and sound that night—soft hands touched his brow, fair faces smiled into his; he lived over again all that had been beautiful in his past. And, the next afternoon, when he dressed to go to his clerk's little dinner, it seemed but a continuation of the dream.

Little Mrs. Newell heard his knock with trepidation — they had just been discussing him: Would, or would not, he think her nice? she asked her husband; and was not the dinner plain, almost to meagreness?

"He will think you the loveliest little woman in the world," returned the tall, handsome fellow. "And as for the dinner, if it is good enough for us it is for him," he declared, with sturdy independence.

Joel Stormonth was not sure whether he was dead or alive after he had been in the little parlor a moment. Perhaps

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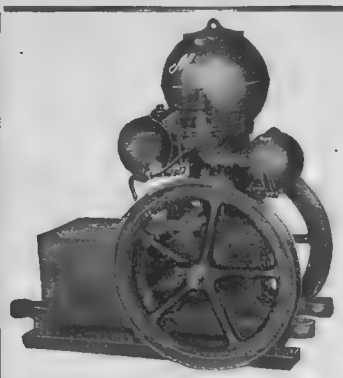

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his sins had been forgiven and he was in heaven—it was so warm and cozy, and such an angelic being, with tender blue eyes, waving golden hair and a gracious smile, insisted upon helping him with his overcoat. Then a pair of plump arms were thrown about his neck and Alice left a dainty little kiss upon his cheek, and there were a great many "Merry Christmases"; and before he knew it a fine chubby little boy had climbed up in his lap and was looking at his watch.

Then the dinner—such delicious oyster soup and crisp celery, such tender, moist, delicately browned chickens, and currant jelly which quivered in an old glass dish like an animated ruby. And by and by little Alice took his plate, brushed the table neatly, and brought cranberry pie and a dainty pudding. He ate the pie and praised the cook, which made her blush and smile and show her dimples; then he took up the spoon which lay beside his pudding, but instead of using it he turned it over and over and looked at it closely; then he polished his glasses and looked at it again, and the hand which held it trembled, as did his voice.

"Where did you get this spoon?"

"Oh, dear!" thought Mrs. Newell, "he thinks because I have a silver spoon with a crest on it I am extravagant."

"It was my great-grandmother's," she answered with some confusion.

"And her name was?"—then he leaned eagerly forward.

'Sylvester, and that was the crest of her family."

"Your grandmother's name?"

"Stormonth, the same as yours, although I do not suppose that you were the most distant relation."

"Your mother's name?"

"Amy Stormonth; and there my knowledge of the family genealogy ends. You see, my mother made an unfortunate marriage and was separated from her friends. She died when I was born and my father soon after. I was adopted by distant relatives of my father's and lived with them until I married."

"Have you letters of your mother's?" And the old man's face was very pale and his voice trembled as he asked the question.

"Oh, yes; right here in the desk"—and Mrs. Newell opened it and handed him a package of yellow, old letters. "These were from her brother, whose name, by the way, was the same as yours. We have always thought it a strange coincidence."

Joel Stormonth's hand shook as she placed the letters in it. He unfolded and read a few in a dazed sort of way, then, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud.

"What is it?" cried Alice, running to his side with ready sympathy.

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Newell anxiously.

"No, no," he answered; "but in me you see the miserable man who wrote these cold, unfeeling letters in response to his only sister's appeal for help. I was your mother's brother." And his remorse-stricken conscience gave his worn old face such a look of utter wretchedness that tears of pity sprang into Alice's eyes. She put her soft little palm upon his furrowed cheek and gently stroked it, and with tender touch put back the straggling gray locks that had fallen over his forehead.

"Are you sorry that you did it?" she asked earnestly.

A look of unutterable anguish spread over his features. "If I only could undo it!" he exclaimed.

"When I have been naughty and am sorry for it, my mamma says, 'Now let us begin over again.' Can't you just do that way?" she asked, eagerly, bending her little rosebud face and looking earnestly into his sad, hopeless eyes.

"If you will only let me," he returned humbly, rising and looking at Mrs. Newell. She stood irresolute a moment. It was hard to forgive—her mother had suffered so much. Then her better nature conquered; she stepped to his side, took his hand, and laid her bright head on his shoulder.

"If you only knew," she said "how I have longed for kindred of my own, and how dear you will be to me, and how happy I hope to make you—" then her voice filled with tears. Alice clung to his other hand and danced wildly about.

"Is he my grandpa?" she asked. "I always wanted one."

'No, but he is your uncle, my dear."

What happiness Joel Stormonth felt as they all stood around him—and how rapidly he fell to planning! Among his vast possessions there was a great uptown mansion, and when he rented it at an enormous price to a salaried man he was wont to remark, with a niggardly smile of sarcasm, that when he got rich he meant to live in such a house. Now it seemed not half good enough, but he would modernize and furnish it sumptuously, and then, if little Mrs. Newell would live with such a crabbed, old man, he would install her as mistress. Alice should have every advantage money could give her; Newell should be taken into partnership, and some day little Joel Stormonth Newell should succeed to the business.

As he went home under the beautiful star-sprinkled sky the sweet story of the Christ-child was no longer a myth to him; and there was meaning in the deep-voiced melody of the Christmas bells; and so, with the memory of warm kisses on his lips, and with love and peace in his heart, he fell asleep amid their joyous clamor to awaken to a wider, nobler life.

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WHEN Markham came in from shoveling his last wagon-load of corn into the crib he found that his wife had put the children to bed, and was kneading a batch of dough, with the dogged action of a tired and sullen woman.

He slipped his soggy boots off his feet, and having laid a piece of wood on top of the stove, put his heels on it comfortably. His chair squeaked as he leaned back on its hinder legs, but he paid no attention; he was used to it exactly as he was used to his wife's lameness and ceaseless toil.

"That closes up my corn," he said after a silence. I" guess I'll go to town to-morrow to git my horses shod."

"I guess I'll get ready and go along," said his wife, in a sorry attempt to be firm and confident of tone.

"What do you want to go to town fer?" he grumbled.

"What does anybody want to go to town fer?" she burst out, facing him. I ain't been out o' this house fer six months, while you go an' go!"

"Oh, it ain't six months. You went down that day I got the mower."

"When was that? The tenth of July, and you know it."

"Well, mebbe 'twas. I didn't think it was so long ago. I ain't no objection to your goin,' only I'm going to take a load of wheat."

"Well, jest leave off a sack, an' that'll balance me an' the baby," she said spiritedly.

"All right," he replied good-naturedly, seeing she was roused. "Only that wheat ought to be put up to-night if you're goin.' You won't have any time to hold sacks for me in the morning with them young ones to get off to school."

"Well, let's go do it then," she said, sullenly resolute.

"I hate to go out agin; but s'pose we'd better." He yawned dismally and began pulling his boots on again, stamping his swollen feet into them with grunts of pain. She put on Sam's coat and one of the boy's caps, and they went out to the granary. It was cold and clear.

"Don't look as much like snow as it did last night," said Sam. It may turn warm."

Laying out the sacks in the light of a lantern they sorted out those which were whole, and Sam climbed into the bin with a tin pail in his hand and the work began.

He was a sturdy fellow and he worked desperately fast; the shining tin pail dived deep into the cold wheat and dragged heavily on the woman's tired hands as it came to the mouth of the sack. The wife trembled with fatigue, but she held on and dragged the sacks away when filled and brought others, till at last Sam climbed out puffing and wheezing, to tie them up.

"I guess I'll load 'em in the morning," he said. "You needn't wait fer me. I'll tie 'em up."

"Oh, I don't mind," she replied, feeling a little touched by his unexpectedly easy acquiescence to her request.

When they went back to the house the moon had risen. It had scarcely set when they were awakened by the crowing roosters. The man rolled stiffly out of bed and began rattling at the stove in the dark, cold kitchen.

His wife rose lamer and stiffer than usual, and began twisting her hair into a knot.

Sam did not stop to wash, but went out to the barn. The woman, however, hastily soused her face into the hard limestone water at the sink, and put the kettle on. Then she called the children. She knew it was early and they would need several callings. She pushed breakfast forward, running over in her mind the things she must have: two spools of thread, six yards of cotton flannel, a can of coffee, and mittens for Kitty. These she must have—there were oceans of things she needed.

The children soon came scudding down out of the darkness of the upstairs to dress tumultuously at the kitchen stove. They humped and shivered, holding up their bare feet from the cold floor like chickens in new-fallen snow. They were irritable, and snarled and snapped and struck like cats and dogs. Mrs. Markham stood it for a while with mere commands to "hush up," but at last her patience gave out, and she charged down on the struggling mob and cuffed them right and left.

They ate their breakfast by lamplight, and when Sam went back to his work around the barnyard it was scarcely dawn. The children, left alone with their mother, began to annoy her to let them go to town also.

"No, sir—nobody goes but baby. Your father's goin' to take a load of wheat."

The wife was weak with the worry of it when she had sent the older children away to school and the kitchen work was finished. She went into the cold bedroom off the little sitting room and put on her best dress. It had never been a good fit, and now she was getting so thin it hung in wrinkled folds everywhere about the shoulders and waist. She lay down on the bed a moment to ease that dull pain in her back. She had a moment's distaste for going out at all. Then the thought of the long, long day, and the sickening sameness of her life, swept over her again, and she rose and prepared baby for the journey.

It was a little after sunrise when Sam drove out into the road and started for Bellplain. His wife sat perched upon the wheat-sacks behind him, holding the baby in her lap, a cotton quilt under her, and a cotton horse-blanket over her knees.

Sam was disposed to be very good-natured, and he talked back at her occasionally, though she could only understand him when he turned his face toward her. The baby stared out at the passing fence-posts, and wiggled his hands out of his mittens at every opportunity. He was merry at least.

It grew warmer as they went on, and a strong south wind arose. The dust settled upon the woman's shawl and hat. Her hair loosened and blew unkemptly about her face. The road which led across the high, level prairie was quite smooth and dry, but still it jolted her, and the pain in her back increased. She had nothing to lean against, and the weight of the child grew greater, till she was forced to place him on the sacks beside her, though she could not loose her hold on him.

The town drew in sight—a cluster of small frame houses and stores on the dry prairie beside a railway station. There were no trees yet which could be called shade trees. The pitiless severe light of the sun flooded everything. A few teams were hitched about, and in the lee of the stores a few men could be seen seated comfortably, their broad hat-brims flopping up and down, their faces brown as leather.

Markham put his wife out at one of the grocery stores, and drove on down toward the elevators to sell his wheat.

The grocer greeted Mrs. Markham in a perfunctorily kind manner and offered her a chair which she took gratefully. She sat for a quarter of an hour almost without moving, leaning against the back of the high chair. At last the child began to get restless and troublesome and she spent half an hour helping him amuse himself around the nail-kegs.

At length she rose and went out on the walk. She went into the dry goods store and took a seat on one of the little revolving stools. A woman was buying some woolen goods for a dress. It was worth twenty-seven cents a yard, the clerk said, but he would knock off two cents if she took ten yards. It looked warm, and Mrs. Markham wished she could afford it for Mary.

A pretty young girl came in and laughed and chatted with the clerk, and bought a pair of gloves. She was the daughter of the grocer. Her happiness made the wife and mother sad.

When Sam came back she asked him for some money.

"What do you want to do with it?" he asked.

"I want to spend it," she said.

She was not to be trifled with, so he gave her a dollar.

"I need a dollar more,"

"Well, I've got to go take up that note at the bank."

"Well, the children's got to have some new under-clo'es," she said.

He handed her a two-dollar-bill and then went out to pay his note.

She bought her cotton flannel and mittens and thread, and then sat leaning against the counter. It was noon and she was hungry. She went out to the wagon, got the lunch she had brought, and took it into the grocery to eat it—where she could get a drink of water.

The grocer gave the baby a stick of candy and handed her an apple.

"It'll kind o' go down with your doughnuts," he said.

After eating her lunch she got up and went out. She felt ashamed to sit there any longer. She entered another dry-goods store, but when the clerk came toward her saying, "Anything today, Mrs.———?" she answered. "No, I guess not," and went out with foolish face.

She walked up and down the street desolately homeless. She did not know what to do with herself. She knew no one except the grocer. She grew bitter as she saw a couple of ladies pass, holding their demi-trains in the latest city fashion. Another woman went by pushing a baby carriage, in which sat a baby just about as big as her own. It was bouncing itself up and down on the long, slender springs, and laughing and shouting. Its clean, round face glowed from its pretty fringed hood. She looked down at the dusky clothes and grimy face of her own little one and walked on savagely.

She went into the drug store where the soda fountain was, but it made her thirsty to sit there and she went out on the street again. She heard Sam laugh, and saw him in a group of men over by the blacksmith shop. He was having a good time and had forgotten her.

Her back ached so intolerably that she concluded to go in and rest once more in the grocer's chair. The baby was growing cross and fretful. She bought five cents' worth of candy to take home to the children, and gave baby a little piece to keep him quiet. She wished Sam would come. It must be getting late. The grocer said it was not much after one. Time seemed terribly long. She felt that she ought to do something while she was in town. She ran over her purchases—yes, that was all she had planned to buy. She fell to figuring on the things she needed. It was terrible. It ran away up into twenty or thirty dollars at the least. Sam, as well as she, needed underwear for the cold winter, but they would have to wear the old ones even if they were thin and ragged. She would not need a dress she thought bitterly because she never went anywhere. She rose and went out on the street once more and wandered up and down looking at everything in the hope of enjoying something.

A man from Boon Creek backed a load of apples up to the sidewalk and as he stood waiting for the grocer he noticed Mrs. Markham and the baby, and gave the baby an apple. This was pleasure. He had such a hearty way about him. He, on his part, saw an ordinary farmer's wife with dusty dress, unkempt hair and tired face. He did not know exactly why she appealed to him, but he tried to cheer her up.

The grocer was familiar with these bedraggled and weary wives. He was accustomed to see them sit for hours in his big wooden chair, and nurse tired and fretful children. Their forlorn, aimless, pathetic wandering up and down the street was a daily occurence, and had never possessed any special meaning to him.

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

the grocery store two men and a woman were finishing a dainty luncheon. The woman was dressed in cool garments, and she seemed to make the day one of perfect comfort.

The home of the Honorable Mr. Hall was by no means the costliest in town, but his wife made it the most attractive. He was one of the leading lawyers of the country, and a man of culture and progressive views. He was entertaining a friend, who had lectured the night before in the Congregational Church.

They were by no means in serious discussion. The talk was rather frivolous. Hall had the ability to caricature with a few gestures and attitudes, and was giving to his Eastern friend some descriptions of the old-fashioned Western lawyers he had met in his practice. He was very amusing, and his guest laughed heartily for a time.

But suddenly Hall became aware that Otis was not listening. Then he perceived that he was peering out of the window at some one, and that on his face a look of bitter sadness was falling.

Hall stopped. "What do you see, Otis?"

Otis replied, "I see a forlorn, weary woman."

Mrs Hall rose and went to the window. Mrs Markham was walking by the house, her baby in her arms. Savage anger and weeping were in her eyes and on her lips, and there was hopeless tragedy in her shambling walk and weak back.

In silence Otis went on: "I saw the poor, dejected creature twice this morning. I could not forget her."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Hall softly.

"Her name is Markham; she's Sam Markham's wife," said Hall.

The young wife led the way into the sitting-room, and the men took seats and lit their cigars. Hall was meditating a diversion when Otis resumed suddenly:

"That woman came to town to-day to get a change, to have a little play-spell, and she's wandering around like a starved and weary cat. I wonder if there is a woman in this town with sympathy enough and courage enough to go out and help that woman? The saloon-keepers, the politicians and the grocers make it pleasant for the man—so pleasant that he forgets his wife. But the wife is left without a word."

Mrs. Hall's work dropped, and on her pretty face was a look of pain. The man's harsh words had wounded her—and weakened her. She took up her hat and hurried out on the walk. The men looked at each other, and then the husband said:

"It's going to be a little sultry for men around these diggings. Suppose we go out for a walk."

Delia felt a hand on her arm as she stood at the corner.

"You look tired, Mrs Markham; won't you come in a little while? I'm Mrs. Hall."

Mrs. Markham turned with a scowl on her face, and a biting word on her tongue, but something in the sweet, round little face of the other woman silence her, and her brow smoothed out.

"Thank you kindly, but it's most time to go home. I'm looking fer Mr. Markham now."

"Oh, come in a little while, the baby is cross and tired out; please do."

Mrs. Markham yielded to the friendly voice, and together the two women reached the gate just as the two men hurriedly turned the corner.

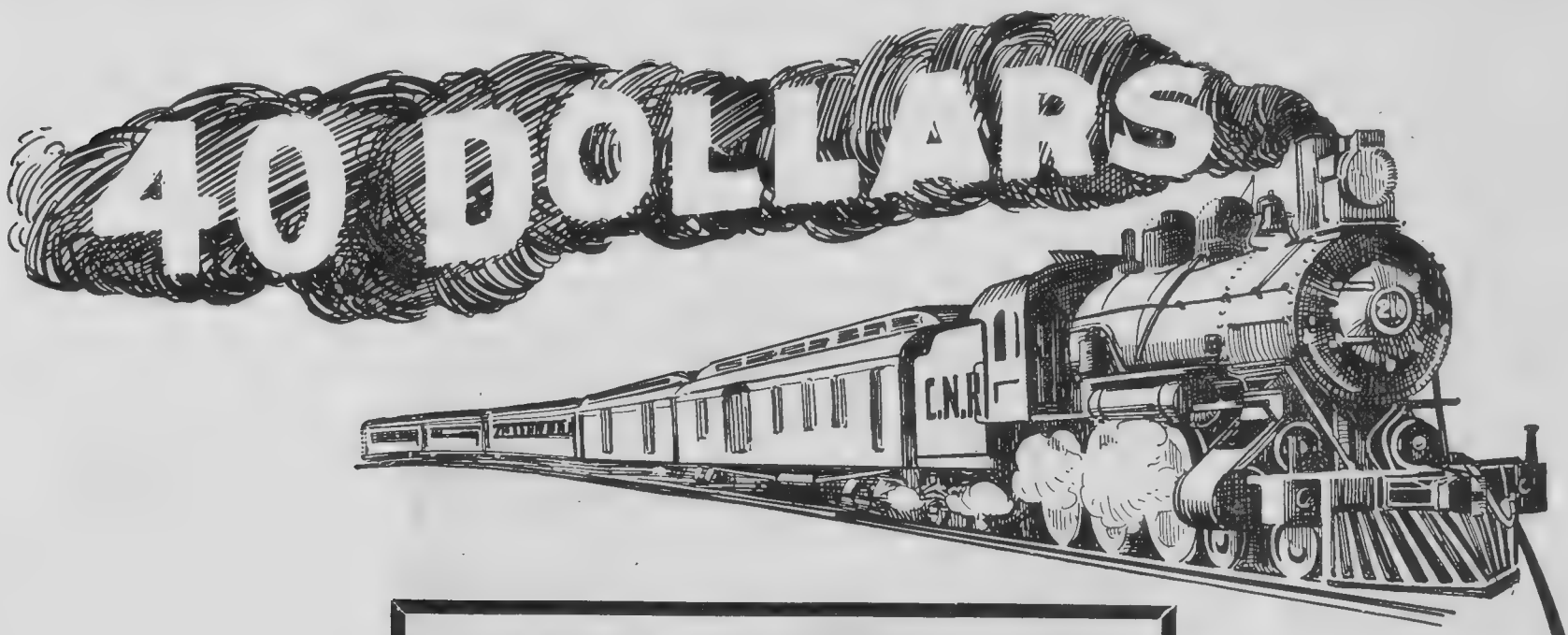
"Let me relieve you," said Mrs Hall.

The mother hesitated: He's so dusty."

"Oh, that won't matter. Oh, what a big fellow he is! I haven't any of my own," said Mrs. Hall, and a look passed like an electric spark between the two women, and Delia was her willing guest from that moment.

They went into the little sitting-room, so dainty and lovely to the farmer's wife, and as she sank into an easy-chair she was faint and drowsy with the pleasure of it. She submitted to being brushed. She gave the baby into the hands of the Swedish girl, who washed its face and hands and sang it to sleep, while its mother sipped some tea. Through it all she lay back in her easy-chair, not speaking a word, while the ache passed out of her back, and her hot, swollen head ceased to throb.

But she saw everything—the piano, the pictures, the curtains, the wall paper, the little tea stand. They were almost as grateful to her as the food and fragrant tea. Such housekeeping as this she had never seen. Her mother had worn her kitchen floor thin as



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brown paper in keeping a speckless house, and she had been in houses that were larger and costlier, but something of the charm of her hostess was in the arrangement of vases, chairs or pictures. It was tasteful.

Mrs. Hall did not ask about her affairs. She talked to her about the sturdy little baby, and about the things upon which Delia's eyes dwelt. If she was interested in a vase she was told what it was and where it was made. She was shown all the pictures and books. Mrs. Hall seemed to read her visitor's mind. She kept as far from the farm and her guest's affairs as possible, and at last she opened the piano and sang to her—not slow-moving hymns, but catchy love-songs full of sentiment, and then played some simple melodies, knowing that Mrs. Markham's eyes were studying her hands, her rings and the flash of her fingers on the keys—seeing more than she heard—and through it all Mrs. Hall conveyed the impression that she, too was having a good time.

The rattle of the wagon outside roused them both. Sam was at the gate for her. Mrs. Markham rose hastily. "Oh, it's almost sundown!" she gasped in astonishment as she looked out of the window.

"Oh, that won't kill anybody," replied her hostess. "Don't hurry. Carrie, take the baby out to the wagon for Mrs. Markham while I help her with her things."

"Oh, I've had such a good time," Mrs. Markham said as they went down the little walk.

"So have I,' 'replied Mrs. Hall. She took the baby a moment as her guest climbed in. "Oh, you big, fat fellow!" she cried as she gave him a squeeze. "You must bring your wife in oftener, Mr. Markham," she said as she handed the baby up.

Sam was staring with amazement.

"Thank you, I will," he finally managed to say.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Markham.

"Good-night, dear," called Mrs. Hall, and the wagon began to rattle off.

The tenderness and sympathy in her voice brought the tears to Delia's eyes—not hot nor bitter tears, but tears that cooled her eyes and cleared her mind.

The wind had gone down, and the red sunlight fell mistily over the world of corn and stubble. The crickets were still chirping and the feeding cattle were drifting toward the farmyards. The day had been made beautiful by human sympathy. It was a day to remember.

"You sang to her?" said Hall as she reached that point in her story.

"Yes, and I haven't enjoyed singing so well—since—well—since you came courting in dear old Beloit."

Almost Incurable.

Percy—What are you crying about?

Harold—A horse ran away with my brother, threw him out of the carriage and he was laid up for six months.

Percy—Why, that's nothing. My brother had a terrible accident, too; only his was different. He ran away with the horse and he's up for six years.

Very Annoying.

The girl was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle. "Mary," said her mistress one day last week, "what are you doing with that clock?"

Mary (with the servant's bedroom clock under her arm)—"Plaze mum, all out av order, mum. Ivery morning Oi'm takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's at foive o'clock it goes all to pieces an' makes such a racket Oi can't slape."

Hospitable.

"And did you enjoy your African trip, major? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they were extremely kind-hearted. They wanted to keep me for dinner."

A Wise Pupil.

School Teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot? Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country. School Teacher—And what is a politician? Johnny—A man that tries to have his country benefit him.

Sunset on Boulder Lake, Saskatchewan. Near Undora Station, G.T.P.

Brain Leaks.

True love misses little, but makes allowances for much.

Reforms easily accomplished amount to but little.

The man who has never suffered knows little about sympathy.

We can stand to have our opinions abused, but we resent ridicule.

Fret & Fume is one firm that never needs to advertise for customers.

The worst thing that can happen to some men is an early success.

The man who never does anything is never criticized for what he does.

Lack of pluck is apt to be the reason for a man's complaint about his luck.

In order to work for your best interests you must be interested in your work.

Trouble seems to have wireless connection with the fellow that is looking for it.

A man never adds to his banking account from the proceeds of a harvest of wild oats.

What is a fellow going to do about it when a court fairly invites contempt by its actions?

Some men have an idea that "good fellowship" consists in spending their money for booze.

The Kissing Cure.

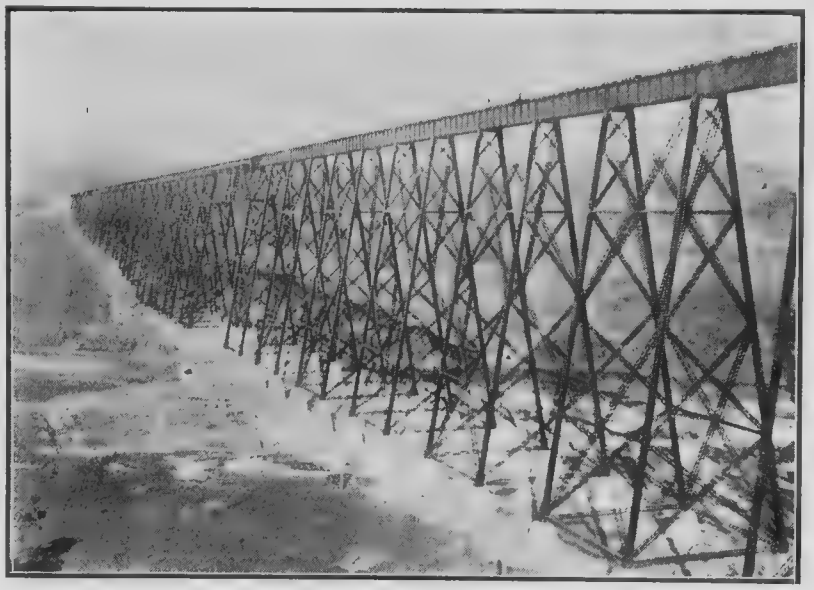
On entering a street car the other day I noticed a familiar figure, one hand holding a strap, the other being pressed against his jaw, seemingly in great agony. Recognizing him, I slapped him on the shoulder and asked what the trouble was. He answered:

"Ouch! Can't you see I've an awful toothache?"

"You are only imagining you have a toothache," said I.

"Sometimes I imagine it, too, but when I get home, my wife kisses around the toothache, and by it, and on it until I forget I ever had a toothache."

My friend was quick to reply, "Will your wife be home in half an hour?"



Battle River Bridge, Looking East. 180 ft. high, 2,770 ft. long. (Note man on bridge near Water Barrel)

Living up to His Motto.

"Well, sir!" exclaimed the millionaire, "what do you want this morning?"

"I've come again to ask for your daughter," said the poor but ambitious young man.

"Haven't I told you six times over on as many different days that it is out of the question? What do you mean by bothering me in this way? You are making a nuisance of yourself!"

"If I seem to be more persistent than circumstances warrant, I must insist that you, sir, are to blame."

"I!" shouted the indignant old man. "I don't understand you."

"There," said the man who loved his daughter, as he pointed to a motto over the banker's desk, "is my excuse for coming here day after day; 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' Do you believe in that sentiment, or have you put it up there simply to deceive people?"

After he had scratched his head awhile the mean old plutocrat said:

"Yes, I believe in that. I haven't succeeded yet in making you understand that my daughter shall not become the wife of a fool, but I am going to keep on trying till I do. Good-morning!"

And that time he did it.

No Room.

A priest told a bad boy whom he caught swearing that he should be careful, as the Lord was watching him. The boy said: "Is he right here in this yard?" and the priest said, "Yes." "Is he in Casey's yard?" the boy again asked. The priest said, "Yes." The boy said: "You're a liar. Casey hasn't got any yard."

Saving the Situation.

Sir Francis Carruthers Gould, the brilliant cartoonist, was once the means of averting what might have proved a very serious disaster by his clever and spontaneous wit.

Shortly after an important political election, he was giving a lecture to a crowded gathering, when, in the middle of his speech, something went wrong with the lighting arrangements, and the hall was plunged in darkness. A panic seemed inevitable, but with remarkable presence of mind Sir Francis saved the situation.

Advancing to the front of the platform, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry, but there has been so much 'gas' used during the election that there is considerable difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply now."

In the laugh that followed the audience forgot their fright, and they were got safely out without any damage being done.

When a net ceases to catch fish it is time either to mend the net or change the fisherman.

God's plans never miscarry. The Celestial legions never halt nor retreat.

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Clover Bar Bridge, G.T.P.

Quebec Province

Through its Treasurer, Hon. W. A. Weir, sends Christmas greetings to the Canadian West.

Canadians of the West have the proud distinction of being the pioneers of the fortunes of a great country. They are making history from the very foundations. I admire their pluck and enterprise and yet as the dear old Christmastide comes round again, the sentiment that wells from my heart for my fellow country men on the prairies is one of pathos and sympathy. How many of them will be listening for the sweet music of the old church bell of their childhood's home, or picturing in the red blaze of the fireplace the faces of dear ones far away! But they will be all the better for such reminiscences, whose sanctity is purifying and will not lessen the courage for doing the duty of the hour.

I have never had the pleasure of seeing Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia, but my interest in them and their population is very keen, for much of the future greatness of Canada depends upon them.

The East naturally takes to heart the interests of the West. In the first place, being the older settled portion of the country, it was called upon to mortgage itself heavily for the construction of railways in the West and generally for the opening up of the land—there were not wanting pessimists who proclaimed this policy a

Hon. W. .A. Weir.

ruinous one—But time has demonstrated that the courage of the national leaders was based on Wisdom—the prosperity of the West is the great reward of their efforts and that prosperity reacts upon the East in many ways.

The East and West of Canada are now indissolubly bound together in the working out of the destiny of Canada—that destiny may be bright and illustrious, or commonplace and trite, as we choose to make it. Unity of purpose is a necessity of this task and so our thoughts should often dwell upon the ideals common to all sections of the people. While every Canadian should study the means to advance his personal welfare and the growth of his municipality and province, it is his duty to avoid the bane of selfishness and sectionalism.

The prosperity of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick should be dear to the hearts of the Westener, and the citizen of St. John, Montreal or Toronto should sympathize with the laudable aims of his fellow Canadians who live in or about Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton or Vancouver. Canadians in order to make their country great must have good hearts and lofty ideals.

Men of distinction are made rather by noble thoughts than by the accumulation of wealth. Let us put every question that presents itself to us, either as individuals or as a community, to the keenest moral test. Is it based on motives of selfishness, envy, spite? or is it founded on principles that make for the betterment of our fellow men? Let us always remember that righteousness exalteth a nation and a proud position will be assured for Canada among the peoples of the world.

I look to the West for an invigorating influence upon national questions. Old formulas that for years have passed current in the East will be challenged in the West and made to justify their usefulness. Our East is tied down more than it realizes by custom, tradition, caste and unstable standards, which it has not always the courage to criticize—And so, we will benefit much by the stalwart courage of the West. The growth of Western influence in the national parliament will have salutary results upon the development of our common country. As the years unfold before us, I hope for the growth and permanence of real sympathy between all Canadians, wherever situate, and of common aspirations for a noble performance of national duty. And for the present, I wish a happy, cheerful, joyous Christmas time to all the readers of the Western Home Monthly.

The Death of the Mohawk Chief.

Written for the Western Home Monthly
By Mrs. Matthew Robinson.

Stern and silent stood the captive, proudly glanced his piercing eye
On each fierce and savage foeman, clamoring to see him die;
Such a death! with awful tortures, and no earthly power can save:
Yet his heart is firm and steadfast, and his brow serenly brave.
Came the haughty Huron chieftain, striding to his captive's side,
Deadly hate and bitter vengeance mingled in his look of pride.
Long each gazed upon the other, hatred in each breast awoke;
Till the Huron broke the silence and in taunting accents spoke,
While a smile of gloating triumph o'er his dusky features passed:
"Have the dogs of Meng-we-no-gua caught the Mohawk rat at last?"
Paused the Mohawk for a moment, then he answered, proud and slow:
"Forty of thy dogs, O! Huron, hath the Mohawk rat laid low:
Their scalps dry within my wigwam, their bones whiten on the plain,
At the heels of Mohawk warriors, they will never yelp again!"
As the daring words were uttered on the instant there arose
A fierce yell of savage anger from a hundred raging foes.
"Silence!" cried the Huron, madly; "Seize the boaster, bind him fast;
He shall follow my dead warriors ere another sun hath passed!"
"He will tell them," spoke the Mohawk in his calm and cutting voice,
"See, O! Hurons, see a spirit that should make thy hearts rejoice!
See, O! braves of Meng-we-no-gua what a great deed he hath done;
Nobly have his forty warriors been avenged by slaying one!"
"Seize him!" cried the raging Huron;
"Tortures shall his spirit break!"
With a yell they fell upon him, dragged and bound him to the stake,
Heaped the fagots high about him, danced around the blazing pile,
Naught rewards their fiendish efforts save a pround and lofty smile!
Pierced with arrows, cut and beaten, and his flesh with splinters torn,
He meets all their taunts and insults with a cool and silent scorn.
Not the quiver of a muscle, not the trembling of an eye,
Bravely has he lived, and bravely like a warrior does he die.
At the last, upon the margin, where death's waters silent roll,
Like a flickering, dying torchlight, sudden blazed the chieftain's soul;
He arose and gazed upon them, in unconquered, deathless pride
Stood his burned and mangled body, while in trumpet tones he cried,
Stretching his torn arms in triumph to the redly setting sun:
"Ye have done your worst, false Huron;
I count forty, ye but one!"
Winnipeg, July, 1910.

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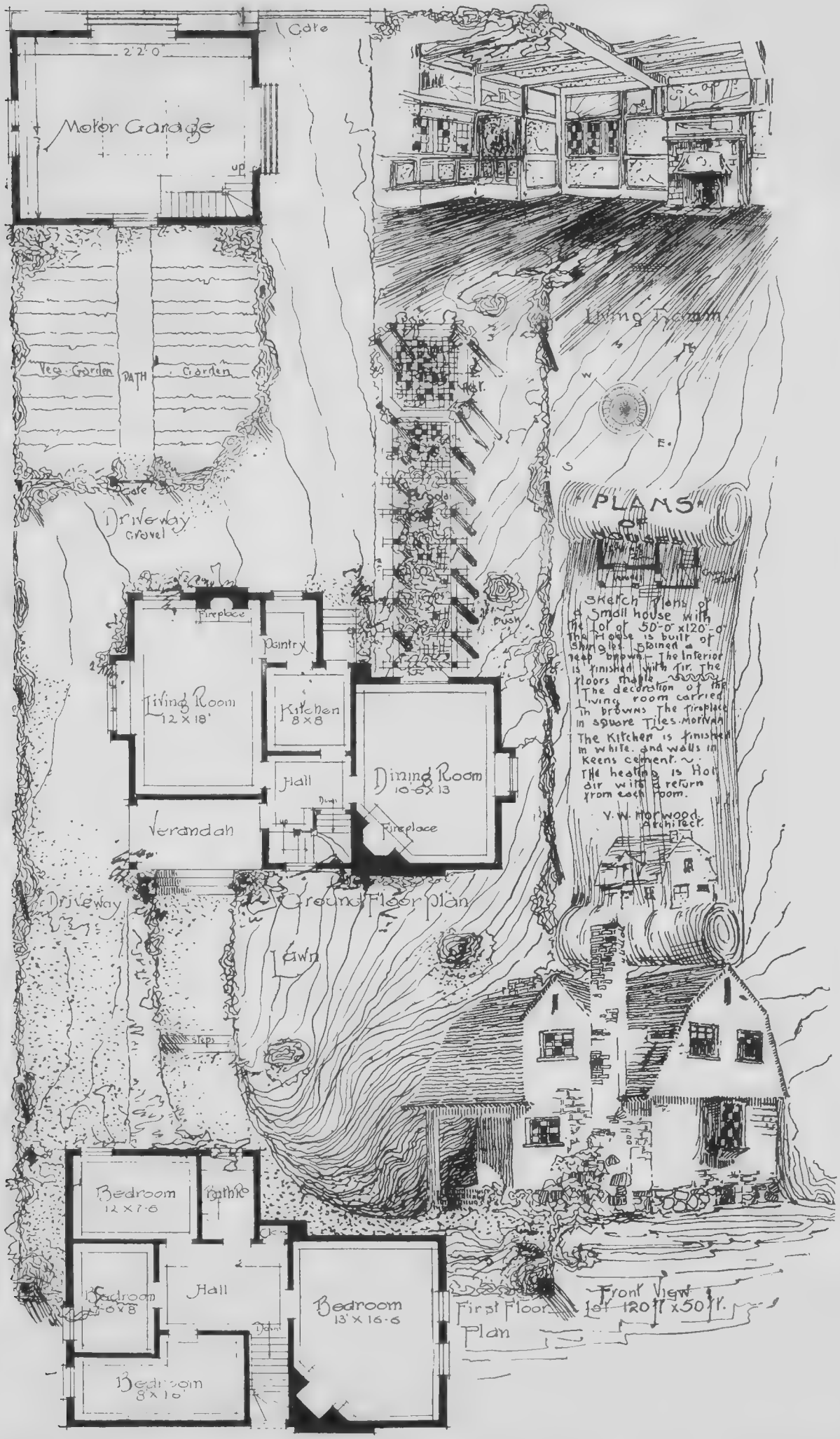

Mr. Carnegie On Millionaires.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking recently on the occasion of the Jubilee Celebration of the Chambers Institute, Peebles, Scotland, said the acquisition and disposition of wealth in our day was a problem in which we were all already deeply interested, and were to become more so. It was a serious question whether wealth in youth be more desirable than poverty; whether it was better that men should begin the life of a Chambers or that of the millionaire's child; whether hereditary wealth was best either for the individual or for the State. Proceeding, Mr. Carnegie said—I have been accused of accused of assisting to make many millionaires in dollars. Forty odd are charged to my account; a fearful responsibility indeed, but there is this consoling reflection. In America, as in all lands of our English-speaking race except in the dear Motherland, it is the custom to distribute wealth equally among the children, and the widow has portion by law. There being no law of primogeniture and entail or settlement, an aristocracy of wealth cannot be established, for wealth left free is rapidly scattered. The saying in Yorkshire, "Three generations from clogs to clogs" is translated in America into "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." From experience I know this is a true saying. We have little wealth remaining in American families for more than three generations of heirs, and that in only a very few cases. It scatters considerably as a rule in the first generation of heirs, greatly in the second, and during the third it vanishes and the heirs of the millionaire return to lives of strenuous labor, a much needed reformatory school. I cannot but believe that it is best for the nation as a whole that wealth should thus be allowed to pass freely from rich to poor, unimpeded by legislation, all left to the free play of natural forces—the spendthrift gets rid of the burden he cannot use well, the poor man acquires it by strenuous exertion, self-denial and useful service, after the fashion of the Chamber brothers. Our experience in the newer land of America is that millionanres' sons as a rule do not compare well as valuable members of society with their fathers, or even with those compelled to earn their livelihood by honest labor; and as for the millionairs themselves, so far as my knowledge of that class extends, few are happy in old age. While they have more than enough to retire upon, they have neglected to provide themselves with something precious to retire to. It is a serious matter to advise them to retire from business. None can be happy who have not followed the Chambers' example and never failed to interest themselves in higher things. Millionaires who laugh are rare.

V. W. HORWOOD,

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Preserving Eggs.

In preserving eggs one point is aimed at and that is the exclusion of air. For the last three or four years we have used that cleanly method the United States Department of Agriculture has recommended—a solution of water glass, also variously known as soluble glass and silicate of soda. Its cost is comparatively low, being obtained usually at ten or fifteen cents a pint. To use it fill an earthen jar or water-tight wooden vessel with the eggs. To one part of water glass add 10 parts of tepid water, stirring the water slowly and thoroughly into the glass solution. When cold pour this mixture gently over the eggs, using a sufficient amount to immerse them. Three pints of water glass and fifteen quarts of water will generally cover fifty dozen eggs. Keep the vessel covered and in a cool place. The eggs will be just as fresh when taken out of the solution as when put in. When packing, if in doubt about the freshness of the eggs, test them. A fresh egg will sink to the bottom of a vessel of water. See that they are clean and perfect. A cracked egg will spoil and ruin the solution. Eggs are always cheapest in the spring, and by putting down a quantity when they are twelve or fifteen cents a dozen, the housekeeper can feel free to use them no matter if they are retailing at thirty-five or forty cents a dozen during the winter.

Experiments have proved that infertile eggs preserve better than those containing the germ of life. Early in the spring I begin packing ducks' eggs. They have a smooth, tenacious shell, and keep perfectly in this solution one year, the white being as thick as when freshly laid. It is claimed that eggs will keep in this solution two years, but I have never tried it, as I pack only enough to last until eggs are again plentiful and cheap. I have my solution prepared, and as the eggs are gathered and allowed to stand one day, put them in. As the bottoms of earthen jars are porous, never let them come in contact with the cemented floor or ground. Place them on a bench or on a board on the floor.

Rice Croquettes.

Put one pint of cold boiled rice in a double boiler with a gill of milk; stir until hot, add the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla; take from the fire and turn out to cool; when cold form into cylinders, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat. If these are to be served with meat omit the suger and vanilla, and add salt, pepper and parsley.

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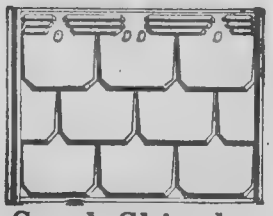

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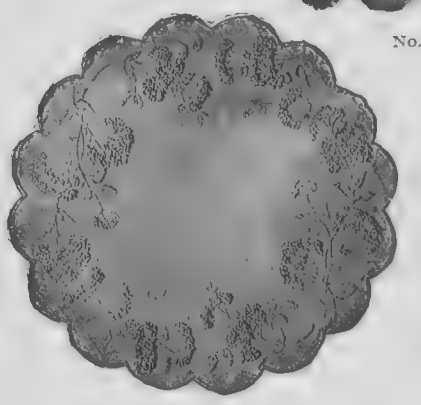
Embroidered Centrepieces and Cushions.

The centrepieces and cushions illustrated on this page show some of the latest designs for artistic embroidery. Colored silk embroidery on heavy greyish linen is most effective for these centre pieces which are used for library and living room decoration as well as for dining room use. The soft artistic shades of the embroidery silks blend beautifully with these backgrounds and handsome Cluny lace edges these centres.

Nos. 2074 and 3005 are good examples of such centres. They are printed on heavy linen crash and are embroidered in the shades suggested by the tinting. No. 2074 is a beautiful arrangement of oak leaves and acorns, and Royal floss in shades of green No. 1240, 1240½, 1241, 1242 and 1243; dull greens Nos. 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483 and 1484; reddish browns Nos. 1326½, 1327 and 1328 are used for the leaves. Acorns, Nos. 1563, 1564 and 1565. Border, rope silk No. 1471½.

No. 3005—27 inch centrepiece. Price 75 cents.

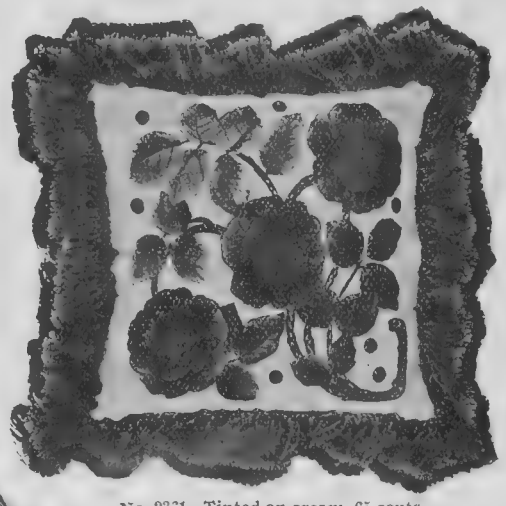


No. 4532—Stamped on white linen, 18 inch 35 cents, 24 inch 50 cents.

No. 2074—36 inch centrepiece. Price $1 10

No. 2361 is a very handsome conventional design of roses, tinted in golden browns and greens. The roses are embroidered almost solidly in shades of brown royal floss No. 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511 and 1512. Afterwards outlining all the petals with black No. 1203. The leaves are heavily tipped in long and short stitch, using greens Nos. 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1471½ 1471x. The ribbon ruffle which finishes this handsome cushion, consists of a dull leaf green duchesse ribbon with narrow ruffles of gold and black satin ribbon sewn on with a half inch space between.

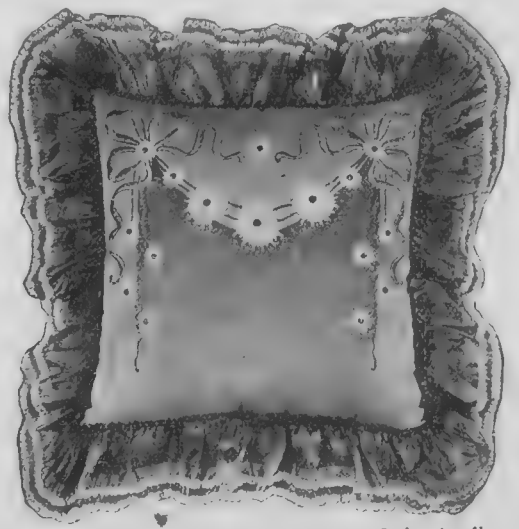
No. 4532 is a pretty design of wild carraway which is so fashionable at present, and lends itself to the all white embroidery which some people prefer for dining room use. The stitch used for this embroidery is composed of coarse French knots placed in clusters. This design could be worked out in colors if preferred using royal floss white No. 1201 shaded with pale green No. 1239x, and 1239½. Leaves No. 1469, 1470, 1471, 1471½, 1471. Or the whole design may be carried out in white using lustered cotton in sizes "B" for the knots, "D" for the leaves and "C" for the border.



No. 2361—Tinted on cream, 65 cents.

No. 151 is a very effective cushion which shows a combination of daisy appliques and solid embroidery. The daisy appliques come in made up form ready to be sewn into place, and are fastened with small rays of white silk. The cushion illustrated is tinted on pale green and white daisies are applied. The graceful ribbon design being solidly embroidered in padded satin stitch using pale green royal floss Nos. 1241½ and 1242. The ribbon afterwards being couched with Japanese gold thread. A handsomely ruffled frill completes this dainty cushion, consisting of pale green duchesse satin ribbon on which are sewn two narrow ruchings of white satin ribbon.

Silk to embroider any of the above designs can be had at 5 cents. per skein, or 55 cents per doz., and lustered cotton for the carraway centre at 3 cents per skein. Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled.



No. 151—Tinted on green, 65 cents. Daisy Applique, large 15 cents each small 7 cents each.

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A GRACEFUL FROCK OF CASHMERE.

Cashmere is the favorite material of the season for young girls' dresses and is always pretty and attractive. This one is trimmed with velvet and with chemisette of lace, under sleeves of chiffon over close fitted linings of gold net, the color of the gown being a dull old rose. The use of the chiffon over the gold is distinctly novel as well as a smart one. It is closed at the left of the front and it gives exceedingly graceful and becoming lines. The neck can be finished either with or without the stock collar, also the model will be found just as appropriate for the simple dress of dark colored serge as it is for the more dainty one of rose colored cashmere. If sturdy materials are used the sleeve puffs can be made from taffeta or messaline, or from any similar material; or, if liked, plain sleeves can be used as shown in the back view.

A Simple Gown of Silk.

For the sixteen year size will be required 9⅝ yards of material 24 or 27, 6⅛ yards 32 or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, ½ yard of chiffon for the sleeve puffs.

The pattern 6453 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

A SIMPLE GOWN OF SILK.

Silk is being much worn for simple gowns this season and this one shows one of the pretty novelty sort with banding of plain color and chemisette of lace. The blouse is one of the latest, closed beneath the tabs at the left of the front, and includes distinctly novel sleeves. These sleeves can be made of one material as shown in this instance or two as liked, for the puffs suit chiffon and other thin materials peculiarly well. There is a lining which can be used or omitted as liked. The skirt represents one of the very latest styles, made with plaited flounce portions that are attached to plain gores. It can be trimmed as illustrated or to give a panel effect.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 24, 3¼ yards 27 or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of all-over lace and ½ yard of satin for the banding; for the skirt, 8 yards 24, 7¼ yards 27 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of satin for banding.

The blouse pattern 6473 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

FASHIONABLE INDOOR GOWNS.

Indoor gowns are exceedingly attractive this season. They include many variations but those made in jersey style and those made with tunic skirts are pronounced favorites. Here is one model of each sort.

The gown to the left is made of one of the new ribbed silks with the chemisette of tucked chiffon and trimming of soutache braid. There is a sash arranged over the lower edge of the cuirass and this sash is of messaline ribbon. The gown is adapted to a great many different materials, however. It could be made from chiffon broadcloth or from cashmere, it can be made from any available silk or any similar material and it can be made with the cuirass of one material and the skirt of another. Jersey cloth is a favorite for the upper portion but crepe de Chine, messaline, broadcloth and velvet are all used with skirts of contrasting material, either silk or wool, plain colored, striped, checked or plaided as may be.

A Graceful Frock of Cashmere.

For the medium size will be required 9½ yards of material 24 or 27, 5½ yards 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard of tucking for the chemisette,

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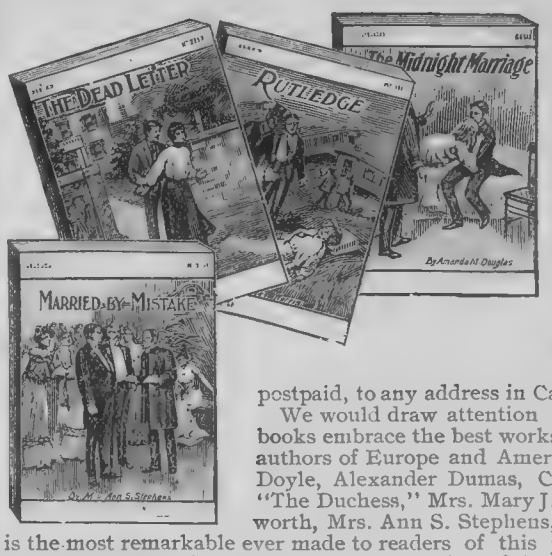

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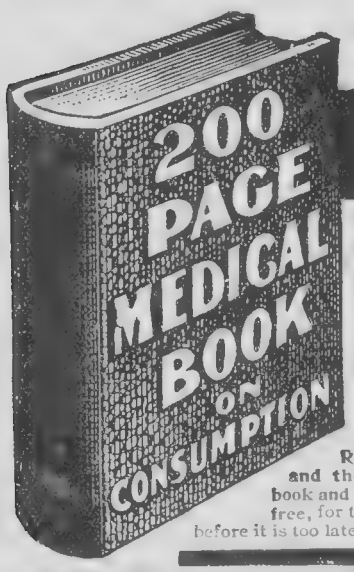

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Address—THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 53 Toronto, Ont.

Fashionable Indoor Gowns.

4 yards of ribbon for the sash. The pattern 6461 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

The tunic gown is shown in one of the beautiful new satin finished silks with bands of the same as trimming. It is eminently graceful and attractive giving exceptionally becoming lines. The skirt can be made short, however, if a simpler gown is wanted and the blouse can be finished with the regulation stock and made either with slightly full sleeves or plain tight fitting ones. For this gown also there are a great many appropriate materials, silk and wool being equally in vogue.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 with ½ yard 27 for the trimming; for the skirt, 9½ yards 27, 7¼ yards 44 with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming. The blouse pattern 6458 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6155 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

A FASHIONABLE WINTER COAT.

Fashionable coats are long this season and this one is ample and protective while it gives exceedingly smart lines. It includes plaited portions at the sides and is made with an exceptionally handsome collar. In this case the material is broadcloth and the trimming is soutache braid combined with wide braid, but in place of the fancy design of soutache plain bands could be used or the entire collar could be braided and braid applied over the plain fronts and the straight trimming portions. Indeed, the coat is susceptible of treatment of various sorts and also is adapted to all seasonable cloakings, the rough finished cloths that are so much liked for simpler use, the moire velours and velvets that are so handsome for dressy occasions as well as broadcloth.

For the medium size will be required 9 yards of material 27, 5½ yards 44 or 4½ yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6452 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

A Fashionable Winter Coat.

A COMFORTABLE COAT.

Coats that are made double breasted and buttoned right up to the chin are always comfortable for little girls and this one is smart as well as practical. It is made with big patch pockets and pointed over-laps and with flaring cuffs. It can be made in the length illustrated or shorter as liked and it will be found adapted to every cloaking material. One of the new heavy cloths with trimming of velvet makes the combination illustrated but the smooth finished cloths are always handsome, mixtures are being much used, velvet, velveteen and corduroy are all being extensively worn. If liked, the coat can be made with a slightly open neck and rolled-over collar and without the cuffs.

For the ten year size will be required 4⅛ yards of material 27, 3⅜ yards 44 or 2¼ yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard of velvet. A May Manton pattern, No. 6308, sizes 8 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postabe which insures more prompt delivery.)

6308—Girl's Double Breasted Coat

Design By May Manton.
6308 Girl's Double Breasted Coat.

A SIMPLE CHILDISH FROCK.

The frock that is made with yokes is a favorite one and this model gives pretty and attractive pointed outlines. In this case it is made of a mixed material showing shades of blue and white and is banded with blue. Plain colored cashmere and materials of a similar sort, plaids and checks, indeed, all childish materials are appropriate. Also the season has brought forth a great many combinations which are excedingly attractive and the dress could be made with yokes and the upper portions of the sleeves of one material, the plaited portions of waist and skirt and the under portions of the sleeves of another; so that it becomes particularly well adapted to remodeling. The skirt and waist are joined and the dress is closed at the back.

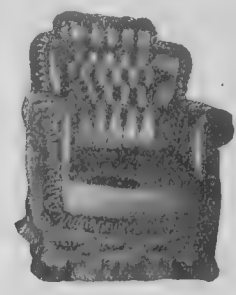
For a girl of 12 years of age will be required 6⅝ yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches with 10½ yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6454, sizes 8 to 14 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

SENSIBLE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

That will be a daily reminder of the giver for years to come. Order by mail to-day and save money, time and worry. All goods sold under our own guarantee. Money refunded if not satisfactory. We give you more for less money than any house in Western Canada. A sample order will be sufficient to convince you.

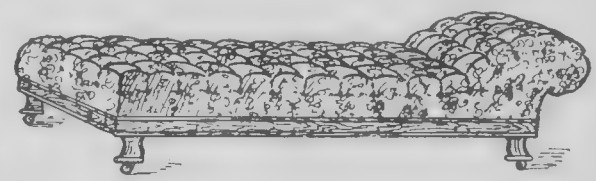
Chair No. 10
This is a full sized Morris Chair with reversible Velours cushions for seat and back, mounted on easy running castors, in solid quarter-cut oak, finished in dull wax golden. A sensible chair for sensible people, $7.50. If early English finish is desired add $1 50. Our price will easily save you $4.00

Chair No. 14
Mission Den Chair. A strong and well constructed smoking chair, having boxes on each arm as receptacles for smokers' supplies. Made of heavy quartered oak in strictly Mission style, Early English finish, Cushion Seat, upholstered back in genuine Sterling leather, any color, at only $19.00, well worth $25.00

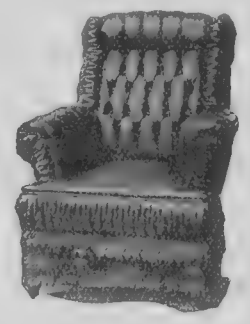


Chair No. 15
A most excellent example of the high class Turkish chair at a moderate price. It is the honesty of the work and material used that must determine the value. In this chair we succeeded in producing the highest quality at lowest cost. The base is solid oak with hand-shaped steel wire frame work. Good value at $46.00. Harrington Spring Rocker to match above $7.00 extra.

Chair No. 5
Fine Turkish easy chair. The latest. Has hand carved Mahogany base, highly polished. Made by expert workmen. Nicely ruffled with spring edges all around. Very rich and easy. Hair filling with hand-shaped steel wiring. None better to be had at the price, $65.00.



Couch No. 13
This Couch with button top covered in assorted colors of Velour with full spring edge $12.00. The same couch with spring edge and plain top $10.25, Another couch somewhat plainer with a plain band edge and fringe $7.50. Any of the above couches covered in genuine Pantesote at an extra charge of $4.50 on above prices.



Chair No. 12—This is another of our easy chairs, upholstered in the very best No. 1 Genuine natural grained leather, with best materials throughout. A gilt edge article at a low price, well worth $40.00. It is yours for $29.25. For Harrington Rocker base add $7.00.

Chair No. 11—This is a large high backed, deep seated easy chair, upholstered in No. 2 Genuine Leather with soft steel spring in seat and back. Just the thing for the man of the house. Plain and comfortable. Our price $20.00. If in Pantesote $16.75.

The above mentioned articles in this advertisement are guaranteed productions from our own workshops, and are the finished productions of our own ideas of what furniture and furnishings should be, and are but a slight hint at the values that we offer our customers. We guarantee any article to be as above represented. The values we know are at rock bottom prices and unsurpassed in value, style and finish. The flattering comments that have been paid us by our customers and the trade in general have prompted us to take the public into our confidence and to offer the same bargains broad cast. Order to-day so that you may not be disappointed. All goods securely packed and placed on board cars free of charge.

Campbell & Campbell, The Furniture People, Brandon, Man.

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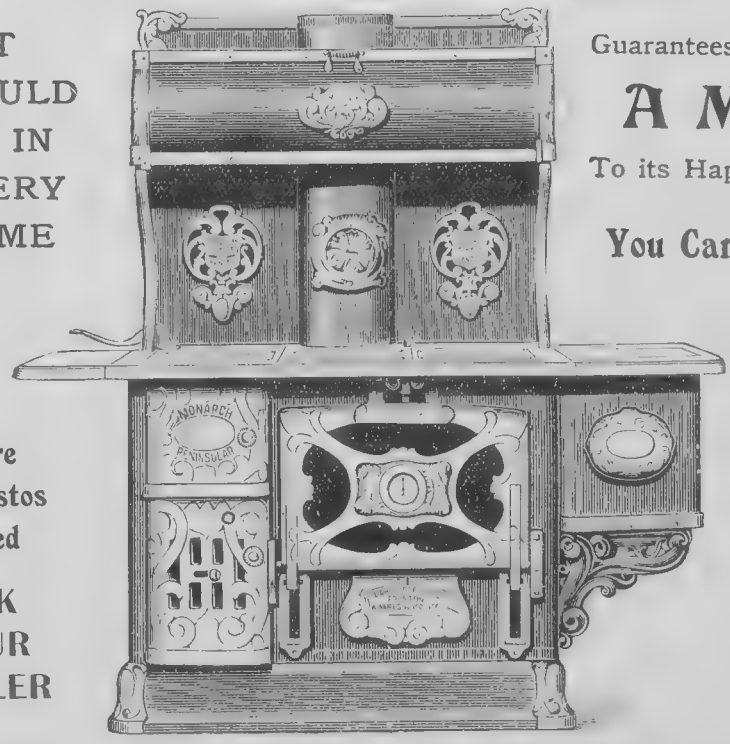
IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME



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Principal

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Full Orbed Manhood.

He stands the test where souls are tried
And truest honors finds,
Who conquers, manfully, the pride
That rules in feebler minds;
Who seeks not rest in life's career,
Nor yet beyond the grave;
Whose heaven is duty's noblest sphere,—
Not that which idlers crave.

He covets not the lordling's place,
Nor vainly strives to scan
The Master's mind, but asks for grace
To do the best he can.
His peace not torpor of the soul,
But harmony within,—
Renouncing self to reach the goal
And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays,
His eye ne'er backward turns;
Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways,
Ill-bought success he spurns.
Looking his fellow in the face,
He sees God's image there;
Whate'er may help to lift the race,
His hand is quick to share.

Meekly he takes life's daily tasks
As part of Heaven's great plan;
This boon—aught else denied,—he asks,
To be a manly man.
Angels attend on such a one,
And stars their courses move
To light his pathway to the throne
And garnish it with love.

Springfield "Republican."

Getting and Giving.

There was a fine old couple in the city of Toronto who had lived together as man and wife for many years. They were in comfortable circumstances, their earthly cares were few, and they had time and means at their disposal. Yet such is custom and habit that they gradually withdrew from the world of humanity, centred their thought on their daily routine, forgot the great world outside with all its joys and its sorrows, its wealth and its misery. I know not how it came about, but one day they both awakened to the fact that they were losing their human sympathy and living so completely to themselves that their lives were becoming narrow and selfish. So after consultation and careful consideration they decided to go to the Children's Home and obtain a child whom they could rear as their own. I saw the little Eleanor a few years back, and I observed a little of the beautiful home life, and I can yet remember the words of the old lady as she told how her life and the life of her husband began to expand and develop under the influence of the little child who came to bless their home with her presence. Little by little they grew out of self and began to live for their adopted daughter. The spirit of giving began to take hold of them, and their relation to the outside world began to change. The joy of self-service gave way to the joy of service for others. They found their lives in losing them. I can well remember the tones of the old lady as she quoted that text from the Gospel of Matthew. Then he added "We were very happy all these years of getting and saving and making each other happy, but we really never knew what happiness meant until we had some one else to live for."

The Christmas Spirit.

Here, then, is the Christmas spirit — the spirit of giving. And it is a good thing that once a year this spirit takes possession of our good old earth—or at least a portion of it. Of course there are those who decry the habit of giving, and say that it should be a custom the year round. Yet too often these are the very people who take good care that they do not become slaves to the custom. It is not easy during the year for a man to help his fellow. Social pride and class feeling prevent this. But at Christmas time there is an opportunity for an exchange of greetings, and for the dispensing of blessings. Then one may help another without offending his feelings. And it is wonderful how the heart of the giver as well as the heart of the receiver grows warm during the exchange of those little courtesies without which life is not worth living. To-day the missionary spirit — the spirit of giving—is drawing all the world together. May it draw all creeds and classes in our own community together; may the law of life be each for all. May our experiences fit us not for the battle of life, but for life's service. Then shall we have on earth that Peace and Good-will of which the angels sang.

Giving in the Family.

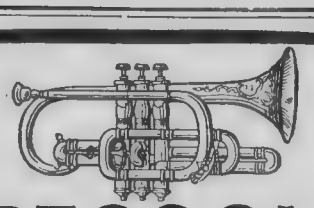
The spirit of giving finds expression in the life of the family. Custom and filial affection have both helped to this end. More especially it is expected that at Christmas time the parents will put forth special efforts to provide good gifts for their children. To cover their virtue they make use of the name of the good St. Nicholas, but as children are quick to comprehend figures of speech, they understand that the Saint is but a personification of the spirit of Christmas. If they delight to picture him as real it is because they yet have not passed the stage of fairy-tale. It will be well for them indeed if they never pass that stage. But whether the name of St. Nicholas is used or whether the parents make themselves known as the givers, there is much to be said in favor of the practice which has brought so much happiness into the world. And not happiness alone, but that good feeling which is the one essential condition of perfect and peaceful home life. For nothing is of value in the home unless there is a right relationship among the members of the family.

Have you ever considered the significance of infancy? With the lower animals babyhood is reduced to a few weeks or months, but with children it lasts for years. Did you ever think that one of the purposes of this long period of dependence is to bring parent and child into loving relationship? In the brute world the law of might prevails after the first few months, but with human beings things are so ordered that life without love is no life at all. Lengthened infancy means time for the development of that feeling of mutual sympathy which is absolutely essential to peace in the family and progress in the community. Such a feeling may be kept alive by these expressions of regard which we find during the Christmas season. Let not parents think the first thing is to provide rich clothing and luxuries. The first duty is to cultivate the Christian virtues of faith, hope and love, for these abide for ever. So in a wise home the Christmas-giving —from parent to child and from child to parent—will be not only endured, but practiced as a matter of necessity. It will be recognized that one grows not by what he receives, but by what he gives.

Children's Giving.

Children should be encouraged to make the gifts they wish to present to their parents. A father or mother thinks more of the giver than of the gift, and it is well that every look at the object should remind the parent of the giver. Among the things that boys may make for a father are—farm implements, or racks for holding them; stable-fixtures, such as a rack for the curry-comb, harness pegs, fodder-boxes, hens' laying-boxes; shop-fixtures, such as a nail-box, a chisel and tool rack; a box with compartments for bolts and screws. Then there are various gifts for personal wear, but most of these a boy must buy, unless he wishes to make a simple pipe-rack, or something of the kind. For the mother a boy may make kitchen fixtures such as a box for knives, for knife-brick, for spices, or a series of shelves and hooks for holding pantry and kitchen utensils. Or he may make something in the form of furniture such as a stool, a flower-stand, a boot-box. If he is not handy with tools he can buy something such as a collar-box, a handkerchief, a flower, a kitchen utensil.

Girls find it comparatively easy to get suitable gifts for their parents. They know how to sew and there are so many things a girl can make if she is willing to use her head and hands. For the father there are boxes for collars and cuffs; slippers, socks and mittens; knitted vests, throat-mufflers; paper-rack, tie-rack, shaving-pad. If she cannot sew, or knit or perform some other useful service with her hands, of



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CHILDREN'S DRESSES REDUCED.

In order to dispose of the hundreds of remnants of all wool Panama, Luster, that accumulate in our Ladies' Suit Factory, we have made them up into children's dresses like cut. This is the new Princess style and about the nicest we could find. We can supply this dress in any shade desired in the following materials: **Luster** $1.50 up to 6 yrs; $1.95 up to 8 yrs; $2.75 up to 12 yrs. In all wool **Panama** all shades $1.75 to 6 years; $2.35 to 10 yrs; $2.95 to 12½ yrs. From 10 to 14 years give Bust, waist, hip measure and length of skirt. Order a dress No. W5 to-day, add 35c., and we will pay postage.
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These stockings can be knit in 30 minutes on **Gearhart's Family Knitter.** New machine with Ribbing Attachment. Knits everything for home or trade, from factory or home-spun yarns. Rebate on duty, or express charges free. All yarns at cost. Write to-day for catalog and free samples of work.
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We trust you with the Blue until sold. Send your name and address and we will send you by return mail our Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other handsome and Valuable Premiums.
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Ten beautiful high grade Christmas postcards embossed in colors and gold, sent post free for 10c., Ten New Years postcard embossed in colors and gold sent post free for 10c. Remit in coin or unused stamps.
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For Everything in Music write—BARROWCLOUGH & SEMPLE, Winnipeg.

course she must purchase a gift, and here she has a wide choice for a man's needs are many. In selecting a gift for mother the daughter may think of many things in kitchen, in parlor or bedroom, or of articles for wear, any of which she will find it easy and inexpensive to make. And no girl above ten should be driven to the necessity of going to the store to get something for her lady friends, especially for her mother.

Gifts for Children.

In purchasing gifts for children parents should not get too many toys. A recent contest revealed the fact that objects most desired by boys were—a bicycle, a rifle, skates, books, a knife, a tool-chest and a ball. Here the objects needed for play and the objects needed for work are both found. No parent need hesitate a moment.

The same contest revealed that the wishes of girls included a watch, a piano, a ring, a camera, books, a dress, a doll, a handkerchief, a sewing-case. Here again there is a desire for the useful as well as for that which is employed during play. No parent need hesitate. Every child makes his wishes known long before Christmas and it is kindness and prudence to meet these wishes unless there is a reason for refusal. On another page is an article on "Children's Toys" which should be read by every parent at this time of the year.

Charity and Kindness.

But the most desirable gift of all at Christmas time has not yet been mentioned. There are those around us who are not in our own circle. They may not be blessed with worldly goods or friends. Can we not bring a little happiness into their lives? Is it a home in which the necessities of life are all too scant? Then what better than a load of wood or a receipt for a month's rent, or a sack of flour? Is it an old, old lady nearing the dark valley,—companionless and lonely? Then what better than an hour's visit, a cheerful book, a cluster of flowers? Our own home is not the only one in the land. Ours it is at this season, not to be selfish. Wherever sunshine, joy, and kindness may enter there it is our privilege to go. And in carrying blessing to others it returns upon ourselves. Well is it commanded to us "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Gifts All Around.

And while on this question of gifts it is well to urge that perhaps the best thing of all — especially as between friends who do not live in the same family—is a kind letter of appreciation. What do you suppose would happen if in Western Canada this Christmas every person wrote a kind letter of appreciation to some other member of the community. Do you know to whom you would send one? And do you know how many you would get because of the service you have rendered? Let us hope that no matter what others do, the hundred thousand who will read this paper before Christmas will act on this suggestion, and either write a kind note or speak a kind word of appreciation to somebody. Then will life be sweeter all around. Then will begin the true golden age.

Forgiveness.

Sweeter than friendship, than charity and kindness, is reconciliation. No man can round out his life into fullness and richness who cherishes in his heart hatred for others. Therefore, if we find in our hearts any feeling of anger or malice, or ill-will let us burn it out. Why wait for others to make the first move? There is no satisfaction in quarreling and enmity, there is no satisfaction in victory. There is joy and glory only in peace. Think now of our enemies who are suffering because we have taken our revenge. Has it added to the sweetness of our lives? Think once more of those we have wronged. Are our lives perfect so long as we refuse to acknowledge our sins and seek forgiveness? The road to happiness and harmony is the road marked out by Him who gave us the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." And at this season we remember Him. Our kindest remembrance is to do His will.

He Went Abont Doing Good.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by;

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sand and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by:
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by!

Care of the Hair.

The hair suffers by reason of much ill-directed energy expended on its behalf as well as by neglect. A vigorous growth of hair is dependent upon the healthfulness of the scalp. Baldness, for example, is the usual accompaniment of a tight, thin scalp, while a soft, loose scalp, with a bountiful blood supply, will ordinarily produce an abundant growth of hair. Brisk daily brushing is indispensable to the health of the hair. The scalp must be subjected to friction from the brush for the sake of cleanliness. A brush with rather stiff bristles is necessary in case the hair is thick. If the hair is thin, a softer brush accomplishes the same result. The root of the hair—the portion upon which growth depends—is stimulated by intimate contact with the brush, which should produce a sensation of pleasurable warmth in the scalp. A brush that scratches and irritates should be discarded. The comb plays a minor part in hair-dressing, but requires equal care in its selection. It should have widely-spaced, smooth, and blunt-pointed teeth. The use of the old-fashioned fine-toothed comb cannot be approved at any time, as it subjects the large strong hairs to pulling and injury by splitting or cracking them, and may also tear the scalp. When the hair has not sufficient oil of itself, some substitute may be provided, for which nothing serves better than vaseline or olive oil. Singeing the ends of the hair is of no value as a means of stimulating its growth. The same may be said of close cropping, yet this is commendable in childhood, since it renders cleanliness of the scalp easily attainable and allows free access of the air to the scalp, which is therefore consequently less subjected to prolonged dampness and decomposition.

For the Laundry.

Many garments that will not bear tubbing may be cleaned with potato water. Grate two good sized potatoes into one pint of water, squeeze and roll with the hands to bring out the starch, then strain the pulp through a coarse sieve into another vessel containing one pint of clear cold water. Let settle thoroughly, and pour off the clear solution—no sediments must pass with it. Dip a cloth or sponge in the potato water and sponge the spots with it until clean, then sponge with clear water, dry and iron.

Pongee silk must not be wrung when washed; hang in the shade and let drip dry, then iron with a moderately hot iron without sprinkling.

Sheer fabrics, like lingerie, should be starched after drying, allowed to dry again, then, when ready to iron, wring out of hot water, and run through a wringer and iron without drying. This will improve the appearance, and the starch will not stick.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

XMAS SUGGESTIONS IN HAIR GOODS

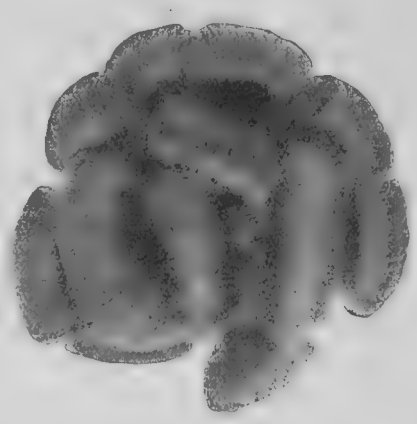
TAKEN FROM LIFE

The above illustration shows the enormous difference a transformation makes in one's personal appearance. These transformations are made of the finest quality natural hair and can be adjusted in a couple of minutes. We would lay special stress on the fact that **they are absolutely undetectable.**

We can match any shade of hair. Price **$15.00** each.

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER

This cluster of eight curls sent to any address for **$2.00.** Any color matched.



SWITCHES A beautiful switch, 16 inches long, made of finest quality hair (any color) sent post paid for **$1.25.**

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"OGILVIE OATS"

You will never have to say to the children: "Now do eat your porridge or you will be hungry before noon."

The delicious, nutty, toasty flavor of "Ogilvie Oats" will supply all the inducement necessary to get them to take a full breakfast. And if yours are anything like the children we know they will ask for more

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WARM FEET AT 40° OR 50° BELOW

ARE YOU READY FOR THE SEVERE WINTER?

THE BEST AND WARMEST BOOTS YOU CAN WEAR ARE OUR FAMOUS GRAINED - LEATHER

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Two Buckle Style

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Sizes Ready. 3s to 12s. Suitable for Men, Women and Youths.

Half Wellington Style

Both Styles are GREAT VALUE, and are very light and handy. The Half-Wellington Style is the ideal boot for farm-yard and stable.

Thousands are wearing these boots, and testimonials received WOULD TWICE FILL THIS PAPER.

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FOR MEN.

$2.25

Sizes 6s to 12s only.

Write to us at once giving all particulars, size, etc.

SEND CASH WITH ORDER

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SCOTTISH SPECIALTY COY.

134 Princess Street

WINNIPEG **MAN.**

STOREKEEPERS SHOULD WRITE FOR WHOLESALE CASH QUOTATIONS.

What to Wear and When to. Wear it.

Gifts. What to give and when and how to give it is more in order just at the present time. Among women who are intimate friends it is always possible to give small articles of dress for Christmas. Little trifles that do not cost much but which a woman so often feels she must not buy for herself. The stores seem particularly tempting in this respect this year.

The separate collar of lace and chiffon is again very much in vogue, and you can either make them or buy them ready-made at reasonable figures. There is a great display of nice collars and nearly all of them are relieved by touches of color, gold, or silver. But one touch of black somewhere in the collar or jabot is almost indispensable This touch of black may be of pleated tulle, or of chantilly lace and as the jabots are so full it is quite possible to have it pleated up and mounted on a bit of separate foundation and just slip it into place. Another becoming touch is long black velvet ends falling from the jabot and these are often touched with gold thread.

Fans are another toilet accessory that make admirable Christmas gifts, and this year they are all quite short none of them more than seven or eight inches. Moire spangled with gold or silver is a favorite. Handles are of tortoise shell or ivory. Some of the most beautiful are comparatively inexpensive.

Petticoats. There is perhaps no individual article of dress that appeals more strongly to a woman of moderate means than a silk petticoat, and as a Christmas gift it is always acceptable.

Quite beautiful and durable silks have been selling recently for thirty-nine and forty cents a yard, and with a good pattern any woman clever with her fingers can make one. They should be closely gored over the hips and have plenty of width across and below the knee.

Blouses. Blouse lengths of silk have been favorite Christmas gifts for years and they have not lost their popularity by any means, but in giving them this year care should be exercised to have them match or harmonize with a gown or skirt already in the possession of the recipient as the "odd" waist is no longer correct, everything must have the effect at least of a complete suit or one piece dress. Colored nets are even more popular than silk for the separate waist, but they too must be of a color to match the suit, and if you have a friend who has tried in vain to match a suit or skirt with a net or silk waist it would be a pretty attention to get white or cream net and have it dyed for her to the right shade. Any of the good dyeing houses will do this at a very moderate cost.

Sometimes an otherwise difficult color combination can be harmonized by a plain net waist of a neutral tint decorated with stripes of narrow ribbon in a shade to exactly match the dress.

These are just a few thoughts that may help in providing suitable Christmas gifts.

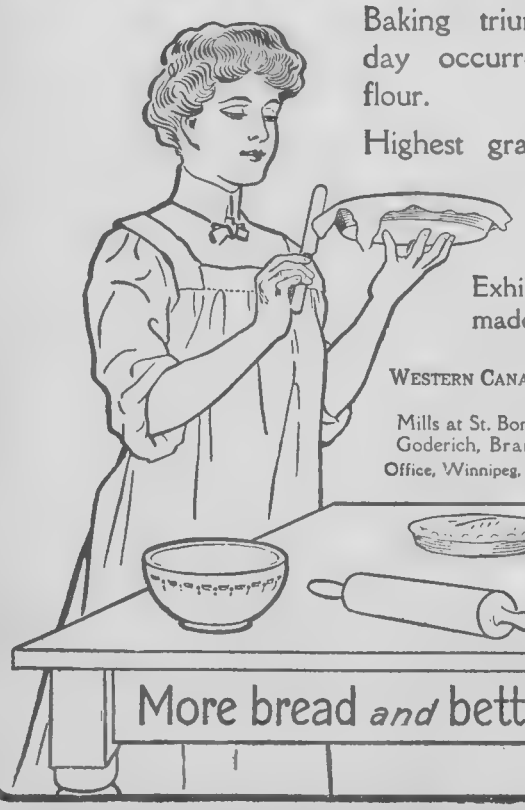
HIGHEST FOOD-VALUE.

EPPS'S COCOA is a treat to Children, a sustenant to the worker, a boon to the thrifty housewife.

BREAKFAST SUPPER CHILDREN THRIVE ON "EPPS S."

In strength, delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

PURITY FLOUR



Baking triumphs are every-day occurrences with Purity flour.

Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.

Mills at St. Boniface, Goderich, Brandon.
Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba

More bread *and* better bread

BULK TEA LOSES FLAVOR

It not only loses flavor but it takes on new ones, such as kerosene, molasses, onions, coffee, soap, etc., to say nothing of its exposure to sun, dust, dirt and air. To overcome this

"SALADA"

is sold only in sealed lead packets—never in bulk

SHIP YOUR POULTRY, BUTTER AND EGGS TO US

We are in the market to buy first class dairy produce. Rely on us to pay the highest prices. We make a specialty of sending prompt returns. Write us for prices.

John Enright,

330 ST. MARY'S AVE., WINNIPEG

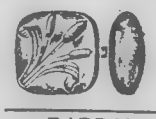
Dealer in High-Class Meats, and Dairy Produce, Butter, Eggs and Poultry

Ladies' Tailored Suits

Made to order from $7.50 to $20.00. Send for new Fall Style Book and sample materials. We also make up your cloth into suits.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., LONDON, CAN.

For Everything in Music write—BARROWCLOUGH & SEMPLE, Winnipeg.



Send 25c. receive this beautiful pair of gold filled cuff-buttons.

N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.

BARROWCLOUGH & SEMPLE
Winnipeg.
The finest collection of Music in Canada.

My Wife's Country Friends.

Although my wife and I are only relations by marriage we have many traits in common. One of them is an unbounded belief in our ability to overcome obstacles. If we have toast and creamless coffee for breakfast it is not merely because publishers are slack in the matter of small checks, but because we have been taking too many walks across the fields, and down to the brook, and into that "lonely glen"—my wife's expression—where birds and flowers and curious plants seem to have a neighborly habit of congregating. Therefore periods of forced economy rest lightly upon our shoulders; for, as my wife says, we could dispense with them all at any time. It would only necessitate an accurate numbering of the hours of each day, and the days of each week. But this is one of the the traits we have in common. We positively will not do anything of the kind. Work when we must, and play when we can, is good enough for us; and if we do not have cream today we may possibly have some tomorrow. It will depend somewhat on the inducements the woods and fields have to offer us. If it is spring and the air is melodious with bird notes and vagrant brooks, the chances are very much against the cream. But, still, there is a serene satisfaction in knowing that we can do like other folks whenever we are willing to confine ourselves in the same kinds of harness.

One spring morning we received an unusually generous recognition from a publisher in whom we had placed little confidence. It was an epoch in our lives, and we treated it as such. We took fully ten minutes to mature plans for the disposal of the munificent check. And it was my wife, as usual, who made the deciding vote. We went into the country.

I had always felt a vague lack of something in my life. Now I discovered that it was a daily sight of green grass and waving trees. And when I mentioned it to my wife she declared that she felt just the same.

Our little place was suburban. On one side, the air was stirred by the low hum of a distant city; and on the other, green meadows and daisy-gemmed pastures stretched away into the deeper shades of thick woods. Cattle lowed across our line fence and farm boys trudged among them with flapping caps and heavy boots. And our place had all the requisites of country life; an old fashioned flower garden, and a brook running across the lower side. And there were currant bushes and raspberry vines, and along the fence was a thrifty row of leaf-heavy, red-legged rhubarb.

I had a profound but unexpressed admiration for my wife's economy and business tact, but a few weeks in the country made sad inroads in the foundations of my belief. And it all came about through the friendliness of a disreputable, bob-tailed robin. One morning he flew through an open window into our dining room and gave himself a cordial invitation to remain for breakfast. My wife and I were in another room at the e, but we soon heard his low chuckles of satisfaction. When we reached the door he was just in the act of making a critical dive into the sugar bowl. I was about to step forward when my wife caught my arm and drew me back.

"S-s-h!" she whispered, "s-s-h! Sh-s-s-h!"

And I was obliged to remain there until Tramp Robin finished his breakfast and made his exit through the open window. The next morning my wife made preparations for his coming, and of course, he did not disappoint her. Trust a robin to know when he is well off.

That was only the beginning. Presently Mr. Tramp brought a companion with him, and I was often detained in the sitting room for half an hour before I was allowed to take a place at the second table. Then I began to be dispatched to the country store after various kinds of seeds which my wife scattered about the yard, and even down by the brook, "for the little darlings who are too shy to come to the house," she explained.

But the shyness disappeared rapidly, and soon the little darlings ventured across the brook, and up to the house, and into the open windows when we happened to be absent. Robins and blue-birds and jay birds, and all the neighboring cousins and kinfolk birds, came swarming around us, hopping and flying and chirping about the paths and steps, and into the open doors and windows. "Just as though we belonged to them," cried my wife, delightedly. I was silent, but I examined my pocket book anxiously and went after more seeds.

Tramp Robin did not seem to like our growing popularity. It was all well enough for himself and a companion, he chirped reproachfully, but such a rabble of blue jays and all sorts of common birds! Why, it was positively disgraceful! And he shook his bob tail indignantly and flew over to our solitary apple tree to select a suitable crotch for a summer home.

Much of my wife's time was now spent in scattering seeds. Sometimes I fancied that she looked at the birds uneasily, and that she tried to harden her heart. But a little head cocked on one side, a bobbing tail, and a reproachful chirp were always too much for her, and the reluctant seeds began to flow fresh once more. She had given them the invitation. There was nothing for her to do but to provide the feast.

By this time the birds were thoroughly domesticated, and our presence in the room did not seem to seriously inconvenience them. My wife was delighted, and I admitted to her that I felt that way myself. But I had my secret moments of doubt, and one of these was when our strawberries ripened and we could not get enough for the table. And a few weeks later, when I saw our despoiled currant bushes I again felt a momentary return of the doubt.

But our neighbor offered us a solution to the problem. One day he told me that I had a fine lot of young strawberry plants—enough to set an acre; and that if I would prune my bushes "hard," they would bear twice as well and I could raise a nice lot of young bushes from the cuttings.

That settled it. I had nearly two acres of land, and I determined to increase our strawberry bed and currant bushes until the birds would be literally forced to leave enough for the table.

As the days went by Tramp Robin seemed to be considering some problem. He sang little, and much of his time was passed on our piazza, watching the horde of invading birds. He had discontinued ineffectual protests, and all the time I could see quivering indignation in the motions of his bob tail. In the apple tree his mate was busily at work on their nest, but Mr. Tramp seldom visited her. Evidently he feared that something might happen during his absence.

One day my wife heard him utter a quick note of triumph and saw him fly to the apple tree and hold a hurried consultation with Madam Tramp. Then both came back and made a critical examination of the piazza.

The next morning we were awakened by a rollicking song of exultation. When we went out we found Mr. Tramp in possession of the piazza. His mate was flying back and forth with bits of straw and stick, and on the low rafter above the door we could see the beginning of a new nest. Our disreputable bob-tailed friend twisted his neck so that he could look down at us, and in his low, gurgling notes of satisfaction we could easily read his enjoyment of the joke.

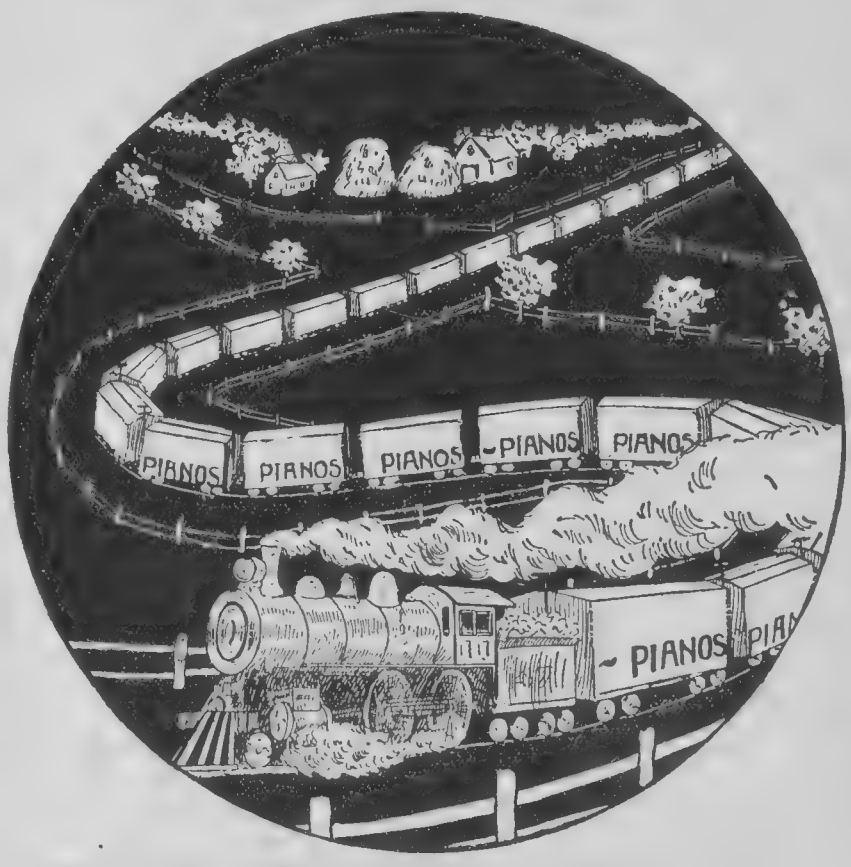
Extraordinary Year-End Piano Discount Sale

DURING DECEMBER ONLY

HEAVY year end shipments arriving this month necessitates a big sacrifice in prices, as our floors must be cleared at once. When December instruments are in we will have an enormous surplus. A large number of Pianos will be sold at cost. We can't avoid this. We have them and have no room for them. Best pianos included. Easy terms. One, two or three years to pay for your piano. Liberal allowance for old instruments taken in exchange.

SAVE $100 - $150 ON A PIANO

All highest grades included. Do not miss the opportunity



People of the West—Act! Choose a piano—now—from our immense stock. To buy now means a saving of $100 to $140. To wait will mean that much loss as our present prices cannot possibly continue long.

The Reason Our floors are full, wind-up shipments are on the way (several car loads). These we must take, according to contract. 1910 shipments will begin to come forward early in January, so we must make a clean sweep of 1909 stock. People wonder why we do, and why we can sell pianos at such enormous reductions. Well, in the first place we must, we contracted for them, and have to pay for them; and in the second place, we get the very inside price, because we buy such large quantities. A little arithmetic, and we have the reason why we can make such reductions without loss. A jeweller buys 1000 watches in one year at $10 each, but he finds by buying 2000 watches the next year he gets them for $8. In other words the extra 1000 watches cost $6 each, and can be thrown on the market for quick sale at the cost of the first 1000, namely, $10 each, and still make a profit of $4 on each watch. For the same reason we are able to give values which would be quite impossible with the small buyer.

Don't Read This And then wonder if it is really genuine. Men have let fortunes slip through their fingers **wondering,** while Mr. Wideawake **investigates** immediately and **acts,** while others continue to wonder and consider. Remember you have promised to buy a piano for Christmas.

1, 2 or 3 Years' Terms If Necessary.

High class pianos such as the celebrated

Chickering, Knabe, Fischer, Bell, Haines, Schumann, etc., etc.

Forty styles to choose from. Large numbers of shop worn and second hand pianos, such as Nordheimer, Newcombe, Heintzman, etc., etc.

Regular $550 Pianos for $400
" $450 " $350
" $350 " $250

Take advantage of this opportunity and secure a reliable piano at ***the only season of the year you can obtain them at a discount.***

Write for catalogues, prices, terms, and other information.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 295 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

New Union Station, Winnipeg.

A Continuous Warfare.

It has seemed sometimes in recent years as if the deaths were more than the births. This has brought home to the Church the absolute need of the revival of religion if Christianity is not to perish from the world which it has remade. The Church is not an establishment in the world, but an encampment. She has no natural increase. She lives only by capture, by booty, by winning over from the world the citizens that make her number. One must arm another with the Christian panoply if the Church is to continue. True, we are born into a Christendom, and the influence of that Christendom cannot but affect us. There are maxims of Christianity which have greeted a new civilization. There is among many who do not own Him, a genuine reverence for Christ. There is even a kind of secondary Christianity which adopts certain ideas and applications of religion, and passes with many for a living creed. But when all is said and done, that which is born of the flesh is flesh. The Church fights and struggles and suffers for every inch of ground. She can only live by the perpetual outpouring of the spirit of God. She can only be recruited by successive individual transferences from the natural to the spiritual kingdom. In this way her life is a perpetual resurrection, and she is ever issuing from the tomb. This is why we need a revival of religion to alter lives, to change souls, to add to the Church those who shall be saved. The faith of the Church can never be made clear and lovable to any but the spiritual man.

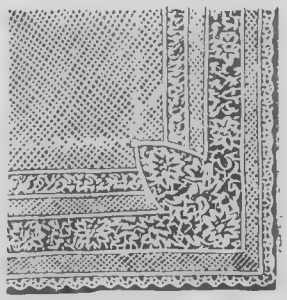
The Quarrel.

A little girl with a pencil and pad,
And a little girl with a slate,
While sitting together at school, once had
A quarrel, sad to relate.
For one said 12 less 5 was 6,
And the other said it was 8.
"Your head's all jumbled up in a mix,"
Said the little girl with the slate.
Then the girl with the pad gave a toss of her head,
And moved to the end of the seat;
And the little girl with the slate turned red,
And quickly began to repeat,
"12 less 5 is 6, 6, 6,"
And she wrote it down on her slate;
Said the other, "Your head is a mix, mix, mix,
And 12 less 5 is 8."
Then the teacher's eyes were turned that way,
And up came two little books
And two eyes of blue, and two of gray,
Were fixed with studious looks.
And two pairs of lips, at a rapid rate,
Repeated the terrible mix,
For one said, "12 less 5 is 8,"
And the other "It's 6, 6, 6."
Then two little tears came from two blue eyes,
And fell on an open book;
And the eyes of gray, so cunning and wise,
Gave a little sidelong look.
The "12 less 5" was quickly hushed,
And a whisper, sweet as could be,
Came from a gray-eyed girl that blushed,
And it said, "Let's count and see."
Then two little girls sitting side by side,
Made queer little marks on a slate,
And they quickly agreed that 12 less 5
Was neither 6 nor 8.

TEN ENGLISH WEEKLY MAGAZINES sent to any address for 25 cents. Norman Peel, London, Ont.

WHAT CAN I BUY FOR XMAS?

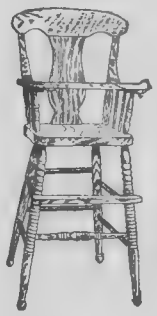
Is the question that is puzzling millions of people today—don't worry—just buy something substantial, useful and reliable and your gift will receive its full share of appreciation. Banfield's Mail Order House offers the greatest selection of useful Xmas gifts ever put before the Western public. Order from us by mail and save dollars on every purchase. ORDER TODAY. Write for our big mail-order bargain bulletin.



No. C1038—A beautifully designed curtain in fine double thread Fish Net in plain and figured centers with insertion effect, and heavy figured borders. This is a great snap. XMAS GIFT PRICE $4.75

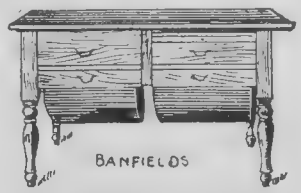
HEARTH RUGS

In genuine Scotch Axminster, with beautiful floral and oriental designs, in every known color-combination, with fringed ends to match. These rugs are of exceptionally heavy quality and will wear for years. Size 30 inches by 60 inches—XMAS GIFT PRICE $2.50



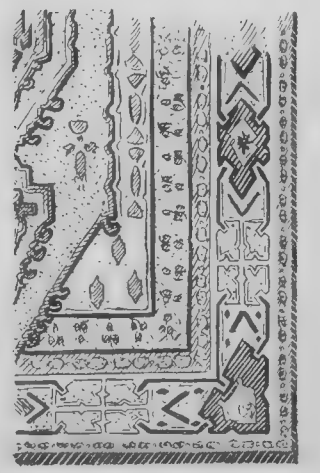
TO MAKE BABY GLAD

This beautiful Empire oak high chair. Regular $2.30—XMAS GIFT PRICE....$1.80.



THIS KITCHEN CABINET

In either golden or natural finish, elegantly designed, contains cutlery drawer, spice drawer, two flour bins, one divided. Regular $11.50—XMAS GIFT PRICE....$8.75.



BEST QUALITY ENGLISH TAPESTRY SQUARES

Beautiful medallion effects, just as rich as found in fifty dollar rugs, with color combinations of green and red, with touches of red, gold and green. These squares are woven in one piece, no seams. Size 6-0x9-0, XMAS GIFT PRICE $7.85. Size 9-0x10-6, XMAS GIFT PRICE.....$12.25.

BUY NOW, AND SAVE DOLLARS

A BISSEL CARPET SWEEPER

Will appeal to thousands of Western housewives and more especially when it's one that comes from the most renowned maker in the world, who assures it in every particular. Cyco bearings insure easy running and first-class work. We have them in both mahogany and antique oak finish. Mention finish desired when ordering. XMAS GIFT PRICE.....$3.00.

CARPETS

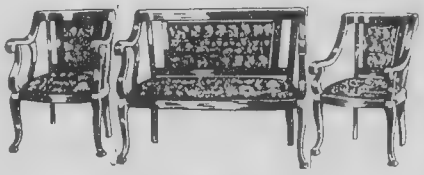
Our stock of carpets is the largest in the West and includes the finest productions in the world. Write for samples and price quotations. Mail order prices from 45c. per yard to $4.00 per yard.

LINOLEUMS

Our stock is the most complete in the West. Every known pattern. Write for samples. Prices from 25c to 65c per sq. yard.

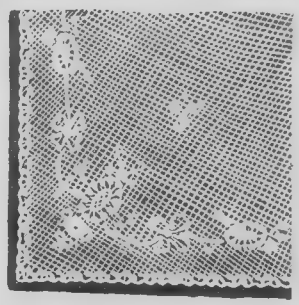
INLAID LINOLUEMS

Direct Scotch importations. The finest floor covering in the world. Prices from 75c to $1.40 square yard.

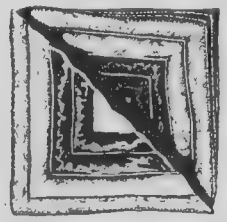


BANFIELD'S PARLOR SUITE.

Not a more appropriate Xmas gift could be given, upholstered in A1 quality silk, tufted backs, solid mahogany frames, designed exactly as cut. Regular $65.00—XMAS GIFT PRICE $45.75.

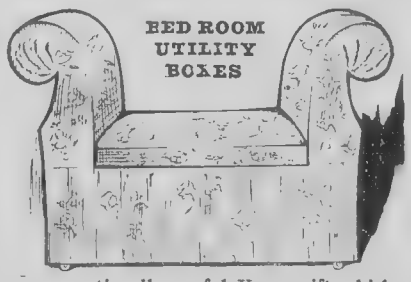


No. C7682—These beautiful Point Duchess lace curtains in rich ivory tones, 50 inches wide, 3 yards long, with heavy borders in plain and figured centres. Many different designs to choose from. XMAS GIFT PRICE, PER PAIR.....$10.75.



WARM AND COZY DOWN COMFORTERS

With beautifully colored covers in excellent designs, full sizes, guaranteed throughout. XMAS GIFT PRICES $6.00, $7.50, $8.50 and up to $22.50.



BED ROOM UTILITY BOXES

An exceptionally useful Xmas gift which will last for years. Covered with extra heavy English chintz and cretonne, designed same as cut. XMAS GIFT PRICE $5.95 WITHOUT ARMS $4.25.

J. A. BANFIELD

492 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG

Woman's Realm.

Memories of Long Ago.

By Mary Clarke Huntington.

Come here my lady in the satin dress,
And let me tell you of a maid I knew;
Her hair, like yours, was golden I confess,
Her eyes were just the shade of speed-well blue
As these you raise so sweetly to my own,
And you seem speaking with her very tone.

She wore a dress like yours—a blue brocade
With silver threads inwoven, and her shoe
Was much the same—I think you could not trade
Without 'twas even—yes, a buckle, too,
Flashed on her dainty instep as she came
Adown the stairs in answer to her name.

Grandmother's slippers, say you? Yes, I see.
Grandmother's grown refashioned, dear, for you?
If but one hour I young again could be
I'd lend myself to dance a measure, too,
As on a Christmas Eve long years ago
I led the ball with one I used to know.

What pretty smiles and blushes! Ay, he's Here—
Think you he cannot wait—this lover true?
Nor was I pleased at waiting, dear,
When I was young and Grandmother like you.
Go, get such greeting as my heart still gives
To her who ever in my memory lives.

What One Mother Did With Two Boys.

Thirty years ago Mrs. L—— was left a young widow with two children. Her husband belonged to a Puritan family—scholars, lawyers and preachers for many generations. Before he died he fixed his great luminous eyes upon his boys.

"I think John will be a preacher and Will an artist," he said. "You will do the best you can with them, Mary?"

"I will do the best I can," she said.

When he was no more she bought a farm, and turned the boys out to make friends with the cows and sheep, with the trees and the plants. She ate with them and played with them and read to them.

Her friends protested.

"They will think they own you," they said.

"They do own me," she replied.

When they began to study she went with them step by step.

"You don't mean to say that they will not enter college until after they are twenty-five!" her friends cried aghast.

"I do," she answered. "But they will have sane brains and sound bodies at eighty!"

No men have saner brains or sounder bodies than they have now that they are reaching middle age. Their mother is still their closest friend. A Mother.

Advice to Young Wives.

Every young wife starting in her new home can become a model housewife, if she chooses to take the trouble. It will be no more difficult than learning a new game of simple accomplishment, and the results will be far more lasting, as they effect the happiness and comfort of everyone in her household.

First of all, she must study the spirit of cheerfulness and of making the best of everything. She must be content with moderate means at first, and not grow discontented because her house is not so well appointed as that of Mrs. So-and-So, who has been married a great many years. However meagerly furnished her little abode is, it should be scrupulously clean and well kept, and in no room should comfort be sacrificed for the sake of appearances.

In her own person she should study neatness and tidiness. Nothing looks more reprehensible than the mistress of the house in a sloppy dressing-gown first thing in the morning, and nothing disgusts a man as soon as an untidy, slovenly wife. She should superintend every detail of work, even if she does not do it herself, and exact punctuality at meals.

It is an excellent plan to make a list daily of what has been done during the day, and to strike out each task as completed. The daily shopping should be superintended in person, and no bills, except the milkman's, baker's, etc., weekly accounts, incurred.

Lastly, she must arrange to be trim and bright by the time the "lord and master" reaches home in the evening, and to banish from her mind all household duties until the following morning.

Choice of Colors in Dress.

The complexion should be the main determinate factor in the choice of colors. Persons with sallow or dark complexions should carefully avoid bright, glaring, or even undecided colors; thus yellow, cherry color, light green, or drab are unsuitable; clear tints are more appropriates, as white, light blue, violet, or black.

Those with pale but clear complexions may wear all shades of rose color, primrose, apricot, buff, light green, lilac, brown and violet. Fair persons with a color will find few shades decidedly unbecoming.

Dark olive or brown complexions should avoid either very dark or very light colors, but they should be careful to select clear tints; pink, geranium, and violet are decidedly suitable.

To persons with florid complexions all those tints which subdue the naturally bright color are most becoming—such as blue, green, etc.; while those having pale complexions should wear fresh colors, which serve to heighten the delicate hue of their cheeks, such as pink, ponceau, etc.

The perfect beauty alone, whose color neither requires to be subdued nor increased, can indulge in any tint which may suit her individual taste.

To Warm up Biscuits.

Twist them in a paper bag and place in oven until hot. This makes them nice and fresh.

When Ironing Embroidery.

Place the right side of your doily or embroidery on a heavy Turkish towel, then iron on the wrong side. The embroidery will stand out like new, if done in this way.

Putting Away Woolen Clothes.

Pin each article carefully in fresh newspapers. Moths do not like printers' ink. Always brush and air each article before putting away.

Shrink Cotton Material.

Before making cotton into clothing it should be shrunk. A good way to shrink goods is to lay them folded as they come from the shop, in a tub of warm water; add salt if the goods are colored. Let the cloth stay in the tub overnight, then hang on the clothes line, dripping wet. Be very careful not to wrinkle.

Mending Stockings.

Before mending stockings with ordinary darning yarn, it is a good plan to hold the card or skein over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. By this means the steam effectually shrinks the wool, and when the mended stocking is sent to the wash, no fear need be entertained of the mended portion shrinking away from or tearing the surrounding part.

For New Tinware.

If new tinware be rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust afterward, no matter how much it is put in water. For stained tinware borax produces the best results. If a teapot or coffepot is discolored on the inside, boil it in a strong solution of borax for a short time, and all its brightness will return.

If You Were Absolutely Sure Your Piano Would be Selected Especially for You, by an Artist Qualified to Judge, Would You Buy by Mail?

I have been figuring for some time how to make a satisfactory proposition to those who are unable to come to the city to buy a piano; and am convinced that I am now in a position to make a proposition that will appeal to all.

Those who know Mr. Gerhard Heintzman are sure of his artistic ability. He is a true artist, making his pianos from the standpoint of art only. He is interested in every piano that leaves his factory, and is especially pleased when asked to personally select a piano for one of his customers. Knowing this, I thought of our mail order problem, and wrote asking him if he would consent to personally select pianos ordered by mail and ship direct from the factory to each customer, and I received at once the following letter from him:—

"Dear Mr. Lindsay,

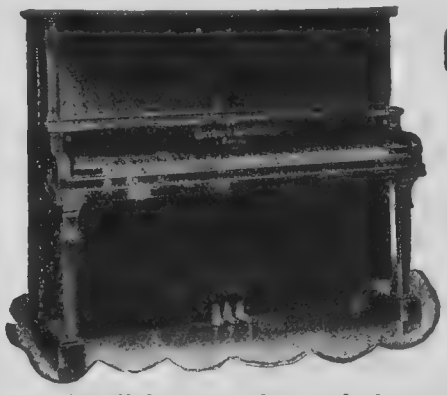
I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. and am greatly taken with your mail order idea. I think by this plan you will be able to give your customers perfect satisfaction, and I assure you I will select every instrument personally and see that the greatest care is taken in preparing it for shipment. Wishing you every success.

I am, sincerely yours,

GERHARD HEINTZMAN."

With this assurance from Mr. Heintzman, I can make you the following offer with confidence in my ability to supply you with a piano that will prove a source of delight to you.

I have selected for this offer the Style 64 piano which, by record of sales, has proven to be the most popular style. It is of a plain design, finished in walnut or mahogany, and is not too expensive.



Gerhard Heintzman

NEW ART

STYLE 64

Size—4 ft. 6 in. high, 5 ft. 6 in. wide, 2 ft. 3½ in. deep.

Mahogany or Walnut

I will have a piano of this style, especially selected for you by Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, shipped direct to you from the factory delivered free at your station for $400 ($50 less than the regular selling price). You pay on arrival $20 cash, and $10 per month until paid in full, or I will arrange special terms to suit you, covering a similar period.

If the piano is not perfectly satisfactory to you on arrival, you can ship it to Winnipeg and it costs you nothing.

I take this risk because I have confidence in Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, and I can give you the reduced price mentioned above because if you buy by mail I have no salesman's salary and expenses to pay. Will you write me about it.

NORMAN J. LINDSAY,
President Lindsay Piano Company.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS

Lindsay's
284 PORTAGE AVE WINNIPEG

FREE!

$200.00 IN CASH

And 500 Valuable Premiums Given Away

Below will be found three sets of mixed or jumbled letters.
The first set when placed in proper order spells the name of a popular fruit.
The second set spells the name of an article in every kitchen.
The third set spells the name of an article we all wear.
Here are the sets:

PAPEL [The name of a popular fruit.]
VOTES [An article in every kitchen.]
AHT [An article we all wear.]

Can you place the above sets of letters in proper order, so as to spell the words wanted? It is not easy, but with patience and perseverance it can be done. It may take a small amount of your time, but as there are cash prizes and valuable premiums given away as an advertisement, it is well worth your time to make an effort.

It is just possible that you may have entered contests before and have not been successful, but please remember that in this instance you are dealing with a reliable firm and that there are over five hundred prizes to be distributed.

Write your answer to the above neatly and plainly on a slip of paper, and send it to us at once. Both writing and neatness count in this contest. If you do not happen to be a good writer, have some neat writer enter the contest for you, in his or her name, and if you are awarded a prize, agree with the person who does the writing that the prize belongs to you. All this may take up a little time and be a little trouble, but the prizes are handsome and valuable, and worth many times the amount of time that anyone will give to the above.

Should you read this advertisement and yet not desire to enter the contest yourself, please point out the advertisement to some relation or friend who might be interested. This is an opportunity of a lifetime, and should not be missed.

This contest is not open to children under 14 years of age. We propose to hold a contest for young people very shortly, but will not accept entries from children in this one. Below is the prize list for the most correct, best written and neatest solution of the above:

1st Prize	$50.00 in Cash
2nd Prize	$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize	$35.00 in Cash
4th Prize	$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, five prizes of $10.00 each	$50.00 in Cash

10th to 14th Prizes, Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.
15th to 19th " Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).
20th to 24th " Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.
25th to 29th " Five Sets of half dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers)
30th to 34th " Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.
35th to 39th " Five Handsome Violins and Bows.
40th to 44th " Five Hardwood Accordeons.
45th to 49th " Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.
50th to 59th " Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.
60th to 159th " One Hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.
160th to 259th " One Hundred Fountain Pens.
260th to 359th " One Hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).
360th to 399th " Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.
400th to 510th " 110 Sets Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers)

We Have Recently Given Away

$1000.00 IN CASH

And Over 10,000 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

These cash prizes and premiums have all been properly and fairly distributed to persons who were entitled to them. Not One Dollar in money nor one premium has ever been given to any friend or employee of ours.

CONDITIONS

The judging of the above will be in the hands of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this office.

No employee of ours, nor any of their relations will be allowed to compete.

THERE IS A SIMPLE CONDITION THAT MUST BE COMPLIED WITH, WHICH WE WILL WRITE YOU ABOUT AS SOON AS WE HAVE YOUR ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

When replying to this advertisement, be sure to write your name very plainly in the space below. Mail your answer to us, together with the slip of paper on which you have written your solution to the puzzle. When received we will write you at once in regard to the simple condition mentioned above.

I wish to enter the above contest, and agree to accept the decision of the three judges appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., whose decision will be final.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

Address:

BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 29 Montreal, Can.

Traction Engineering

Traction Engine Practice teaches student how to line up, fire under load, clean boilers, engine driving, etc. College furnishes four traction engines for student practice.

Shop Work teaches pupils how to forge and temper chisels, make welds, babbit bearings, set and repair flues, repair machinery, test boilers, put in stay bolts, grind and set valves, etc. Not a short lecture course, but a three-months' course, where a student is taught to do the work himself. Correspondence course if desired. Send for catalog.

Highland Park College of Engineering, Des Moines, Ia.

Goitre Cure

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Our Medicated Goitre Bandage is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO. 74 Sinton Bldg, Cincinnati, O.

The Girl Who Laughs.

By John Howard Todd.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while,
No music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—men love her;
She lifts from the heart of despair
Its burden of woe
And coaxes the glow
Of joy to the brow of care.

The girl who laughs—wan sorrow
Comes by, and a glistening tear
Has stolen the glints
Of rainbow tints
And pictured a world of cheer.

The girl who laughs life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.

The Punctual Man.

A manufacturer was about to establish an agency in London. He had in his employ two young men whom he regarded highly, and both of whom he would like to advance to the coveted position. As it could go to only one, he watched the men closely for some time, while trying to decide which he should send to represent his interests in the English capital. One of the young men was an industrious plodder, always on time to the minute. The other was a much more brilliant fellow, who did his work well and easily, made friends readily, and was universally popular; but he had the serious defect of making promises carelessly, forgetting them almost as soon as they were made, and of rarely keping appointments promptly.

Finally the employer invited both of these young men to dine with him on a certain evening at exactly seven o'clock. The plodder presented himself to his host as the clock was striking, and they two immediately sat down to dinner. Five minutes later the other guest appeared, with a laughing apology for being late, which, he said, was entirely the fault of his watch. On the following day the London appointment, with a large increase of salary was given to him who had learned the business value of promptness.

Brothers in Battle.

The tragedy of war is terribly evidenced in the following incidents which occurred during the Peninsular campaign:—

After Sir Charles Napier had been wounded in the jaw at Busaco in 1810 he seems to have been a patient most difficult to be suppressed. When the shot took effect on him he was carried into the convent of Busaco, and finally, tiring of inaction, he got up from the pallet where he had been laid and, with blood flowing freely from his wound, went to the door to look for his horse. One of his comrades seized him and led him back, saying—

"Are you mad, Napier, to think you can go back to fighting in this state? Be quiet!"

So he yielded and was carried away to Lisbon, where he rested some months in great suffering from his wound.

"It is said that my sight may be lost," he wrote. "But if it goes, why, Hannibal had but one eye!"

But when his division began to pursue Massena, and one combat followed another, he could no longer bear to remain inactive. With his wound still bandaged he rode ninety miles to rejoin the army. He found his corps and pushed forward to support the Light Division. Then occurred one of the tragic happenings which are the commonplaces of war.

He knew that fighting was going on in front, and hourly he asked for news of his two brothers. He did not even know that they were living. Thus advancing, he met a litter of branches borne by soldiers and covered by a blanket.

"What wounded officer is that?" he asked.

"Captain Napier, of the Fifty-Second. A broken arm."

Another litter followed.

"Who is that?"

"Captain Napier, of the Forty-Third, mortally wounded."

Charles Napier looked back at the litters and passed on to the fight in front. Captain Napier, of the Forty-Third was seriously but not mortally wounded, for he lived until 1860.

Beating a Boaster.

It is almost needless to say that wheelbarrow races are frequently included in the programme of provincial sports. Recently one of the competitions was decided in favor of a man who afterwards boasted that he was the champion wheelbarrow trundler of the world." There was apparently no limit to his conceit, but that pride had a fall the following conversation and its sequel will show—

"I had nout to beat today," the victor remarked, addressing his defeated rivals. "Why, I could 'ave given the best o' ye half way start!"

"Could you?" responded the man who had come in second. "P'raps you're not so clever as you imagine."

"None o' ye can take me down, anyway," responded the victor.

"That's to be seen," went on the other. I give you a barrow you can't wheel from here to L—— and back—that's about twenty miles—in a day."

"Ah," rejoined the champion cautiously, "you'll go an' find a barrer as I couldn't lift!"

"No," said the challenger—"I'll guarantee that the barrow will be no heavier than the one you wheeled today."

This satisfied the champion, and a wager was made, the match to come off on the following day. At the appointed time the champion was waiting at the spot agreed on, when the challenger strolled up to the expectant crowd.

'Where's the barrer?" the champion demanded.

"Here it is," was the calm response, as the man produced from his pocket a toy barrow about four inches long. "Wheel that to L—— and back, or pay!"

The Care of Linen.

Care should be taken when putting away napkins and tablecloths that they be arranged in sets. In this manner they are always ready for use, and it will be found a much more economical way for all household linen, especially towels and napkins, if they are used in rotation. Frequently, for convenience sake, only the upper pieces are taken off, thus leaving the bottom of the pile untouched for months. By using them in turn there will not be the need of replenishing as when only a few are in constant use.

In the laundering of tablecloths put about a dozen tablespoonfuls of cooked starch in a pail of the blueing water. This will give the desired stiffness and gloss to the cloth without the effect of being starched. Napkins do not require starch, but should be well dampened and ironed until perfectly dry, as all linen must be.

Iron napkins singly on both sides, then fold and press again. Tablecloths should be folded once for convenience, and folded two or three times on each side, then rolled or folded until the desired size for the space occupied in the linen closet. Never launder table linen when stained, until an attempt has been made to remove the spots, as it is almost impossible to efface any discoloration after the cloth has been submerged in soapy water.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Women's Quiet Hour.

The Hills of Rest.

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we do not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream,
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

—Harper's Magazine.

Christmas.

As I wrote that heading this evening my mind flashed back over the 12 months that have slipped so quickly away since I wrote it before, and I could not help wonder whether "The Quiet Hour" had helped any of my readers during the year? How far has it filled their ideal of what a woman's page should be? How I wish I might have an answer to that question. It has fallen far below the writer's ideal of what it should be, but there has been some conscientious work put into it backed by the genuine desire to say something helpful and hopeful to my readers. A little spark of encouragement came one day during the month, when I found that a young girl coming to the city, sought the Young Women's Christian Association for lodgings because an older friend had noted the advice to do so in this column. The President of the Children's Hospital tells me of gifts of eggs, clothing and bedding that have reached her from little colonies of women who read of the needs of it in "The Woman's Quiet Hour".

So perhaps it has not been entirely without its useful moments. Three times during the year letters have come commenting on the subjects taken up therein. Is it vain to hope that these letters might be multiplied one hundred-fold during the next twelve months. I know of no Christmas gift that would be so acceptable. There are so many questions that could be more successfully threshed out in the form of a discussion. Questions that must be of vital interest to the women of the West.

Among their Christmas giving will my readers kindly plan to give the editor woman a little much needed assistance during 1910, and may each and all of them spend a truly happy Christmas.

Life on the Farm.

I have been very much interested in a discussion which has been going on in "The Breeder's Gazette" lately. It has arisen out of an article published some time ago entitled, "The Useless Tragedy of the Farmer's Wife". All of the letters so far have been well written and the points well taken but one from Hallie M. Wilson, of Ramsey County, Minnesota, seems to me especially good. It is not possible to quote it in full but I have made a rather lengthy excerpt from it which seems to put the situation both clearly and tersely before us:—

"There is no man in the world whose wife is more truly his helpmeet than the farmer's: and there is no woman in the civilized world whose meed of praise is less; no woman more skimpily paid in the coin of gentleness, courtesy and consideration.

"The average farm boy is brought up in utter indifference to the welfare or convenience of the woman in his father's family; in complete inappreciation of the physical demands made upon them by the work which falls to their lot; and in absolute ignorance of the scope and value of their labor. It is little wonder then that he does not know how to make any woman happy and that his idea of taking care of a wife when he gets one is to board her, and to dole out to her an indifferent wardrobe in return for her labor which she could have sold elsewhere for four times the amount.

"We are expending annually hundreds of thousands of dollars for the education of the farmer. We are teaching everything which pertains to the conduct of his farm as a business, and always and all the time we are teaching him to despise no possible economy of labor, however small. But of the conduct of his business as a means to an end, and that end the maintenance of a real home—the upbringing of a family of normal, happy youngsters—we have nothing whatever to say. And never has it occurred to our educators to say to him that labor should be saved in the house as conscientiously as in the fields.

"That the average farm woman is overworked and underpaid; that her life is a life of montony and isolation; that in any distribution of farm funds, any addition of labor-saving devices she is the last person to be considered, is as true as it is deplorable. As a matter of fact, there is not performed upon the farm any labor more difficult, any task requiring greater care and thought and skill, any class of duties more valuable than that which is done by the wife and mother. No fair-minded man will deny that this is true, and it is his obvious duty, as it should be his greatest pleasure, to assist her to the extent of making everything as pleasant and convenient for her as possible.

"One of the strongest instincts in the heart of every woman is that of self-sacrifice. Wherefore, while she is still a bride, she gladly denies herself and economizes in a hundred soul-racking, nerve-wasting ways of which, to do him justice, her husband is quite unaware, and she does it all in full faith that he will appreciate her sacrifice, and will, as soon as his business is on a sound financial basis, be only too glad to make it all up to her. In about one case in a hundred it works out that way, and the other ninety-nine cases represent the average farm household where the housewife, having begun to "get along" without any inconveniences, continues indefinitely to do so while every year sees many a new labor-saving device added to the outside equipment of the farm.

"Since the farm woman is an equal partner with her husband in the farm business; since she is giving to it the best efforts of mind and body; since she works just as many hours as he does (and often more) and does it for months at a time under stress of physical unfitness; since her labor is valuable and indispensable—for all of these reasons it is the duty of every country man to see to it that his wife does not overwork, to supply her with every attainable household convenience, to protect her against herself. It is not charity; it is not a passport to heaven. It is common decency, common justice and honesty."

Boarding the Help.

Another writer on the subject in the same issue of the Gazette. points out that one of the great sources of overwork to the women of the farm is the attempt to board hired help for the sake of economy, and often because it is a case of board them or do without. She makes a strong plea for the keeping of married help, providing them with houses and having them the year round. One point she makes, which I fear is too often overlooked in this country, and that is allowing young boys of the family to sleep with hired help about which little is known. It is true that here in the Canadian West it not infrequently happens that the hired help is superior in birth, education and morals to the family by whom he is employed. On the other hand, and this is more especially true in harvest time, there are hundreds of men drawn to the fields by the high wages, that are thoroughly vicious and even a week of their debasing companionship is calculated to leave an impression upon the plastic mind of a young lad that can never afterwards be effaced.

VICTOR RECORDS

It isn't any one thing, but ALL things combined that make VICTOR Quality.

Best Artists Caruso, Calve, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Homer, Melba, Plancon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich and Tetrazzini, are among the world's greatest operatic stars who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

Sousa and his band, Pryor's Band, and many famous instrumental solists make records only for the *Victor*.

Harry Lauder, May Irwin, Vesta Victoria, Nat M. Wills, Clarice Vance, Alice Lloyd and Maude Raymond are among the leading vaudeville artists who make Disc Records only for the *Victor*.

Best Selections The choicest Masterpieces of the greatest composers, favorite hymns, the good old songs of heart and home, as well as the newest and most popular selections of the day.

Best Recording Every part of every selection perfectly recorded on *Victor Records*. If there happens to be even the smallest flaw, the artists sing or play the selection over again until every part is absolutely perfect. The artists are just as particular as the *Victor* laboratory staff to have every selection perfect.

Best Materials The materials used in making *Victor Records* are the best that money can buy. The various ingredients form a scientific compound, particularly adapted to fine tone recording and reproduction, that was discovered only after long research and costly experiment by the *Victor* staff of expert chemists. Every *Victor Record* is carefully made by skilled workmen.

Best Reproducing The result is that every Victor Record has that unequalled, sweet, clear, true-to-life, musical tone-quality which puts *Victor Records* in a class by themselves far above all competition.

Every VICTOR RECORD is a work of art.

Any *Berliner-Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

Write to us today for complete catalogues of the *Victor* Gram-o-phone and *Victor-Victrola*, and of 3000 *Victor Records*.

75

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

BERLINER GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED, Montreal.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

the time of family re-union, what could be more appropriate than to discuss the idea that lies at the root of all home feeling—the protection of the home by Life Insurance?

Who, owning a valuable home, would leave it uninsured against the risk of fire? The fire may never occur—the chances are largely against such an event. The fire premiums are paid year after year without returns, but who would take risks on that account?

Yet many a man fails to insure his life. He knows that, unlike the Fire Policy, his Life Insurance will inevitably be paid some day—to himself if he lives a stated period—to his heirs if he dies. He knows of what little value the home would be to dependent ones without an income, yet neglects to assure that income by means of Life Insurance.

Life Insurance is no heavy burden. Under the Great-West Policies it is remarkably inexpensive. For example, under the Automatic Endowment Policy of The Great-West Life, a man aged 30 may obtain $1,000 Insurance for $23.70 a year. Under the regular Straight Life terms this amount would be payable for life, but the Automatic Endowment feature removes this drawback. At the end of a period of years the contract matures as an Endowment and is paid to the Insured himself if then living. There could be no more valuable Plan.

Ask for a copy of **pamphlet C 43** describing this Policy. Even if you are not immediately contemplating Insurance, take advantage of the quiet leisure of Christmas-time to inform yourself on this important matter of Life insurance—so essential to the welfare of your home.

In requesting the pamphlet state age next birthday.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Head Office- Winnipeg.

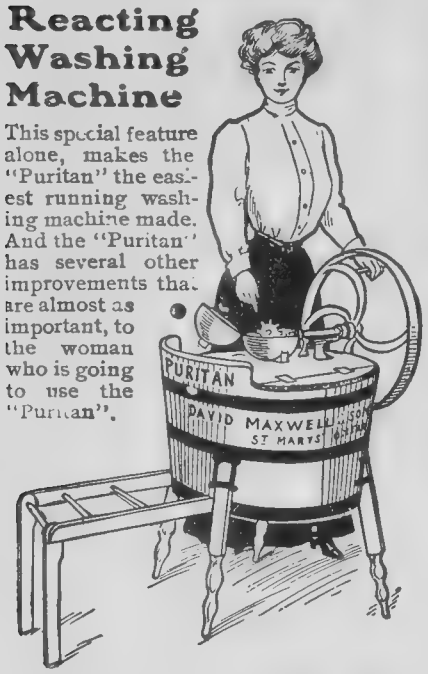
Improved Roller Gear

OF THE

"Puritan"

Reacting Washing Machine

This special feature alone, makes the "Puritan" the easiest running washing machine made. And the "Puritan" has several other improvements that are almost as important, to the woman who is going to use the "Puritan".



"Favorite" Churn

Is the favorite. There are more "Favorite" churns sold in Canada than all other makes combined. Patent foot and lever drive. Made in 8 sizes to churn from ½ to 30 gallons of cream.

If your dealer does not handle these household favorites, write us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS
St. Mary's, Ont.

SEND $3.50

Receive this beautiful all fur Turban worth $6 made of extra fine Coney fur on the new poplar turban shape. Under brim of Tafetta silk. Trimmed with a large, flat, silk velvet bow, garnished with genuine cut steel buckle. Comes in black at $3 50, white at $4.95. Add 25c. for postage. Order hat No. w9. **Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.**

FREE

FREE

Handsomely Decorated Silver Toned VIOLIN

the exact model of the famous German Violins.

This magnificent instrument is giving for selling only 32 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. Write to-day for the Blue and our extensive Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other Handsome and valuable Premiums which we give for selling our goods. Send no money. We trust you with the Blue until sold.

Address
Household Specialty Co.
Montreal

FREE

FREE Magic Lantern

Russian Iron body trimmed in nickel and brass complete with 12 slides, given away for selling 32 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. No money required.

Send your name and address, and we will send you the Blue by return mail, together with our Premium Catalogue, showing number of other handsome and valuable premiums.

Address Household Specialty Co. Montreal

Golden Christmas Bells

A SONG FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Music by
W. A. Post

Words by
Eliza Edmunds Hewitt

SOLO, (*or voices in unison*).

1. Hear the gold- en bells chim - ing!
2. Hear the gold- en bells chim - ing!
3. Hear the gold- en bells chim - ing!

Andantino.

Hap- py notes of gladness, love and peace; Let the joy - ful mu - sic nev - er cease, Pealing forth a "Sav - ior born;"
Shepherds watching all the star - ry night, Saw the glo - ry of the wondrous Light, When the world's Great Hope was born;
Lead-ing us, as did the Ra-diant Star, To the cradl'd King whose song a - far On the wint'ry breeze is borne;

mf DUET.

Sweet, mel - o-dious notes are swell- ing, Of the lit - tle Christ-child tell - ing; Heav'nly love on earth is dwell - ing,
From that midnight joy we bor - row Strength for ev-'ry com - ing mor - row, Balm for ev - 'ry ill and sor - row;
Gifts He brought beyond all mea- sure, Dai - ly grace, e - ter - nal trea - sure; Praise we Him for ev - 'ry plea - sure,

mf

rall. CHORUS. (*Joyfully.*)

On this bless-ed, bless - ed morn.
Je - sus brings the promised morn.
On this bless-ed, bless - ed morn.
} Gold - en bells! Hear them mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly ring - ing,

rall.

cres.

chim - ing on, While an- gels so sweet-ly are sing - ing; Gold - en bells! now to

cres.
mf

Repeat chorus ad libitum, playing both clefs 8va.. pp.

f

all man-kind good tid-ings bring - ing. Christ the Lord, born for us this Ho - ly Christmas Day.

f

In the Business World.

The people of the West are always pleased when they hear of the success of any business which is strictly western in character. This is particularly true if it is a manufacturing enterprise, as it is the ambition of Western Canada to attract manufacturers to show that this part of the Dominion can produce manufactured articles fully equal to the best in Eastern Canada. It has been this belief that has actuated the widely-known firm of Foley Bros, Larson & Co., of Winnipeg, in their enormous expenditure in so completely equipping their great Winnipeg factory that it stands today unexcelled by any similar factory in Eastern Canada. Visitors to the Foley factory (who, by the way, are always welcome) are amazed at the great extent of the plant and at the cost and intricate working of the machinery used. For instance, in the making of the famous Premier Sodas, practically every detail, from the beginning until the finished biscuit is packed away, is handled by automatic machinery. In the mixing room, the dough is mixed automatically, it then stands in huge troughs until it reaches a certain temperature, when it is rolled flat through an automatic dough-break and automatic cutters cut it into the usual biscuit form. Enormous revolving ovens are then brought into play, through which the biscuits pass only once in a temperature of nearly 600 degrees. When they emerge they are ready for packing, all being first carefully inspected so that only the perfect biscuits go out to the consumer. It is noted that throughout the factory, in every detail of manufacture, none but the purest materials that money can buy are used and nothing is left undone to make sure of the exactest cleanliness. This is just as true in the making of Foley's widely known candies and chocolates. These latter are admitted the leading lines of their kind in Canada. It is a fact which may surprise some western people that Foley's chocolates are acknowledged even by Eastern manufacturers to be superior in every way, in flavor and in the quality of chocolate used, to imported chocolates. Nowadays one does not need to leave the West to get the best in chocolates. Some idea of the size of this western manufacturing business may be gained when it is mentioned that over 300,000 pounds each of flour and fine sugar are used yearly; more than 150,000 pounds of raw chocolate which the company grinds and refines by their own equipment, and that nearly 250 hands are employed apart from the travellers and office staffs at Edmonton, Vancouver and Winnipeg. This number is constantly being added to as the western public learns more about the absolute purity and real value of the Foley lines of Premier goods and Superba and Canadian Girl chocolates.

New Marlin Gun Catalog.

The superb new Marlin gun catalog is now ready for distribution—136 pages of live information relative to rifles, shotguns, ammunition, etc., with a beautifully lithographed cover featuring the famous painting "Quail Shooting in New England". All Marlin rifles and shotguns are thoroughly described and illustrated, many attractive half-tone cuts being used. The new models featured in this catalog are as follows:

New Model 25—a .22 caliber repeater shooting 15 .22 short or 18 .22 C. B. caps at one loading. It is a take-down rifle with trombone action, thoroughly accurate and reliable and a perfect Marlin repeating rifle in every respect, yet its list price is only $10.00.

New Model 26—a 12 gauge non-take-down repeating shotgun made in three styles; standard gun with 30 or 32 inch full choke barrel for all round shooting; brush gun with 26 inch cylinder bored barrel for bird shooting, etc.; riot gun with 20 inch cylinder bored barrel for buckshot loads, a most effective protective weapon. The list price is $21.00.

The New Marlin Trap Gun — a 12 gauge repeater with special smokeless steel barrel, imported Circassian walnut stock and fore-end; hand made, with dull London oil finish and unusually attractive hand checking. It is made with many special refinements for greater efficiency in trap work and its desirability is attested by the fact that, since the gun was brought out, the Marlin has established the amateur world's record for a long run—342 straight; also the amateur world's record for a two-day tournament—446 out of 450. List price is $38.00.

The catalog also illustrates and describes cartirdges, bullets, loads, etc., and contains information invaluable to every shooter. Every sportsman should write for a copy, to keep himself posted on the up-to-date features of the Marlin line. It is sent free for three stamps postage by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn. Mention the Western Home Monthly.

"Farm Weeds."

Many of our readers will remember that about three years ago the Dominion Department of Agriculture issued an elaborate weed bulletin entitled "Farm Weeds." The matter for this bulletin was prepared by the late Dr. Fletcher, then botanist for the experimental farms of Canada, and the publication was consummated by Geo. H. Clark, Seed Commissioner. This edition was distributed free to public institutions, including rural schools. The hearty approval with which the first edition was greeted has led the department to issue a second edition, revised and enlarged, and intended for the library of the farmer. This edition contains 76 plates of weeds and weed seeds, illustrated in their natural colors, and 180 pages of text. So far as our knowledge goes, it is the best bulletin on weeds to be issued by any government anywhere. This book is now available to Canadian farmers (single copies only) at the office of the Superintendent of Stationery, Government Printing Office, Ottawa, at the nominal price of $1.00.

Another Great Honor For the Chairman of Bovril, Limited.

The Earl of Arran has been appointed by the King to be a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, in the place of the Earl of Carysfort, K.P., deceased. The Earl of Arran, the sixth bearer of the title succeeded his father in 1901. He is also Vicount Sudley of Castle Gore, Baron Saunders of Deep, and Baron Sudley, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The family is decended from Gerald Gore, an alderman of the City of London at the close of the sixteenth century, from one of whose sons is also derived the family of Gore Langton, represented by Earl Temple. The new Knight of St. Patrick was formerly adjutant and brevet major Royal Horse Guards. He served in the Egyptian Calvalry, and commanded the Royal Horse Guards squadron of the Household Cavalry in the South African campaign. The Earl of Arran is the chairman of Bovril Ltd.—News of the World.

Inter Provincial Fair Brandon 1910.

The dates of the Inter-Provincial Fair of 1910 are July 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29.

Quite of every-day use is the saying "grateful and comforting," and the phrase is always associated with the well-known brand of "Epp's Cocoa." As an article of diet nothing more wholesome and nourishing can be recommended than "Epp's." For giving

STYLE 24, LOUIS XV.
LATEST MODEL

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT
IS SOMETHING ALL CAN ENJOY

ALL CAN, AND DO ENJOY
THE MARTIN-ORME PIANO

¶ It is the one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young.
¶ Those who know music *best*, appreciate the MARTIN-ORME *most*.
¶ Martin-Orme tone is the heart of harmony.
¶ It is TONE that makes or unmakes a piano.
¶ It is TONE that has won fame for the MARTIN-ORME piano.
¶ Hear the Martin-Orme tone. Write for our special holiday prices.

Our Motto:
'Satisfied Customers'

A. E. SOULIS & CO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR MARTIN-ORME, PACKARD AND STANLEY PIANOS AND PLAYER PIANOS
328 SMITH STREET WINNIPEG

GIVE FURS

They are the most acceptable and useful of all gifts.

Our furs are superior in quality and style and are exceptionally good value.

Men's chamois lined overcoats in tweeds, beavers and friezes with Persian Lamb collar, **$50** up with Otter collar - - **$75** up
Men's Coon coats, **$50** to **$125**
Ladies' fur-lined coats, muskrat lining, Alaska sable collar and lapels, **$55**; Ladies' natural Mink Muffs from **$25**; Ladies' Marmot throws, special **$8**; Ladies' natural Muskrat ties, **$4** and **$5**; Men's Persian Lamb caps, **$5** to **$15**; Children's grey Lamb caps, **$1.50** to **$4.50**; Children's grey Lamb collars, **$6** to **$7**.

W. J. HAMMOND
Central Canada's Greatest Fur House
430 MAIN ST. **WINNIPEG**

Anybody Can Kodak

There's no longer anything complicated about photography. From pressing the button to developing the negatives every step has been made simple, easy. By the Kodak system it is daylight all the way. No dark-room is needed for loading, unloading, developing or printing, and all the processes have been so simplified that the merest beginner can take and finish the photographs with good results. The Kodak tank method of development has, in fact, so fully proved that skill is not necessary in development that thousands of professional photographers, in spite of the fact that they have the skill and have the dark-room facilities, are using the tank system of development for all of their work. Anybody can Kodak.

And there are interesting pictures everywhere, pictures that you can take and that you and your friends would enjoy having. Ask your dealer or write us for a copy of "*The Kodak on the Farm.*"

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada

Ink Pencil or Fountain Pen! Just what you want for doing your Homework! - - -

You can have your choice FREE of either of these valuable and useful articles, (Made from very best materials, Fountain Pen is **Gold-Banded**), for selling only $2.00 worth of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Seeds are assorted varieties in 5c. (small) and 10c. (large) packages, and are easy sellers. Send to-day—your name and address, plainly written. A postcard will do. **The Reliable Premium Co.** Dept. W J, Waterloo, Ont. 28

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

strength to the system, for making good the daily waste that is going on and for supplying good food and drink at the same time, this particular cocoa is pre-eminent. It contains a remarkable percentage of cocoa butter—a vitalizing substance. As a cold resister thereis nothing so effective, and children thrive on "Epp's Cocoa."

Manitoba Winter Fair.

The Manitoba Winter Fair and Fat Stock Show will be held in Brandon, March 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 1910. This great live stock exposition has obtained an immense hold on the farming interests in the West and the prize list which will be ready for distribution in the early part of December will be eagerly waited for by the breeders and farmers. A $13,000 addition to the present Winter Fair Building in Brandon is being erected to make room for the rapidly increasing number of exhibits and it is fully expected that even with this additional accommodation the capacity of the building will be taxed to the utmost. A competition especially interesting to the younger readers of the Western Home Monthly is one for boys and girls of not less than 12 years and not more than 18 years of age, for the best sheaf of wheat or oats and the best gallon of hand threshed grain. All enquiries should be addressed to Charles Fraser, Secretary, Brandon.

A Watch for Christmas.

Few articles are more acceptable to a boy as a Christmas gift than a watch, especially when the watch is guaranteed to be serviceable as well as ornamental. Mr. D. A. Reesor, the well-known jeweler of Brandon, advertises a $1.50 watch in this issue. He has already sold thousands of them and everybody declares that they give perfect satisfaction. When it comes to watches, Mr. Reesor is an undoubted authority and any offer that he makes bears the stamp of reliability. His extensive knowledge of watch and clock making led to his being chosen as the official time inspector of the C. P. R., C. N. R., and G. T. P. While watches are a specialty with this firm their large jewelry store, one of the most handsome in the West, affords a great variety to those in search of Christmas gifts.

Messrs Campbell & Campbell Brandon.

Among the many business enterprises that make up the commercial activity of the city of Brandon, the furniture ware-rooms of Messrs. Campbell & Campbell occupy a leading place. Established several years ago, the business has steadily increased and now any conceivable article of furniture from the simplest to the most luxurious attracts the visitor's notice. The wares of all countries, noted for artistic furniture, are exhibited and some of the most beautiful articles to be seen are the finished products of the firm's own workshops, conducted in connection with their store. Readers of the Western Home Monthly will find dealing with this firm pleasant and profitable. Their advertisement appears on page .... of this ussue, and as far as quality and variety are concerned no Westerner need pass Brandon for furniture.

Western Sales Agency.

An announcement that is of more than passing interest to our readers is to be found in the advertisement of Gray-Campbell Co. Ltd., which appears on page two of this issue. In order that they may come more closely in touch with their thousands of customers in Western Canada, the Wm. Gray & Sons Co. Ltd. and the Manson Campbell Co. Ltd., two of the largest manufacturing concerns in Chatham, Ontario, have established the Gray-Campbell Co. Ltd. to act as sales agents for them in the West. Gray-Campbell Co. Ltd. have their headquarters at Winnipeg and also have branch offices at Brandon, Moose Jaw and Calgary. The new agency will handle for the West the entire product coming from both these immense Eastern plants, and will act as distributors for Gray high grade carriages and sleighs and for Chatham fanning mills, Chatham kitchen cabnets, Chatham incubators, Chatham pitless scales, Chatham fireless cookers, Chatham vacuum cleaners, as well as all the other well known "Chatham" lines.

The value of this Western sales agency to our readers can hardly be over-estimated. Not only will a material saving in freight rates be effected, but a marked saving in time will result on shipments. We would strongly recommend any of our readers who may chance to be unacquainted with the goods handled by Gray-Campbell Co. Ltd. to write them at their nearest office for full information on any line in which they may be interested.

Before the next issue of the Western Home Monthly reaches its readers, the year 1909, with all its wonderful happenings and great achievements, will have passed into history. The occasion reminds us that the splendid measure of success attained by this magazine during the closing year has been largely due to the devotion and enthusiastic support of its readers. We thank them sincerely and assure them that the aim of the furture will be to make the Western Home Monthly more helpful and interesting than ever. The publishers cordially wish all its readers a joyful and prosperous New Year.

The Dingwall Catalogue.

An exceptionally neat and attractive catalogue has just been issued by the well-known jewelry establishment of Winnipeg, D. R. Dingwall, Ltd. It contains 100 pages of illustrated and descriptive matter, and its style and form reflects much credit on the firm. Every conceivable design in jewelry is illustrated in this huge assortment. Selections for the Christmas trade have been made many months ago from the leading jewelry centres of the world, and to this has been added the latest productions of the firm's own factory, so that altogether, whatever one requires in jewelry can easily be had at Dingwall's. The history of the Dingwall firm has been eminently in keeping with the progress of Winnipeg. In a short time it will occupy the entire ground floor of that magnificent structure now being completed at the corner of Main and Portage Avenues. From the small, one-story, frame shack of 1882, with a staff of two people, to the magnificent quarters above described, speaks for itself, and where a staff of two sufficed at the commencement, sixty-five people are now actively engaged. Right principles and square dealings are Dingwall's key-notes. Any Western Home Monthly reader can have a copy of the catalogue on application.

THIS TRACTOR IS YOURS

AVERY FARM TRACTOR,
Value $2,500.00

Also A Share of 1999 Other Prizes, Free

ALL you have to do is to send in your subscription for "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" for one year, which entitles you to submit a guess as to the number of kernels in 8 pounds $8\frac{7}{16}$ ounces of No. 2 Northern Wheat, and if you are the first to guess the exact number, or the nearest to the exact number, THE AVERY FARM TRACTOR IS YOURS without any further cost to you other than the freight from Winnipeg. The other prizes are well worth working for.

The 2nd prize is A Mendelssohn Piano, - -	Value $350.00
The 3rd prize is An Edison Phonograph, - -	Value $100.00
The 4th prize is A Magnet Cream Separator, -	Value $100.00
The 5th prize is A Raymond Sewing Machine -	Value $50.00

There are 1995 other prizes, or

2000 PRIZES IN ALL—MAKING A TOTAL OF $4,572.50

THIS IS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OFFER EVER SUBMITTED TO THE FARMERS OF WESTERN CANADA BY ANY FARM PUBLICATION. You get THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER one year for $1.00, which in itself is the best value ever offered for the money. Hundreds of our present subscribers tell us they would not be without it for five times the price, and in addition you stand a chance of winning a good share of $4572.50 in prizes. Can we offer you any more? It sounds almost like a lottery, but it isn't. It is a straight forward business proposition backed by one of the leading publishing houses in Western Canada: E. H Heath Co., Limited.

The wheat is a fair clean sample of No. 2 Northern. An ordinary gallon bottle was obtained and taken to the Dominion Weights and Measures Office, Winnipeg, and the bottle was filled right to the top with this wheat, and the wheat was found to weigh exacily 8 pounds 8 and $\frac{7}{16}$ ounces. It was immediately sealed, photographed and deposited with The National Trust Co., Winnipeg, to remain in their vaults until the Contest closes, May 31st, 1910.

For your guidance we might say the number of kernals counted in 15 pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat in our Contest which ended July 1st, last was 257,885. The number of kernels counted in 5 pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat in the "Nor'-West Farmer" Contest which closed last spring was 82,496. 869,762 was the number of kernels counted in a bushel of wheat in 1903 in a Wheat Guessing Contest in the United States. Now, just figure it out for yourself, make your guess send it in to us on the coupon below, with the price of a year's subscription, and then enjoy one of the best papers in Western Canada (The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer) until May 31st next, when the wheat will be counted and awards of prizes made.

Wouldn't it make your heart glad to get that TRACTOR? The opportunity is yours. Do your part now and you will thank us as long as you live that we wrote this advertisement. We want YOU and your NEIGHBORS to become readers of our magazine. We want you badly, otherwise we wouldn't have taken all this trouble to tell you about our scheme or offered such big inducements. Just think of it. A 70 to 100 page magazine for a whole year, and that magazine such as you and your family will be delighted with. A two color special design cover each month, and the magazine full of information regarding farming and farm machinery that is just a bit different from anything you have ever read. We'll take all the chances. We'll refund your money if you are not satisfied. You'll take advantage of this offer; we know you will. You'll be making yourself the best Christmas present you ever received. But DO IT NOW.

You May Get More Estimates thus:

2 years' subscription	and	$2	gives you	3	estimates
3	"	"	"	$3	"	"	5	"
4	"	"	"	$4	"	"	7	"
5	"	"	"	$5	"	"	9	"
6	"	"	"	$6	"	"	11	"
7	"	"	"	$7	"	"	13	"
8	"	"	"	$8	"	"	15	"
9	"	"	"	$9	"	"	17	"
10	"	"	"	$10	"	"	20	"

Or, Better Still, Get your Neighbours to

Club with you, the subscriptions to cover one year. These subscriptions and estimates must be received in one envelope, so that we may credit them properly.

5 persons	sending	$5	get	10	estimates	and each have
6	"	"	$6	"	12	"	1 year's subs.
7	"	"	$7	"	14	"	" "
8	"	"	$8	"	16	"	" "
9	"	"	$9	"	18	"	" "
10	"	"	$10	"	30	"	" "

In Sending Subscriptions mail direct to E. H. HEATH CO., LTD., Winnipeg, Canada. Cut out the accompanying subscription blank, fill in the name, address and send in with the necessary amount to cover the number of years subscribed for. Send money by registered letter, express money order or postal money order. All checks must include exchange. In sending in a number of names, write the additional names and addresses plainly on a separate sheet of paper.

SEND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS

TO

E. H. HEATH CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG CANADA

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK—W.H.M.

E. H. HEATH COMPANY LTD.

WINNIPEG, CANADA Date.....

Gentlemen — Please find enclosed.....for.....

years' subscription to "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" to be

sent to.....

.....

My estimate as to the number of kernels in 8 lbs. $8\frac{7}{16}$ oz. of No. 2 Northern Wheat is

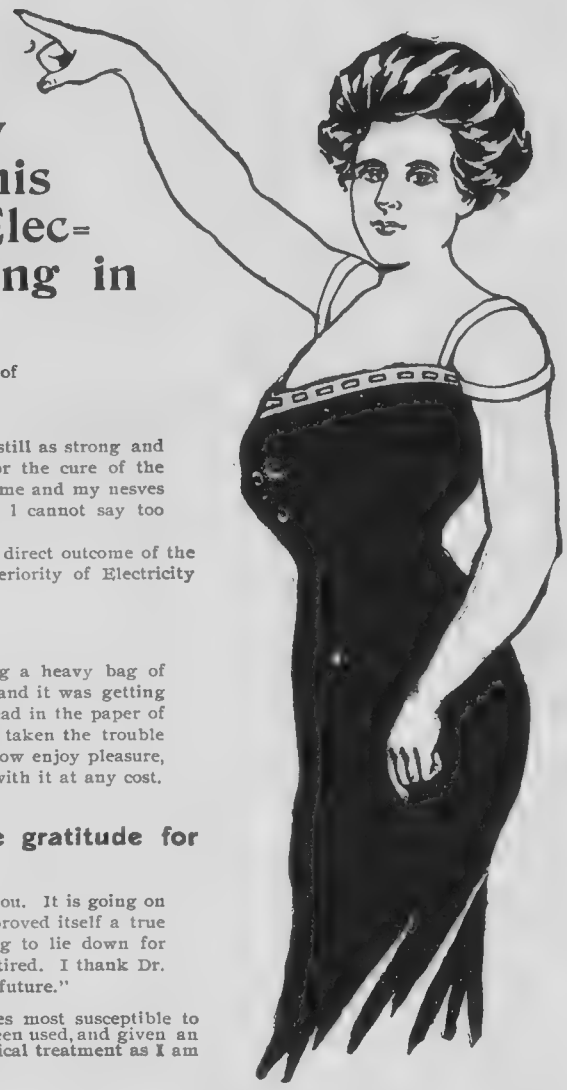
1..... 2..... 3..... 4..... 5.....

List of Prizes

1st—Avery Farm Tractor.....	$2500.00
2nd—Mendelssohn Piano.....	350.00
3rd—Edison Triumph Phonograph with repeating attachment and complete with 75 records.....	100.00
4th—Magnet Cream Separator.....	100.00
5th—Raymond Sewing Machine.....	50.00
6-10—Scholarships in The Heath School of Traction Engineering (by correspondence), $30.00.....	150.00
11-55—Large Colored School Wall Map of Dominion of Canada, and Map of World on reverse side, $5.00..	225.00
56-130—Tabor Stop Motion Speed Indicators, $1.50.....	112.50
131-175—Doctor for a Dollar Pocket Medicine Cases, $1.00.....	45.00
176-500—Your choice of a number of Books, each worth $1.00.....	325.00
501-900—25 ft. Linenol Measuring Tapes, metal case, brass barrel, .50.....	200.00
901-1400—Your choice of a number of Books, each worth 50c.....	250.00
1401-1500—Your choice of one pound Gold Standard Tea or Coffee, 40c.....	40.00
1501-2000—Farmer's Rapid Calculator and Veterinary Handbook, 25c.....	125.00
2000—Total prize distribution.....	$4572.50

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE!

The Greatest Scientists In the World Have Declared Electricity to be the Basis of Nerve Vitality. My Success in the Past Twenty Years Has Demonstrated the Truth of this Contention--that Strong People are Full of Electricity and that Weak People are lacking in Electricity.



I know that where Electricity is used as I apply it pain or weakness cannot exist. Take the case of

Mr. W. L. Flemmington, Lumsden, Sask. Read his letter:

"Dear Sir,—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and healthy as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a godsend that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailment of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nesves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much for it has made my body a pleasure to own."

Doctors all over the world are now talking Electricity; and are using it in one form or another. This is the direct outcome of the announcement of the world's greatest scientists, and is a practical admission on the part of the physicians of the superiority of Electricity over drugs as a curative agent. Take the case of

Mr. G. Herman, Stoney Plain, Alta. It speaks for itself:

"Dear Sir,—I wish to tell you what your belt has done for me. When a lad of eighteen years, I was carrying a heavy bag of corn, and somehow or other I must have hurt myself. A pain came on soon after, like a cramp in the stomach, and it was getting steadily worse until I found relief from your Belt. I tried doctors and patent medicines with no benefit. I then read in the paper of your Belts and their wonderful cures. After purchasing one of your Belts I found relief at once, and it has now taken the trouble completely away, and I can now lift anything without feeling that hated pain. My food digests better, and I can now enjoy pleasure, whereas before it was useless to be where it was. I am very well pleased with your Belt, and would not part with it at any cost. I would gladly recommend it to any sufferer, as I have proved it to be a cure for what medicine will not reach.

Here is another letter, from Mrs. J. Laroque, Riverside, Sask., expressing the gratitude for herself and husband:

"Dear Sir,—It is indeed with great pleasure, both from my husband and myself, that I write this letter to you. It is going on three years since I have had your Electric Belt add must say it has made a new woman of me. It has indeed proved itself a true friend to me and I would not part with it for twice its weight in gold. I could not do a day's work without having to lie down for half a day, before I wore the Belt, but now I can do all my work and attend to four children without ever feeling tired. I thank Dr. McLaughlin for the great benefit he has given me through his Electric Belt, and wish him the best success for the future."

I have spent over twenty-five years of my life of study and practical experience in the treatment of diseases most susceptible to electricity; have brought forth all the virtues and exposed all the faults that have existed in the methods that have been used, and given an experience which should qualify such a student, such an enthusiastic advocate of the modern methods of electro medical treatment as I am to-day. I have developed a practical self-treatment which has produced great results.

Take the case of J. F. Worley, Gull Lake, Sask. What relief it must have been to him:

"Dear Sir,—When I got your Belt nineteen months ago, my stomach bothered me so that I could not sleep at nights, and my head hurt me so that I thought I would lose my mind; and I thought I would sure go crazy, and my limbs would cramp so that I would have to get out of bed and rub them; so when I received your Belt I did not wear it more than three nights til I could lie down and sleep all night, so the money I paid you for your Belt is cheerfully yours. If this will help you any, you can use it, for I think that electricity is the proper way of curing all chronic diseases."

Mr. Wm. C. Allen, of 639 Main St., Winnipeg, tells of his own cure by my Belt, and how it fixed up his friend:

"Dear Sir.—I wish to tell you that I am in splendid health and strength. Under Providence, your Belt made a new man of me. I gave it away when I was cured, and I know that it fixed the other fellow up, too."

Too many physicians make a mistake in treating the condition and overlooking the cause. I first find the cause of the trouble and remove it. If it is in the stomach I restore the power there; if in the nerve system, I build up the nerve force; if in the kidneys, the blood, or the organs of generation, I find the cause and supply to the body the needed help, and after I have removed the cause, nature will cure the disease.

Mr. F. L. Neily's case demonstrates this — who writes from Box 1293, Regina, Sask., as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I am entirely satisfied that your Belt is all that it is represented to be as the results in my case are entirely satisfactory. I am, I believe, entirely cured; and further, would say that not long ago I had La Grippe, which settled in my kidneys. I could get no relief from drugs and could not sleep, so I put my Belt on as an experiment, and almost immediately got relief. The pain left my kidneys and I experienced no trouble in going to sleep. I continued to wear the Belt for a week and have not had the return of the acute pains. Further, my heart ceased to palpitate (as before) and is more normal now than at any time since I had the Typhoid Fever nine years ago. Wishing you every success."

If you wish further evidence, tell me where you live, and I will give you the name of a man in your town I have cured. When your neighbor tells you that Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt cured him, will you then beleive there is some help for you?

Easy to Wear Cures While You Sleep

To those who still doubt there is any cure because they have been misled by false representations and want evidence of cure in their own cases before paying, I say, disregard my testimonials if you will, but be convinced by what I can do in your case before you pay. I am willing to take all the chances of curing any case of **Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Lost Energy,** resulting from exposure and excesses, in mindle-aged men. Give me reasonable security and you

PAY WHEN CURED

FREE BOOK—I have a book which gives many hundreds of letters from men whom I have cured. Tells all about the sign of decay in men, how they are caused, how they first appear, the way the vital power is wasted, and how all these troubles are cured by electricity. It inspires a man with the desire to be "a man all over," It is full of things a man likes to read. If you will send for it I will send it to you, closely sealed, free. Consultation Free. You are invited. If you cannot call, write for this book at once. Get all the good you can out of life while it lasts.

Dr. McLaughlin's Belt is as good for women as it is for men. I have a book especially for women. Free if you send this coupon.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p. m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLAN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
NAME .....
ADDRSS.....
Please send me your book free.

FREE

FREE Steam Engine

Boy's Toy Machinery Engine, very powerful, given away for selling 32 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10 cents per package. Send no money. We trust you with the Blue until sold. Send your name and address, and we will send you the Blue by return mail, together with our Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other Handsome and valuable Premiums.

Household Specialty Co., Montreal

Printing Press

Boy's Printing Press and Type, very complete, given away for selling 32 packages of our famous STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. We trust you with the Blue until sold. Send your name and address and we will send you the Blue, together with our Premium Catalogue showing other Handsome and Valuable Premiums.

FREE

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., Montreal

FREE

FREE

DANDY AIR RIFLE

for selling only 32 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. It is easily sold. Write us to-day. Send no money, simply your name and address, plainly written, together with a request for the Blue, which will be sent prepaid by the first mail, together with our extensive Premium Catalogue, showing our other handsome and valuable premiums.

Household Specialty Co., Montreal

WRITING RING AND SCARF PIN

FREE

The newest thing out, rings and scarf pins that write. Either ring or scarf pin free for selling only $2.00 worth of the fastest selling Picture Post Cards, all varieties. No cheap cards at 6 for 10 cents. Write now, a postal will do.

Gold Shell Seamless Stock set with Rubies and fancy engraved top.

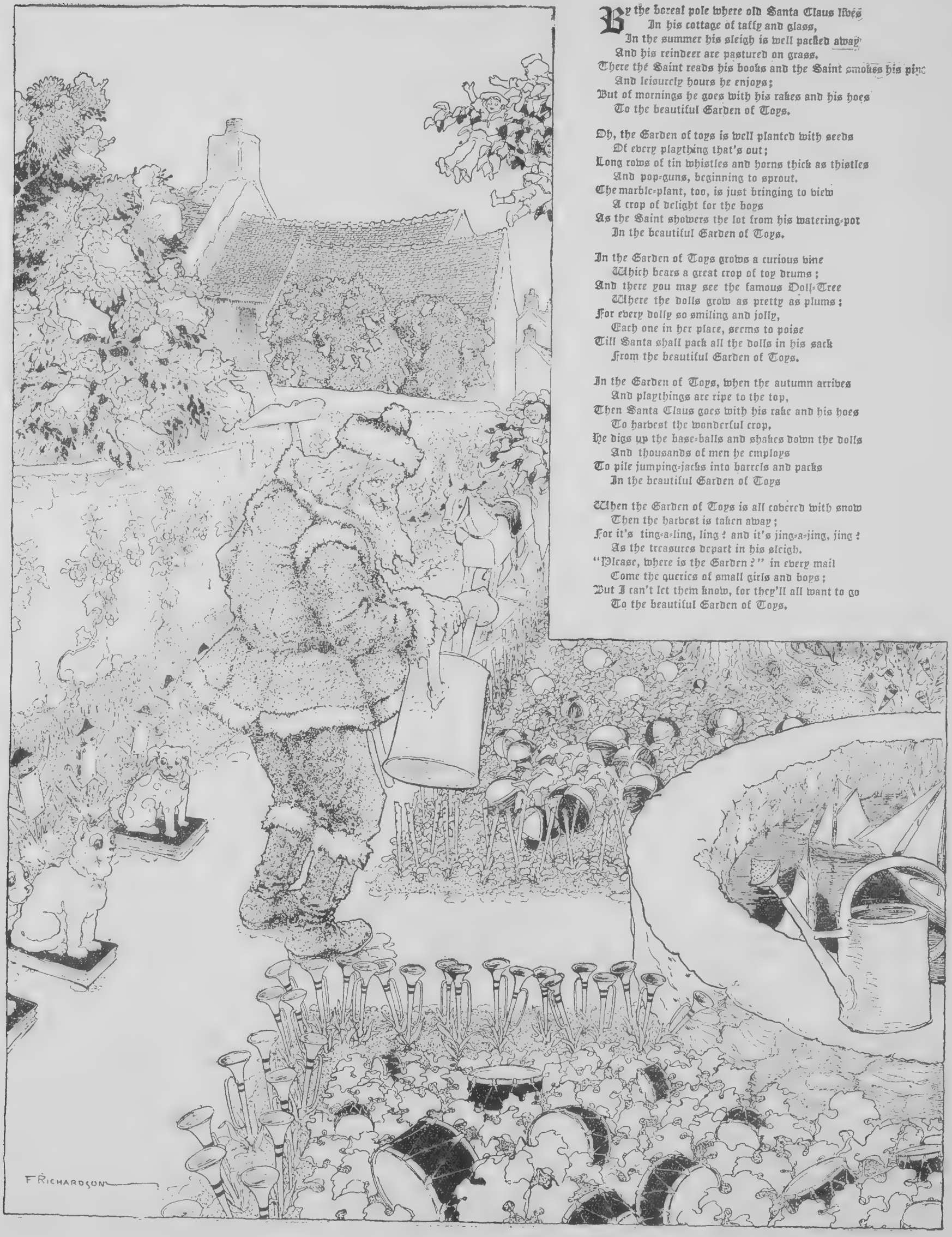
14K Gold Filled Cluster set with 10 Pearls around, focused oval cut stone center.

The Reliable Premium Co.
Waterloo, Ont.

Send Your Music Orders to Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg.

The Beautiful Garden of Toys.

By WALLACE IRWIN.



By the boreal pole where old Santa Claus lives
In his cottage of taffy and glass,
In the summer his sleigh is well packed away
And his reindeer are pastured on grass.
There the Saint reads his books and the Saint smokes his pipe
And leisurely hours he enjoys;
But of mornings he goes with his rakes and his hoes
To the beautiful Garden of Toys.

Oh, the Garden of toys is well planted with seeds
Of every plaything that's out;
Long rows of tin whistles and horns thick as thistles
And pop-guns, beginning to sprout.
The marble-plant, too, is just bringing to view
A crop of delight for the boys
As the Saint showers the lot from his watering-pot
In the beautiful Garden of Toys.

In the Garden of Toys grows a curious vine
Which bears a great crop of toy drums;
And there you may see the famous Doll-Tree
Where the dolls grow as pretty as plums;
For every dolly so smiling and jolly,
Each one in her place, seems to poise
Till Santa shall pack all the dolls in his sack
From the beautiful Garden of Toys.

In the Garden of Toys, when the autumn arrives
And playthings are ripe to the top,
Then Santa Claus goes with his rake and his hoes
To harvest the wonderful crop,
He digs up the base-balls and shakes down the dolls
And thousands of men he employs
To pile jumping-jacks into barrels and packs
In the beautiful Garden of Toys

When the Garden of Toys is all covered with snow
Then the harvest is taken away;
For it's ting-a-ling, ling! and it's jing-a-jing, jing!
As the treasures depart in his sleigh.
"Please, where is the Garden?" in every mail
Come the queries of small girls and boys;
But I can't let them know, for they'll all want to go
To the beautiful Garden of Toys.

THOUSANDS of Canchester Burners are now being used all over Canada. The only burner made that will fit any ordinary lamp. Gives a strong, bright, white light unequalled for sewing and reading. The latest improvement in lighting. Is easily adjusted. Saves cleaning and wick trimming and will save more than half your coal oil bill. Take no chances with dangerous imitations. Place your order now, for Christmas. Price $2.00 per burner complete.

INCANDESCENT KEROSENE LIGHT CO.,
50 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

We are all liable to colds
and their train of evils

Trace a cold back to its cause and the fact is found to be that it came through exposure when the vitality was low.

Therefore, the body should be well fortified by a generous diet. A cup of **HOT BOVRIL** at eleven or at five o'clock, or before going out into the wet or cold will impart strength and increase your power of resistance.

There is both pleasure and safety in

BOVRIL

8-11-09

$5 Panama Skirt $2.95

Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $5 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in all shades. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. Say color preferred. It's the new style, side pleated and button trimmed. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit perfectly, and give satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in all shades of all wool Venetian for $3.25. Reduced from $6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt W11. Add 35c. and we will pay postage. STANDARD GARMENT CO. London, Canada.

FREE FREE

FREE

Combination Sportman's Knife

Genuine Buck Horn Handle, Two Blades, Hoof Hook, Punch, Cork-Screw, Screw-Driver, etc., etc., given away for selling 16 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c. per pkg. No money required. Send your name and address and we will send the Blue by return mail together with our Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other Handsome and Valuable Premiums.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., MONTREAL, Que.

VICTORY over CATARRH

The Greatest Catarrh Remedy of the day.

German Catarrh Remedy.

Why suffer. Instant relief. Everybody who uses recommends it. Send 50c. postal note for a box to C. A. MUMA, Drumbo, Ont.

Mention this paper.

DO YOU KNOW

Many that play pianos; if not, ask. This is worth money to you. Mail us this ad. with 15c. and six of your friends' names who play the piano, then we will mail you one of our latest song hits selling at 25c., also two artistic post cards. Address: **The W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.**

Toys.

By ETHEL McKINNEY.

A LITTLE kindergarten girl was asked by her mother what she would like for a birthday present. She had so many things, beautiful toys and all else a child could wish, that what to give her next became a problem. After thinking a minute she said: "In the school we have some boxes with little square blocks inside. Could I have one of those to play with all the time?" She had had fun building things with those cubes. It seemed greater bliss to have them at home to play and invent with, unhindered, than to possess any costly and perfect "boughten" toy, good for nothing but just to sit and look at.

Why is it that children prefer sticks and corncobs to French dolls, and take more comfort in a house made out of a pasteboard box than in an electric lighted palace? Friedrich Froebel discovered that children's minds are not empty vessels, to be filled up by a judicious pouring in, but that they possess a wonderful force, "creative self-activity." So he invented a series of playthings, the "gifts" of the kindergarten to-day. They are absolutely simple, but they give the child something to do, to invent with, to exercise his own thought and self-activity upon.

This does not mean that the only good toys for children are balls and blocks. But children do like simple toys, real playthings, something not too perfect for them to dress up and "pretend" with.

Children who have too many and too elaborate toys are the ones who destroy them. There is no more fun in a steamboat after you have pulled out its vitals and found what makes it go. There it lies on the shelf, a wreck, and you don't care what happens to it. But the wooden boat you hacked out with a jackknife is an alabaster box. People would better not touch it. You see that no harm comes to that.

In the kindergarten the child plays with a few simple things and finds out all their possibilities. The ball is the oldest and simplest plaything in the world. Every child has balls at home. But that kindergarten ball is made to do so many things. If the child had one ball at home and that the only toy, perhaps he would find out its possibilities there. A child, unless directly thwarted, is bound to invent, explore and imagine, anyway. It is too bad when his toys, by being too many and too fine, are a hindrance, not a help, to his development.

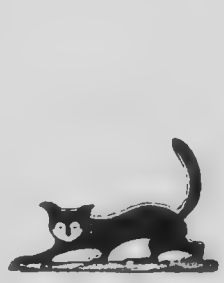
It is encouraging to note a disposition among the makers of toys to return to primitive simplicity. In Dresden, where toys of wool are manufactured in large quantities, a few thoughtful and artistic men are designing sturdy Noahs and quaint members of his happy family on lines which are at once artistic and enduring. We are told at the shops that Noah's ark has gone out of fashion; it may be that the Noah of the new school will prove so interesting as to be restored to the shelves of the dealers and introduced anew among the children of an age all too forgetful of the holy scriptures.

As for dolls—and "toys" means dolls, as a general thing, to the trade, for there are more dolls sold than of all other toys together—they really cannot be, all of them, of sawdust or of wood; they must have hair, and fluffy dresses, and shoes, and underclothes. Some of them must, at least. The best beloved may be as tough as a punching bag, but a little girl's affections are not to be confined to a family of one; she wants several children, of varying degrees of elegance.

Whoso fails to realize the yearning for dollies which is heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in a rising chorus, has but to visit a few of the wholesale toy stores to see visions and dream dreams of a beautiful world of little girls and their babies.

There is a certain floor of a certain warehouse which is devoted mainly to dolls. On its long counters, standing and sitting and lying flat on their backs, are four thousand and four hundred specimens of dolls, different styles and sizes; and that is only one of the many stores. The dolls come mainly from Germany. Even the French dolls, some of them, are made in Germany now, for they can be manufactured more cheaply there than anywhere else. There is one pretty little city nestled down between two mountains in Saxe-Meiningen, which is given up wholly to the making of them. This is Sonneberg, where the women and children help the men to turn out dollies for the rest of the world. There is a new kind of dolls now, very perfect and durable ones, made of sheet steel. They are light and strong, so strong that they cannot be broken even if stepped on. Their smile is the kind which will not come off, for their complexion is of baked enamel, not to be rubbed or scraped away. They are startlingly lifelike, for they have ball and socket joints, even for their ankles, and strike all kinds of childish attitudes. The hands can be fitted with gloves, and the eyes are removable, to accommodate little girls who have decided preferences as to brown eyes or blue. The hair can be removed for a shampoo or a change of complexion. They will talk, even, if one cares to pay for a phonograph attachment.

Of the different toys which can be bought for a child in this twentieth century, there is almost no end. Girls and boys are imitators; that is why we see airships for the up-to-date youth who reads the papers or hears his father talk about Prof. Langley and M. Santos Dumont, and "loop the loops" to revive memories of the Midway. Musical instruments have reached a high degree of perfection. The musical cylinder idea was conceived by a clergyman, who owns the patent and enjoys a handsome revenue therefrom. This consists of many adaptations of the tin cylinder, which tinkles as it rolls, by reason of metallic points within. A clergyman, too, has shared in the production of miniature peals of bells, or chimes, which is very pleasing. Toy pianos grow larger and more musical year by year. There are complete shops, of various kinds, with counter, cashier's desk, and so on; there are railways with trains which travel over switches and bridges and stop at stations; men-of-war, which sail and almost fight; electrical toys of fabulous ingenuity and cost. But the dearest toys of all are the old, simple ones, transfigured in the light of the loving owner's personality.



Incentives to useful labor are rare taste and skill in the gifts of toys bestowed upon children in Germany and Switzerland. One cannot fail to admire the taste displayed in the arrangment of utensils in bright ribbon-tied boxes, strapped baskets, or crocheted nets, which not only make attractive the toil suggested, but provide neat receptacles for the work. Even the cheapest things, so arranged, seem elaborate outfits to the child's mind, whose love for complete equipment begins very early. An ordinary ten-cent doll seems a poor thing even to fill the toe of a Christmas stocking, but when she is laid in the basket trunk with well-made clothes tied around her with ribbons, each garment by itself, she assumes the air of a great personage and the little mother has a rapturous time untying and retying the trousseau.

Few small fingers could resist beginning work at once on a piece of canvas which is received tied to a big card

with gold thread and surrounded with worsted skeins tied in love knots, and holding mysterious small packages from which thimble, needle and scissors can be unrolled. Letter writing is attractively suggested when the small paper and envelopes are placed in a lap tablet of flowered cretonne, which also holds pen, pencil, eraser and pen wiper. A board two inches wide and twelve inches long, provided with a dozen small brass hooks, from which hang a child's cook-utensils, can be nailed above a miniature stove and seem a complete kitchen, even to older eyes.

That Wonderful Baby.

The fond mother had brought in her first baby for Mr. Softleigh's inspection.

"You know," she exclaimed, "every mother thinks her baby is the best in the world, but mine just roves it."

"What does he do?"

"Everything."

"Does he walk?"

"Walk! Why, he's only six weeks old! But just let me hold him in my arms, and see how perfectly he executes the Highland fling."

"Er—can he say 'Mamma'?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Softleigh. But he can imitate a steam-engine."

"How?"

"He puffs out his little cheeks, so, and says 'Oo! Oo'!"

"Can he—er—crawl?"

"You silly man! Of course not; he's much too young."

"What else can he do?"

"Now, you watch him as I take him up in my arms. See how he smiles at me, and notice how intelligently he—breathes!"

'Twas Commercial Love.

The manager of the big deparment store stood stock still outside the telephone booth. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer, speaking; and this was a scrap of the conversation the scandalized man overheard:

"I love you dear, and only you! I'm weeping my heart away! Yes, my darling, speak to me once more! I love you dear—I love you so!"

The young woman rang off, and stepped out of the cabinet to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixed where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business, and not for love-making in office hours. I am surprised at you. Don't let it occur again!"

The young woman froze him with a glance. "I was ordering some new songs from the publishers for No. 3 Department," she explained, icily.

THE MONTHS' BRIGHT SAYINGS.

Dr. Grenfell: — Life is worth while only when you help others.

Principal Patrick: — Every strong man has a weak point; he is strong only in fighting it down.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: — The crime committed in the Congo in tne slave-driving rubber trade is the greatest in the history of the world.

Agnes Deans Cameron: — No child who does not love music should have music lessons inflicted upon it.

Sir William White: — We English have taught the world so much that we must not be above learning a little.

Sir William Van Horne: — I expect to hang on long enough to see the C. P. R. have four tracks between Winnipeg and Lake Superior.

Rev. Dr. Bland: — Family affection is the chief pillar of the home, the most powerful of all human forces.

W. J. Bryan: — It would not be good if men were not restless. A world which does not want is a world on the wane.

Sir Oliver Lodge: — If there were no struggle in life, nothing to overcome, it would be extremely dull and bad for everybody.

Goldwin Smith: — We must not be hasty when considering the misdeeds of past generations; the times were hard and so were the men.

Sir Wilfred Laurier: — The British constitution is the most noble code of political wisdom that was ever devised by man for the government of man.

Rev. Dr. Aked: — Drunkenness leads to poverty, largely to unemployment, to cruelty to children, and to the physical deterioration of the race.

Lord Curzon (at Glasgow University): Instead of twenty-two football players being watched by 40,000 people, it would be finer to see 40,000 football players watched by twenty-two onlookers.

R. L. Borden, M.P. — Something is lost to a country when a citizen of independent ways of thinking, instead of asserting his opinions, keeps them to himself.

The Fool and the Wise Man.

He loved to lean upon the fence
And watch the swallows dart,
And hear the lark with joy immense
Let song pour from its heart.

He loved to linger by the brook
And watch the bubbles play,
And drowse and dream above his hook,
With trouble far away.

With simple joys he was content;
He had no wish to rule;
Men said his days were all mispent
And called the man a fo '.

Another where the crowds were great
Went scheming day by day;
He filled men's hearts with fear and hate,
And piled his gains away.

He never knew one :r of rest,
His brow was lined with care;
If joy had e'er been in his breast
It had not lingered there.

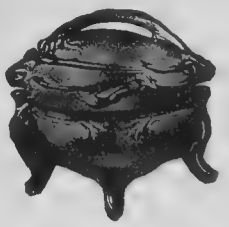
No birds enchanted him with song,
His dreams were full of sighs,
But people saw him push along
And thought that he was wise.

—S. E. Kiser.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM OUR CATALOGUE

HALMA.
The old and ever popular game, for two and four players, very superior edition. Price **28 cents,** by mail 10 cents extra.

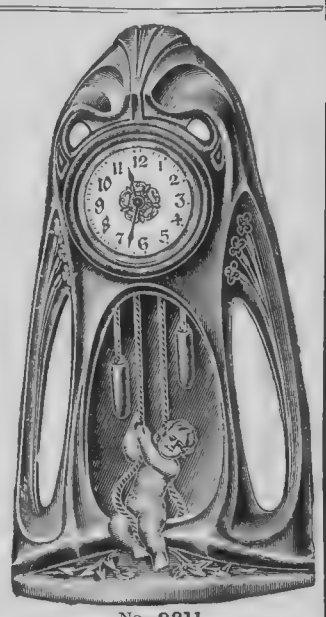
BRIDGE SETS.
Our mail order special. Full cloth box. 2 score pads, 2 packs cards, box of rules. A good practical set. Price **87 cents,** by mail 15 cents extra.



JEWEL BOX.
Solid metal, lined with pink satin. A dainty article.
Silver finish - - **44 cents**
Gold finish - - **48 cents**
By mail 5 cents extra.

No. **3379—High Grade Dressed Doll.**
Small size. Well finished.
Our price - **32 cents**
By mail 8 cents extra.

THE CHILDREN'S GAME OF MODEL SHOPS
Sets of miniature packets and boxes of biscuits, sugar, tea and other assortment of grocery and household articles. Complete with scales, bill heads, window tickets, imitation money. Price **28 cents** each. If sent by mail 17 cents extra.



No. **9211**
FULL GILT MANTEL OR DRESSER CLOCK
7 day movement. A high grade clock in every way. Price **$3.75.**
Sent only by express.

XMAS POSTAL CARDS
Thousands of subjects.
No. **10**—A superb line of imported Christmas postals, including Santa Claus, Holly views, Winter scenes, etc.
12 different kinds **20 cents.**
25 different kinds **36 cents**
50 different kinds **65 cents.**

No. **20**—This line of Christmas subjects are well finished in gilt and are the kind usually sold at 5 cents each.
Our prices—12 different kinds, **42 cents;** 25 different kinds, **80 cents;** 50 different kinds, **$1.50.** All post paid.

No. **44—XMAS BOOKLET CARDS**

No. **A**—A special line of British made Christmas cards. In colors. Regular 10c. cards.
Our price—6 for **30 cents;** 12 for **53 cents;** 25 for **$100;** 100 for **$3.95.** Each card different.

No. **B**—A better line than No. A. Made by a British firm. Regular 15c. and 20c. cards.
Our price—6 for **47 cents;** 12 for **89 cents;** 25 for **$1.75;** 100 for **$6.00.** All post paid..

"EVERYTHING BY MAIL"

Montgomery Ross & Co.

Box 110 Station B

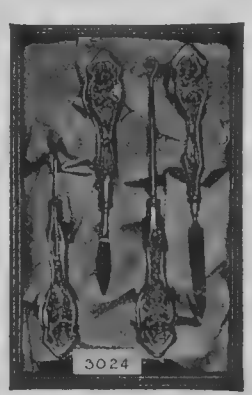
MONTREAL

N.B.—We have your copy of our big catalogue ready. Drop us a postal.

No. **134-66 -MILITARY BRUSH OUTFIT**

See illustration This is a very fine set in ebony finish.
Our special price $1.28.
By mail 17 cents extra.

No. **3024**
MANICURE SET
4 pieces. Finished in oxidized German silver. A reliable set for the money.
Our price $1.48
By mail 8 cents extra.



Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure, if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures,

Insist on having what you call for.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good,it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 92 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No knife and its torture.

No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

Beautifully Dressed

Bride Doll

Figured Cashmere Dress with rich Lace down front and sleeves and lace yoke, given for selling only 32 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. Send no money. We trust you with the Blue until sold. Write to-day for the Blue and we will send it by return mail, together with our extensive Premium Catalogue showing our other Handsome and Valuable Premiums which we give for the sale of our goods.

Household Specialty Co., Montreal

SEND $1.25

Receive this beautiful waist style made from fine white vesting. The style is the latest made with two box pleats each side and in back to match. Soft collar and turn cuffs trimmed with jet buttons now so fashionable. Send your order to-day. Order style W24, add 12 cents for postage.

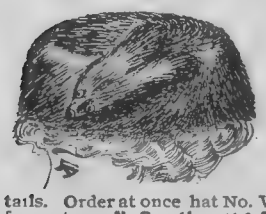
Standard Garment Co. London, Ont.

Ladies' Silver Watch

Genuine Solid Sterling Silver, elaborately engraved case, bevelled French crystal glass, given away for selling only 32 pkgs. of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package No money required. We trust you with the Blue until sold. Send your name and address, and we will send you the Blue by return mail, together with our Premium Catalogue, showing numbers of other handsome and valuable premiums.

Household Specialty Co., Montreal

SEND $2.75



Receive this Ladies' or Misses' close fitting, soft mushroom Turban made of extra fine selected Marten Hair in Black or Sable Brown. The side of brim is trimmed with a fur Possum head ending in two tails. Order at once hat No. W 10, add 20c. extra for postage. **N. Southcott & Co. London, Ont.**

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1 Charade.

Within the borders of my whole.
Abandoned to a cruel fate,
A starving author sits him down,
On wealth and fame to meditate.
With eager grasp my first he seizes,
And on my second leans his hand.
"My fourth shall write a story," quoth he,
"Which shall be famous through the land."
With trembling hand my last he scribbles,
Then pulls his hair and rubs his head;
But thoughts come not, bare are his pages,
One single letter may be read
About his room he madly paces,
Alas! his efforts are my third,
Nor fame will come, nor bread, nor butter,
He cannot write a single word;
He rends his clothes, and tears his hair,
Young authors, of his fate beware!

No. 2.—Beheadings.

1. A structure across a waterway. Beheaded—a height or elevation.
2. An expression of regret. Beheaded—something wanting.
3. A loud noise, as of an animal. Beheaded—part of the equipment of a boat.
4. Part of a rough fence. Beheaded—to be sick.
5. All Beheaded—in a great degree.
6. Loose or careless. Beheaded—a common tool.

Upper Diamond: In lampoons, a carriage, a French city, large, in lampoons.

Left hand Diamond: In lampoons, a color, a Chinese city, clamor, in lampoons.

Right-Hand Diamond: In lampoons, eternity, a French city, termination, in lampoons.

Lower Diamond; In lampoons, the light, an American city, however, in lampoons.

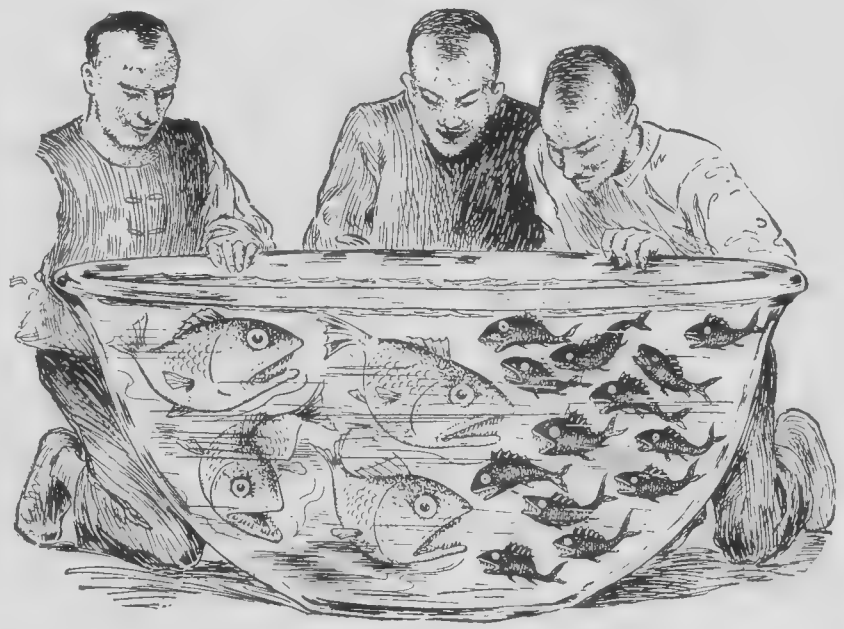
From 2 to 1, to be seated., From 3 to 1, to place. From 4 to 1, a word that expresses negation. From 5 to 1, latitude, From 2 to 3, local positions. From 4 to 5, dorsal.

No. 8. — Hidden Tools.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of a tool familiar to all:

1. Who will be the first to open this awkward chest of tools.
2. The best plan ever proposed was the most successful.
3. Is "quar" ever used now? Webster says it is obsolete.
4. The glad zephyrs of summer are far from us now.
5. He is blind, and when in public his eldest son is always with him.
6. It will be some months yet before we hear the wren chirping in the old cherry-tree.
7. In Windham, merchants sell goods at very low prices.

No 3.—Puzzle of the Fighting Fishes of Siam.



The people of Siam have two kinds of fish, which are raised and valued solely for their fighting qualities. The one is a large white perch, known as the king fish, and the other is the little black carp, or devil fish. Such antipathy exists between these two species of fish that they attack each other on sight and battle to the death.

A king fish could readily dispose of one or two of the little devil fish, but their methods or tactics are so agile and they work together so harmoniously that three of the little fellows would just equal one of the big ones, and they would battle for hours without any results. So cleverly and scientifically do they carry on their line of attack that four of the little fellows would kill a large one in just three minutes.

A problem is presented with four of the king fish opposed to thirteen of the little fighters.

Which should win? And how long should it take one side to annihilate the other?

No. 4. — Square Remainders.

Behead and curtail the following words and leave a word square.

With eager attention, and leave an opening; one who gapes with astonishment, and leave to mimic; to waste, and leave a writer.

No. 5. — Omitted Verse.

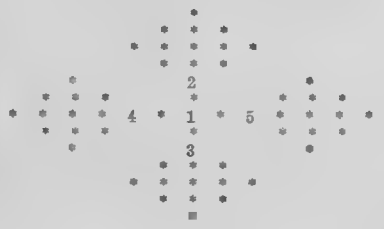
The words to be supplied in the following sentences will make a well-known saying:

How long will you —— there?
Are you —— it is corect?
——will always be welcome.
John and Kate —— going there to-night.
It is —— to be good.
Let us —— be up and doing.
Will you —— with me to-morrow
Go ——, never falter!

No. 6. — Names of Rivers.

1. An animal and a small stream of water.
2. A number, a vowel, and a division of water.
3. A vegetable.
4. A reptile.
5. A precious stone.
6. A boy's nickname and a large insect.
7. A mineral, colored
8. An American writer.
9. A color and the name of a tree.
10. An animal and a musical instrument.

No. 7. — A Diamond of Cities.



No. 9. — Tetragon.

1. A letter in cold. 2. Two letters in light. 3. A pronoun. 4. A boy's name. 5. A festival. 6. Tightly drawn or strained 7. A drinking vessel. 8 A preposition. 9. A letter in snow.

No. 10.—Broken Word Puzzle

In each sentence fill the first two blanks with words made by dividing the word chosen for the last blank.

1. I was not, with so small a ——, —— to make the business a —— one.

2. Unless he could —— —— prejudices, he had no other —— than to leave the country.

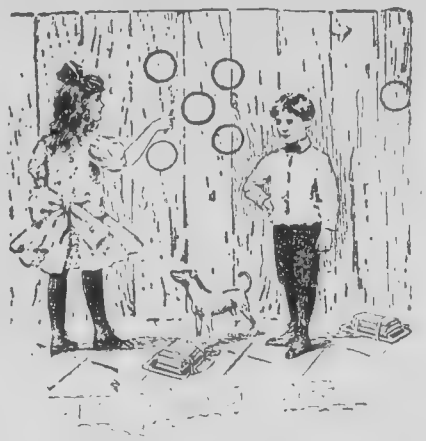
3. She, taking the boy's ——, —— him away from the delicate toy he so roughly ——.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the January Number of the Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in November Number.

No. 1. Charade with Beheadings.—Scare.

No. 2. The Scholars Puzzle.—Jennie's trick was to move that one ring from the left to the extreme right as shown:



No. 3. Problem.—The exact time, with hands at equal distances from the figure 6, is 18 and 6|13 minutes past 8, or in other words, 8 o'clock, 18 minutes, 27 and 9|13 seconds.

No. 4. Metagram.—Tare, fare, rare, hare, pare, mare, bare, dare.

No. 5. Reversal and Transpositions.—1. Part trap. 2. Pear, reap.

No. 6. Rhymed Anagrams.—Harvest Time.

Only Medicine That Did Any Good

After Suffering Tortures For Years, This Lady Found Happy Relief In "Fruit-a-tives".

Frankville, Ont., June 11th, 1908.

"I have received most wonderful benefit from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for years from headaches and pain in the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches.

MRS FRANK EATON

I take "Fruit-a-tives" occasionally still, but I am quite cured of a trouble that was said to be incurable. I give this testimony voluntarily, in order that others who suffer as I suffered may try this wonderful medicine and be cured."

(Signed) MRS. FRANK EATON.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for $2,50 or trial box, 25c or sent post paid on receipt of price, by "Fruit-a-tives." Limited, Ottawa.

Carving Set

(Sheffield) Horn Handle, 18 inch blade, best quality, given away for sell- of 16 packages of STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. No money required. Send your name and address, and we will send the blue by return mail, together with our Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other Handsome and Valuable Premiums.

Address:—

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Montreal

Household Suggestions.

Too Many "Dainty Dishes."

We don't get anything to eat at our house
any more—
There's never any common dish comes
through our door;
For ma and all the girls is workin' like they
was machines—
A makin' "Dainty Dishes" from the fashion
magazines.

They give us dabs o' this and that, with
names we can't pronounce.
With spriggs o' stuff around them all, just
like a little flounce.
A stalk or two o' spinage takes the place o'
"mess o' greens"—
We're eatin' "Dainty Dishes" from the
fashion magazines.

The groc'ry bill's a-hummin' now—I tell you
it's a sin;
We got to buy the dainty stuff an' things
to cook it in.
I'm blamed if I'll call bean soup any "con-
summay de beans!"
But it's in the "Dainty Dishes" in the
fashion magazines.

I want a steak—I want it quick—I'm hun-
gry as a hoss—
I want it with thick gravy—no new-fangled
kind of sauce;
An' listen kerful an' you'll know jest what
the ol' man means—
I want no "Dainty Dishes" from the fashion
magazines.

A First-Class Christmas Cake.

Revelstoke, B. C.
Sept. 20th, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor:—A short time ago I received a most kind acknowledgement of a few lines I sent your magazine, and the permission to "come again" with any suggestion or contribution I could offer, an invitation I am now availing myself of.

About five years ago there appeared a receipt for a Christmas Cake in the W.H.M., which I cut out, and tried. It was a tested recipe from some old housekeeper who had used it for years, and now I want you to reprint it if it will not be asking too much. It really is all it claimed to be, and more, for I have made about twenty-five cakes with it in all. When I had made it, I was surprised at the splendid success I had with it.

This is the recipe, copied from your paper:

"One pound each of raisins, currants, figs, dates, candied peel and butter. One and one half pounds granulated sugar, one large coffee cup of black molasses, 12 eggs, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoonful baking soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and coriander seed. If possible the juice and rind of a fresh orange or lemon, (or both), and eight tablespoons full of jam. As much flour as will render the mass as stiff as it can be stirred with a wooden stick.

Cream the butter and sugar together, stone the dates, removing the inner white skin and cut them small. Cut up the figs and put them on to simmer in the molasses. Separate the eggs and beat the whites as stiff as possible and beat the yolks light.

It is best to assemble all the things in a large stone crock. Put the butter and sugar in first, then the currants, raisins and dates, all of which should have been dusted well with flour, the candied peel comes next and should be cut very thin, and should be equal parts lemon, orange and citron, next the spice, then the yolks of the eggs and the milk, next the figs, into which should be stirred the tablespoonful of soda which will make them boil in a rich brown froth; then two or three cups of flour, then the jam, then the whites of the eggs, and lastly as much more flour as will make it as stiff as you can stir it.

There is an old tradition, the Christmas Cake to be good must be stirred by every member of the family. That is only another way of saying, it cannot be stirred too much.

This amount will make two very large cakes, which will require about four hours each to bake. The oven should be steady and the cake carefully watched.

Have always baked mine in a gas oven, so with coal or wood the time may be longer or shorter. It is always well to test the cake with a straw from a whisk-broom, if that pulls out clean the cake is done no matter how long or short the time of baking. A word as to jam. The object is to keep the cake moist and improve the flavor, any kind of jam will do, but a variety is better, and if you have a jar in which odds and ends of jams and preserved fruit are put for the purpose of roll pudding, that will be the very thing.

The simmering of the figs in the molasses and the dates are innovations in the ordinary Christmas Cake, but I venture to assert that any woman who tries this cake, will make it again and again.

If at any time you cannot get figs, and can get dried fruit or evaporated apples, soak them in water first and then cook them in the molasses. They will not be so nice as the figs but are a good substitute."

Such is the recipe word for word, and I think that many will be interested in it if you can find room to print it.

Your well wisher and friend.
Mrs. R. J. Crawford.

The Lindfields' Christmas Dinner

MRS LINFIELD was a most devoted little wife, and one of those theoretical housekeepers besides. She had been studying for the part she was expected to play as Linfield's wife by reading all the "Hints to Housekeepers" that she could find in the various "woman's pages" of the newspapers, and she was particularly impressed with the idea that there must be no waste. Scraps, of course, could be made over into puddings, croquettes and such things, but every one insisted that the really successful housekeeper was the one who so planned that practically nothing was left.

"I realize," she said to Lucius, "that I must be very careful, for a careless or thoughtless housewife just simply throws money away, and we're not millionaires, dear, are we? I'll show you how well I can manage."

Lucius, of course, told her that she was the dearest little woman and the best manager, and then he——

But never mind that.

It so happened that he wasn't very hungry one day, and a good deal was left when dinner was finished. Thereupon Mrs. Linfield was greatly distressed.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "how did I happen to make such a mistake?"

"But you didn't, little wife," he answered. "It's all my fault. I wasn't very hungry to-day, you know."

"It's just lovely of you to say that," she said, smiling gratefully at him. "You're so good and generous that you want to take the blame for everything, but I know it's my wretched management. It just shows my awful extravagance."

Now a man who is very much in love with an impractical wife with a theoretical knowledge of housekeeping has only one thing to do in such circumstances—he must make things come out even. That is what Lucius undertook to do. He ate all there was and straightway provided more.

"Poor boy," she said to herself; "just look how he cleans the table! I'm starving him; that's what I'm doing!" And a few days later she sighed and soliloquized: "I knew some men had big appetites but I never knew anything to equal this. And he never used to eat so much. I remember when he dined with us at mother's——" Here a horrible thought flashed into her mind. Love destroys the appetite. He was in love then, while now it was evident—— Oh, she couldn't bear to think of it. The reasoning was infallible, but the conclusion was heartbreaking.

He found her in tears when he came home that evening, and he had to declare that he loved her no less than eighteen times before she even smiled at him. Of course after that he could not hurt her feelings by giving her any chance to reproach herself with mismanagement.

So he ate and ate, and with what he had eaten before, every mouthful gave him a physical pang while it gave her an emotional shock.

"No man in love," she wailed when she was alone, "could eat like that. I have lost his heart. But I must be brave," she added with sudden determination. "We are bound together for life, and I have a duty to perform. Although every mouthful he takes tears at my heart strings, yet I must give him all that he craves."

Then she wept a little.

Shortly after came Christmas. Mrs. Linfield determined that she would prepare a dinner for her husband that would be a dinner. And it was a dinner; it would have worried a starving tramp. True, she told herself it was like driving nails in the coffin of her happy love-dreams, and now and then a dish was flavored with a stray tear, but she was determined to suffer in silence. The world—and he most of all—should not see how her heart was wrenched and her life was wrecked.

The Christmas dinner was a veritable masterpiece of self-sacrificing devotion and of untold variety. Lucius was in despair.

"Don't you think, little wife," he gently suggested, as he anxiously saw the endless procession of dishes coming on the table, "that you are providing a little more than is necessary for two?"

"He wants to hide the truth from me," she thought, "but I will not let him deny himself. It is enough that one should suffer."

So she insisted that she had planned it very carefully, and he went to work at it.

"Rather than hurt her feelings," he told himself, "I would eat the tablecloth."

Now there was heroism for you — the heroism that true love inspires. He ate that dinner without flinching every scrap of it, and when he was through he went into the little parlor and lay down on the lounge.

She watched him and sighed.

"He used to be so lively and jolly after dinner," she said. "Now all he wants is to be left alone. Oh, what has become of my romance! Why, I shouldn't be surprised if he actually went to sleep—and on Christmas Day, too! Perhaps he'll snore!"

And that is just what he did. Not only did he snore, but he kicked and strangled and dreamed and cried out in his sleep as well. He had dreams—horrible dreams, regular brain-splitting, mince-pie dreams—and when he woke up a worried wife and the doctor from the next flat were leaning over him

"For Heaven's sake, Doctor," he whispered as soon as he had a chance, "tell her she must diet me if she would save my life! If you have any pity for a suffering human being tell her she must diet me."

WISHING YOU

A VERY HAPPY

CHRISTMAS

AND

BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

PERFECT PLUM PUDDINGS ARE ASSURED BY THE USE OF

SEAL OF ALBERTA

"The Faultless Flour"

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"And that," remarked the doctor sagely, "will be no lie, either."

So Lucius Linfield was saved, and shortly thereafter Connubial Felicity resumed business at the old stand in the Linfield home.

A Few Toasts for the Christmas Dinner

Here's to us that are here, to you that are there, and the rest of us everywhere.

The good die young—Here's hoping that you may live to a ripe old age.

May we have those in our arms that we love in our hearts.

Here's a toast to the host who carved the roast;
And a toast to the hostess—may she never "roast" us.

Here's to a kiss:
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss add a score,
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred, and so kiss on,
To make that thousand quite a million,
Treble that million, and when that is done
Let's kiss afresh as though we'd just begun.

To our National Birds—the Eagle and he Turkey—(while the host is carving):
May one give us peace in all our States.
And the other a piece for all our plates.

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

Here's to those whom I love;
Here's to those who love me;
Here's to those who love those that I love,
Here's to those who love those who love me.

Here's to the happiest hours of my life—
Spent in the arms of another man's wife:
My Mother!

The Use of Lemons

So wide are the uses of this little fruit that a whole volume could be given to the subject. Below are found a few recipes that may be employed in every family. These are classified in a rough fashion.

For the Table

1. When serving meat, game or fish garnish with bits of lemon. These add to the appearance, and the juice when pressed over the meat gives added flavor.
2. Add a slice or two to a cup of tea, and you will be delighted with the beverage.
3. Add a teaspoonful of juice when boiling sago, or rice.
4. Use in salad dressing as a substitute for vinegar. Put equal amount of olive oil.
5. In stewing fruits add a few slices of lemon. It improves apples, blueberries, peaches, etc.
6. In preserving fruits do the same.
7. In making apple sauce add a slice or two of lemon if the apples are inclined to be insipid.
8. A home made baking powder consists of juice of two lemons and a teaspoonful of soda. Try it.
9. Lemon pie is made as follows:—5 eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons corn starch, 1 tablespoonful butter, 2 lemons. Beat yolks and one white, add grated peel of one lemon, add sugar; beat well; stir in the corn starch; add lemon juice, butter and lastly the water. Cook stirring constantly. Will make two pies: Line pans with rich paste and bake. Prick the blisters and fill the paste with the prepared mixture. Cover with meringue made of four whites well beaten and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to oven and burn slightly.
10. To make cookies take 1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, beat to a cream, add 3 eggs well beaten; grate the rind of one or two lemons; add 1 teaspoonful of soda and enough flour to roll out thin.
11. To make lemon jelly:—Half a box gelatine, dissolve in quart of warm water; beat to foam with ½ lb. of sugar, whites of 3 eggs and juice of four lemons. If you like add a custard made of the four yolks of the eggs.

For Health

1. Add a little to drinking water to purify.
2. In making lemonade squeeze one small lemon into a glass of water and add sugar to taste.
3. Use a little soda in the lemonade and get a fizz.
4. To make egg lemonade take white of one egg beaten stiff; one tablespoonful of sugar; one glass water; juice of one lemon.
5. For colds:—Flaxseed four tablespoonfuls, boiling water one quart, juice of three lemons, sweeten to taste. If necessary dilute with water.
6. In case of infectious diseases, gargle with equal parts lemon juice and water.
7. Add a little to water when bathing.
8. Use to clean mouth, teeth and tongue. Slightly diluted.
9. For scurvy. Use lemons freely.
10. For bee stings and wasp stings, put on a few drops of pure lemon juice.
11. For catarrhal nose wash. Snuff mixture of lemon juice and warm water, one to three.
12. For hoarseness—lemon juice in loaf sugar.
13. For headache—lemon juice in a cup of tea, or lemon juice in coffee.

For the Bath

1. For freckles—lemon juice and water, one to four. Same for blackheads and sunburn.
2. For bath—juice of five lemons in a bath of water. Will remove all grease. No soap needed.
3. For complexion—juice of lemon in quart of milk. Use night and morning.
4. For shampoo—2 ounces soap, 1 lemon, yolk of one egg, ½ pint pure water. Put soap and water in pan and boil. Beat yolk and juice; pour soap and water on it. When nearly cold bottle for use.

Other Uses

1. Softens water—Do not use to wash colored clothes.
2. Removes ink, rust, fruit stains. For ink stains put on salt, then add lemon juice.
3. Remove stains from unvarnished wood, use same recipe.
4. Cleaning brass and silver—rub with lemon, then with alcohol and common whiting mixed.
5. To clean glass do not use soap. Try water with lemon juice added.

Silver Plate in Winter

By Helen M. Hunt.

Silver in winter requires especial attention. Gas from coal fires as well as from burners tarnishes and discolors. The sulphur from india rubber is also inimical to silver, so that the ring around the neck of a fruit jar will in a few hours turn a spoon black. The silver not in every day use should be kept in cases made of Canton flannel or of chamois skin. The latter, because more impervious to moisture, is best. The case may be long and narrow, with a strip of silk or ribbon down the centre, and loops into which spoons and knives are to be slipped. This open case can be covered with any suitable material. It is to be folded, when the articles are in it, and kept in a drawer or separate case, together with a piece of camphor gum, which helps to keep the silver from tarnishing. Large pieces of silver require separate bags made to fit, and forks need a separate receptacle. When from neglect, plate has grown much spotted, vigorous measures are required. In that case take one spoonful of ammonia to sixteen of vinegar, rub over the stains rapidly and at once plunge into hot soapsuds. Any substance which is strong enough to remove stains will eat the surface of silver and must not be permitted to remain.

Silver in constant use needs only to have a daily wash in scalding suds, then to be rinsed in water equally hot and wiped dry, so that for a long time it will be bright without extra care. Table salt applied to the discolorations produced by the sulphur in eggs will remove it at once. Whiting applied with a moistened cloth, rubbed on soap, will usually be all that is necessary. Should the plate have been neglected a long time, the cloth may first be moistened with alcohol or diluted ammonia. Engraved and repousse silver needs to be cleaned with whiting applied on a tooth brush. After it is dry, cover the hair with a sweeping cap to avoid dust, and thoroughly brush over the raised and incised surfaces with a soft brush that penetrates every part of the figures or lettering. A thorough rubbing and then brushing in this manner will restore the original brilliancy of plate as no other treatment can do.

Barney O'Callaghan's Potato Pie.

When the Keighley section of the G. N. Railway was being made, a large cabin was put up at the mouth of a tunnel that was under construction (between Collingworth and Ingrow), with accommodation for cooking meals for the men employed, one or two boys being told off each day for this purpose. On the men coming in to dinner one day, one of the boys handed out a pie in a dish, 16 inches by 12, and quite full, which belonged to a man who was generally known as "Barney." "Thou's gotten a pie there, Barney, says one. Says another, "When dost tha expect the family, Barney" After a good deal of chaff, Barney remarked, "Well, my lads, I am hungry enough to eat it all, but if any of you can guess what's in it they can have it, and I will tell you one half of it for a start; one half of it is taters." After guessing various kinds of meat, they got on to fruit, and even fish, and finally had to give it up, when Barney exclaimed, "Well, my lads, t'other half is taters, too." And so it was; not a vestige of anything else did it contain, and Barney worked it all down with no difficulty at all, amid the general laughter and chaff which ensued.

Nellie was doing the Lincoln Park animal exhibit with her father and, seeing a leopard for the first time, she exclaimed: "My gracious! That fellow's got the biggest measles I ever saw."

"There is but one thing in this world that we can put our faith and reliance in with confidence, children," said the Sunday school teacher. "Who can tell me what it is?"

"Safety pins," promptly answered a little girl who had ideas of her own.

Sammy had been invited out to dinner. His hostess gently suggested that he should use his napkin to wipe his fingers instead of the tablecloth.

"I beg your pardon," said the little fellow, "but I thought it such a pity to to soil a clean napkin when there was such a dirty cloth on the table."

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is that it can be used internally or many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

Learn the Helpfulness of

DIAMOND DYES

The Diamond Dye way of dressing children is a Godsend to mothers who must be economical. Thousands of women know the possibilities of transforming last year's dresses into new, fresh bright clothes for the children with Diamond Dyes.

Do you? Get a Diamond Dye Annual and one of our Direction Books from your druggist. See what other women have done with Diamond Dyes. Then go over your old clothes. You'll be surprised to see what wonderful changes can be effected with Diamond Dyes.

Made from a Remnant.

"I have just made Dorothy a new coat of a remnant of broadcloth I bought the other day for $2.00.

"The remnant was really a bargain at the price, for it was a fine quality. Most women wouldn't have bought it because it was such a frightful shade of tan. But I have been dressing myself and my little girl in the Diamond Dye way for the last three years, and I know what can be done with a remnant like the one I bought.

"And after I dyed the remnant a beautiful blue with Diamond Dyes and made it up, Dorothy had a coat I couldn't have bought at a store for less than $10.00. It cost me exactly $2.20 for the goods, dye and a pattern."

Mrs. J. S. Sinclair, New York City.

Important Facts about Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the real Diamond Dyes and the kind of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") EQUALLY WELL. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other ANIMAL fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other VEGETABLE fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

Diamond Dye Annual—Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

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Black Fox Ruff

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N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.

About the Farm.

Winter.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold.
And it hurled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek:
It carried a shiver everywhere.
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his twinkling waters slipped
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear,
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops,
And hung them thickly with diamond drops
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

—James Russell Lowell.

Give the Horse a Chance to Breathe.

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of his mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the cause of this horse not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow along, the three horses held their noses close together, with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the expired air from its fellows. The farmer then procured a long "jockey" stick, which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly; for, given his rightful share of good fresh air, the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work, and with no greater fatigue than his fellows. Many persons are like the middle horse; they do not get their rightful share of fresh, pure air, and this is why they are not able to perform as much work nor of as a good quality as they would otherwise be able to do.

Be Fair to the Horse.

Only one in ten balky horses is born so. The others are a manufactured article pure and simple. I fairly boil with indignation when I see a domineering man with a big voice yelling as if a house were on fire, at intelligent animals that know more than he does. Such masters inflict pain with a harsh curry-comb, then screech at the horse for flinching, and by the time it emerges from the barn the poor animal is wild with pain and anger. This treatment if long continued will cause one of two things: If the animal is of a kind, docile disposition, he will become broken in spirit and spoiled for long continued service. It self-willed, he will become sullen—"balky."

You may always know a true horseman. He grooms efficiently, though with gentleness. A quietly spoken word from one who has won the animal's confidence and heart, will quickly be obeyed. Every strap is taut and trim. No matter how long he may have been in the rig, the horse stands, quietly waiting for the low spoken word of command ere he starts. Note the light, firm touch of the reins. No spurting, or even haste, at the start. The very best drivers start in a walk, and the first few miles are driven at a very moderate pace. The longer and harder the drive, the more time should be consumed in the start.

When the Farmer Moves to Town.

If he adjusts himself in the right way to the change it will make a peaceful and happy life for him; if he does it in the wrong way he will become restless and before long will die. This accounts for the number of widows of farmers you find in town. The secret of it all is so simple that the average farmer is apt to pass it by.

The farmer should follow as nearly as possible his old manner of life; he must have his interest in growing things, and in the farm. He must still exercise his muscles. These are the two requisites: first the same interests as he formerly had; second, continued exercise.

The wife does not suffer so much by moving to town, for her duties are not lessened to such an extent.

The farmer should have a son on his farm, so that he may give him advice and still have something that he can think of as his own, instead of a mere bank account. For there is a big difference between a herd of cattle and a row of figures|

There is some dissatisfaction about renting the old home place, for in general a renter does not have the same pride in the farm as the owner. It tears the farmer's heart to see his farm going down hill. If he has a son on the farm, or even some relative, he is more certain of better treatment of the land; and the two can work more in union,

The farmer who has gone to town to live should have his own horse and buggy. To be put down within the confines of a city without a horse or rig of any kind is almost like marooning a farmer. Let him go out to his farm every few days. Once a day is no harm for that matter. It is a pure joy for him to see how things change from day to day, how the corn grows, and how the calves become sleeker, And when he is at the farm he should help with the work. If he drives the mowing-machine for a couple of hours he will not be the worse for it; or if a cherry tree needs picking and the daughter-in-law is busy, let him get his bucket and step-ladder.

Once a week his wife can go out to the farm with him. And when she does she should turn in and help to get dinner.

When the farmer moves to town he should be absolutely sure of having a plot of ground big enough for a garden. Then he should work it himself, and not hire a boy. —The Farm Journal.

Why Boys Leave the Farm.

Why does the boy leave the farm?

Because he is a gregarious animal?

Not much—in nine cases out of ten, it is because he loses interest in country life.

There is all the opportunity to rub up against his fellow kind in the country that any youth needs.

Why does he lose interest in the country?

There are a great many reasons, and the greatest of these is the lack of proper, recreation. It is a mighty tough proposition to toil all the day long in the hot sun, and at night when the chores are done lounge around the house until bedtime. The mind is not in a very receptive or pleasant mood. This is when the youth begins to brood and ponder upon his luck. He says: "Why cannot I get out of this drudgery, and have a glimpse of 'Dolly Footlights' like my cousin John over in San Francisco?" and before he realizes the magnitude of the step, he bids his father, mother, brothers and sisters adieu and wends his way to the city.

There is a way to stop this unnatural migration, and strange as it may seem, it is nothing more or less than the automobile or auto buggy. Every farmer who has a son stricken with city fever, will find an automobile the surest remedy for a speedy cure.

A farmer, speaking about his four sons, said that all of them got the city fever. The oldest left the farm about six months ago and got a good job in San Francisco. The father found that the other boys were getting restless and decided to buy a car. Speaking in his own language he says, "The up-shot of the whole matter is that the three boys learned to run the machine, and we take a ride every night after the chores are done. They got to writing their brother in San Francisco about the fun they were having, and he came home last week. Said he guessed the farm was good enough for him. This pleased the mother mightily."

It surely did, and the father ,too, for that matter. There won't be any more grumbling about hard work in the family. Every night they take a spin of twenty-five or thirty miles, and thoroughly enjoy every inch of it. When the atmosphere is hot, the family rid themselves of the irksomeness and closeness of the house, and when they are spinning along the road they inhale that life-giving oxygen which is so essential in rebuilding the broken down tissues of the human body. This is just the kind of recreation the country youth needs. It makes the eye sparkle and the nerves tingle with enjoyment. There is exhilaration in being at the wheel, in operating the brake, clutch, spark and gas control.

It requires skill to run a car economically. This the boy acquires and he is gaining a knowledge of gas engines that is invaluable to him. He takes an interest in good roads, because much of the pleasure of automobiling depends uopn good roads. When he returns from a spin, the tired feeling has disappeared. He retires, sleeps soundly, and the next morning he is in a cheerful frame of mind and ready for a hard day's work.

The family talk about the previous night's ride when they are assembled around the table. They have travelled sections of their own country they had never seen before. They have called upon their neighbors fifteen miles away, and are taking the ride over again in their happy imaginations. Laughter instead of dismal forebodings, and a keen interest in everything that pertains to country life, is the order of things in that household now.—Town and Country.

Short Facts for Farmers.

There is no economy in allowing a ram to become poor or run down during the breeding season; in fact, in nearly all cases it will pay to give him a little extra attention.

Commence feeding new corn gradually, increasing the amount daily until they are put on full feed and then see that they are given all that they will eat up clean daily.

If oats are to be fed out to stock on the farm, it is adding to the expense to thresh them. They make a better and more wholesome feed to run through a cutting box, while there is a little or no waste.

Nothing comes so near taking the place of milk for young pigs as sweet corn just passed through the roasting-ear stage. No feed is better for starting the shoats to fattening than the corn and stalks fed together at first, and after two weeks snap off the ears and feed ears to the hogs and stalks to the cattle.

Keep the two-year-old sows unless they have defects that should send them to the barrel. Sows are at their best at this age, giving more milk and having stronger

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CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

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of immense power and sweetness of tone, given for the sale of 32 packages of Star Sheet Bluing at 10c per package. Send no money. We trust you with the blue until sold. Write to-day and we will send you the Blue and also our extensive Premium Catalogue showing numbers of other Handsome and Valuable Premiums that we give for selling our goods.

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Receive this Black Coney Fur Boa 24 inches long, has 4 tails and chain fastener. Send $1.95 receive the same Fur Boa in Black marten hair 26 inches long, 6 Brush tails and chain fastener. Send $2.50 receive same Fur Boa in Brown sable hair 27 inches long with 4 Brush tails and chain fastener. Order at once at these reduced prices, add 25 cents and we will pay postage.

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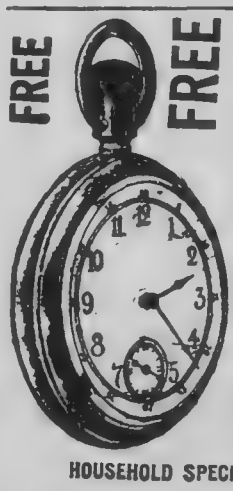

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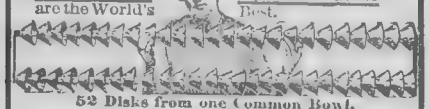
SIMPLE

The only piece inside Sharples Dairy Tubular bowls.

Manufacturers of common cream separators put 40 to 60 disks, or even worse contrivances, into an old-style bowl and call it simple and modern. The 52 disks shown on the sticks below are all from one such bowl. These contraptions must all be washed twice daily.

But Sharples Dairy Tubular bowls have nothing inside except the tiny, instantly removable piece shown above on the thumb. And Tubulars out-skim, out-last and out-class all other separators. That is because Tubulars are different—are the only simple, sanitary, modern separators made—are the World's Best.



52 Disks from one Common Bowl.

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Every farmer, liveryman and veterinary surgeon should have a Climax Speculum for administering medicine or getting at the teeth or mouth of horses and cattle. Everyone agrees that it is more durable, more easy to use, more satisfactory in operation than any other on the market. We are so certain that you will be satisfied with it that we make this special offer. Send us $6.50 by Post Office or Express Order and we will send you a Climax Speculum at once. If, after 30 days' trial, you are not convinced that it is the best speculum you could have, send it back to us and we will refund the purchase price.

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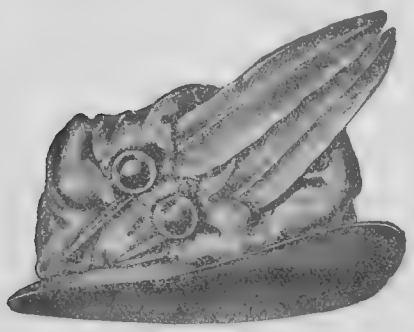

Receive this beautifully trimmed hat, hand made, of silk finished velvetta, trimmed with puff crown of taffetta silk and silk finished velvetta in combination. Novelty stick pin and imported quills. Comes in black, green, navy and garnet. Order hat w8. Add 25c. for postage.

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Handsomely Dressed Doll

in latest Paris doll fashion, including Hat, Under Garments and Stockings, given for selling 16 packages of our famous STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. We trust you with Blue until sold. Write today for Blue, and we will also send our Premium Catalogue showing number of Handsome and Valuable Premiums which we give for selling our goods.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., Montreal

powers for digesting food. As a result their pigs are stronger, healthier and make more rapid growth than pigs from very young sows.

In selecting a range for sheep care should be taken to remove from it, as completely as possible, all briars or burrs which would attach themselves to the wool. An ounce of preventative is worth more than a pound of cure, and this will save picking burrs from the wool afterward. It helps to avoid tangles and dirt and saves time and trouble in clipping and cleaning, increasing also the value of the wool.

It cannot be wondered at that farming is despised by farmers' sons, when every one of them who displays a little bit of more than average brightness is pronounced too good to follow the plow and is sent to college, whence he occasionally swoops down upon his native settlement, wearing silk hats, canes and a cockney accent. The boys who stay at home affect to laugh at the airs of this gilded creature, but in their hearts they envy his clothes and his cane, his easy time and that profanity of his, compounded with all the modern improvements and flavored with a spice of classicism. Nine fathers out of every ten possessing the means educate their sons for a profession, and although vast numbers of them go to the United States, still Ontario is swarming with lawyers and doctors, so that there is but an average of half a practice for each practitioner. I believe that only ten per cent. of those who secure a special education are competent to succeed in specialties. It is better to give a boy a solid foundation of industry than anything else. If he has something in him it will mount up and carry him up. It is easier for a grown man to acquire a neglected education than for an educated and indolent man to acquire habits of industry. If you have a smart son don't give him up to a profession, let him become the smartest farmer in Western Canada.

Insurance Up-To-Date.

A man called on me the other day with the idea of insuring my life. Now, I detest life insurance agents; they always argue that I shall some day die; which is not so. I have been insured a great many times, for about a month at a time, but have had no luck with it at all.

So I made up my mind that I would outwit this man at h's own game. I let him talk straight ahead and encouraged him all I could, until he finally left me with a sheet of questions which I was to answer as an applicant. Now this was what I was waiting for. I had decided that, if that company wanted information about me, they should have it, and and have the very best quality I could supply. So I spread the sheet of questions before me, and drew up a set of answers for them, which, I hoped, would settle for ever all doubt as to my eligibility for insurance.

Question.—What is your age?

Answer.—I can't think.

Q.—What is your chest measurement?

A.—Nineteen inches.

Q.—What is your chest expansion?

A.—Half-an-inch.

Q.—What is your neight?

A.—Six feet, five, if erect, but less when I walk on all fours.

A New York Appreciation.

MOORE'S MUSIC LIBRARY,
314 Broome St.,
New York City,

"The Western Home Monthly",
Winnipeg, Canada. New York,
November 15th, 1909.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find five dollars to cover cost of our small advertisement in the November number, and also copy for insertion in your Christmas edition.

We wish to thank you for the fair treatment extended to us, and in the future, you can depend upon us for regular advertising during the coming year.

Already the returns from our last ad. warrant a yearly contract. None of us are in business for our health. Of all the papers and magazines we have tried so far, yours stands **Ace** high with us.

Thanking you for past courtesies, and trusting for a continuation of business relations, we remain,

Yours very respectfully,
Moore's Music Library.
Powell Moore.

P.G./M.

Indolent Hens.

By M. Croy.

When a hired man gets the spring fever do you not counsel with him? In fact, don't you tell him to hunt another job?

But when the hens get to loafing what do you do? Ten to one you pay no attention to the germ of slothfulness that has seized them, and let them go their care-free way without one word of complaint.

You implant that germ of laziness in their breast—or rather in their crop—by throwing your crumbs out the back-door, or just over the fence. Hens, like so many other creatures, follow the path of least resistance.

A hen will stand in a sixteen-inch circle for two hours without a word of complaint, just to get three crumbs. They are like the poor miner who lives in a hut on the side of the mountain, digging in the earth year after year, barely eking out an existence, fondly believing that some day he will unearth a nugget that he can retire on. The hen devoutly hopes that the next time you shake the tablecloth she will get a whole baked potato. Thus she lives on hope, until some day you get disgusted at her because she doesn't lay as she should and doesn't get fat, so you put her in the coop and cart her off to town, telling yourself that it is good riddance of bad rubbish.

If you have to throw your crumbs out the back door, or over the hen yard fence, then have regular hours for doing so. Either early in the morning, or late in the evening, or both. If the hens find that they do not lay up treasures in their craws during the interim, they naturally seek pastures new. They get out and hustle for themselves.

If you have slop that needs to be disposed of, keep it until evening. Set it away till all the hens are gathered around the festal board in the hen yard.

A hen that is laying four eggs a week will, when she gets to waiting for the elusive crumb, drop down to two eggs. You actually lose money by throwing your edible remnants from the kitchen into the hen yard, unless you use your head in doing so.

Q.—Is your grandfather dead?

A.—Practically.

Q.—Cause of death, if dead?

A.—Dipsomania, if dead.

Q.—Is your father dead?

A.—To the world.

Q.—Cause of death?

A.—Hydrophobia.

Q.—Place of father's residence?

A.—Kentucky.

Q.—What illness have you had?

A.—As a child, consumption, leprosy and water on the knee. As a man, whooping cough, stomach ache, and water on the brain.

Q.—Have you any brothers?

A.—Nearly thirteen; all dead.

Q.—Any sisters?

A.—Thirteen; all nearly dead.

Q.—Are you aware of any habits or tendencies which might be expected to shorten your life?

A.—I am aware. I drink. I smoke. I take morphine and vaseline. I swallow grape seeds and I hate exercise.

I thought when I had come to the end of that list that I made a dead sure thing of it, and I posted the paper with a cheque for three months' payment, feeling pretty confident of having the cheque sent back to me. I was a good deal surprised a few days later to receive the following letter from the company:

"Dear Sir—We beg to acknowledge your letter of application and cheque for fifteen dollars. After a careful comparison of your case with the average modern standard, we are pleased to accept you as a first-class risk.

DOMINION AMMUNITION

FOR THE UP-TO-DATE SHOOTER

SPECIFY FOR

"The Winning Combination"

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Ball Bearings insure easy running. *Strong Spiral Springs* reverse the motion, and really do half the work.

Wringer Stand is strong and rigid—and so attached that it is always in the right position.

Price $9.50—delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec.

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PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers Box P. 95, Windsor, Ont.

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Receive this beautiful waist from fine French luster in black, cream and all colors, made with fine tucked front and back, tucked sleeves and trimmed with jet buttons now so fashionable.

SEND $2.75 RECEIVE same waist supplied in heavy China silk in black, cream and all colors. Give number of inches around bust and sleeve length. Order waist style w 16. Order this beautiful waist style today. **Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.**

GOLD LAID WATCH AND TEA SET

FREE if you sell only $3.00 worth of lovely Post Cards. **Views, Floral, Mottoes, Holiday, Etc.,** at 6 for 10c. These are the latest, fastest selling cards issued this season. Write to-day. We trust you with the cards. Sell them and return the money and win this **Little Beauty Gold Finished Watch** and also a **Lovely Tea Set Free.**

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Troubled With Constipation For Years.

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if this is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.

Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for $1.00 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Your spare time can be made worth money if you use it in improving your education. We teach you at home Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Complete Commercial Course, Matriculation, Teachers' Examinations, Beginners' Course, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Agriculture, Stock Raising, Poultry Raising, Journalism, and 100 other courses. Write for information to-day. Address, Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. L., Toronto, Canada.

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Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

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At Home or Traveling

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $15 to $25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

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WINNIPEG.

What the Lambs Pay to be Fleeced.

In a recent number of Everybody's Magazine there is an article by Frederick Upham Adams on the cost of the Wall Street game. He points out very clearly what the people of America pay in order to support the system of gambling that is carried on, with New York and other American cities as centres. The figures are astounding. The cost of the various exchanges including the stock exchange, the produce exchange, the cotton exchange, and coffee exchange and the consolidated exchange, is estimated at $14,000,000 and the exchange buildings in other cities of America will bring the total up to $25,000,000. The membership tickets in the same exchanges at a reasonable figure amount to over $100,000,000 and these figures represent only the beginning of the cost of gambling in stocks. The machinery of speculation necessitates, lawyers, newspapers, banks, trust companies, promoters, accountants, and specialists of all kinds who act as parasites upon parasites. But the man who pays for the whole thing is the man who is in the game of gambling. The men who handle the stocks for the gamblers always stand to make a good profit when they stick to their legitimate business and the profit as well as the cost of operation comes from the fleeces of the poor lambs who are trying to beat the game.

The figures just quoted, however, indicate only the beginning of the cost. To the $25,000,000 invested in exchange buildings and the $100,000,000 invested in membership tickets there must be added $100,000,000 in other buildings and $25,000,000 in fixtures and incidentals, and even then the big expense is not mentioned. The cost of operation is yet to be taken into account and those who gamble must pay every cent of this cost. The books of one firm show that last year its operating expenses were nearly $800,000 and another would reach over $400,000. Probably for the whole of the United States the cost of operation for all the firms concerned is over $100.00,000. Those of the good citizens of the United States and Canada who are in this gambling business, hoping to beat the market, must add this $100,000,000 to the $250,000,000 already mentioned, and then this does not begin to give an idea of what it costs to support the gambling business. There are two large bills which the dabblers in stocks must settle before they can expect profits on their luck or judgment. To carry on the stock business at all, actual money must be available in time of need. A president of one of the leading banks of New York City stated that the brokers of the various exchanges have outstanding an average amount of about $600,000,000 in call loans, all of which is used to finance the orders of their customers. The interest on this is rarely less than 5 per cent. This means another $40,000,000 a year that those engaged in gambling must pay for the privilege.

But the most startling item of all, perhaps, is yet to be paid and that is the profits of the brokers themselves. The fact that so many of the brokers are becoming millionaires indicates that their profits every year are by no means small. The fact that a membership on the New York Exchange is worth $80,000 is ample proof of the statement that it pays to be a broker. There are a score of Wall Street houses that make from $150,000 to $300,000 annually; there are hundreds of others that are disappointed if their figures do not reach $100,000. The total cost to the gambler must be increased by another forty or fifty millions, so that taking all the figures put together Mr. Adams sums up in the following paragraph: "If readers wish to know what our speculative friends really lose in a normal year they will arrive at a not exaggerated estimate by multiplying $180,000,000 by three and then adding a bonus for good measure."

The contention of Mr. Adams' article is that the gambler must go; that though the stock exchange is necessary to trade the spirit of gambling must cease. In the concluding words of the article—"Speculation under the advancing of margins has developed into open and undisguised gambling. It has been conducted by gamblers for gamblers. It has nothing to do with the scientific adjustment of values. Instead of aiding the investor it frequently deceives, defrauds and robs him. The deplorable thing is that these operations are concealed beneath the cloak of respectability furnished by exchanges founded for an entirely different and a worthy purpose. It is equally lamentable that our statute books contain enactments which have been distorted to validify this vicious outgrowth.

"No man of mature judgment will join in a crusade to annihilate stock and commodity exchanges but there is a great and growing national sentiment which demands that a line shall be drawn between investing and gambling. It is a sentiment destined to acquire a resistless momentum and to institute reforms of lasting benefit to the nation.

"Nothing is more clearly written than the edict: 'The gambler must go!' He has been driven to his last stand—the respectable shadow of exchanges chartered by law for worthy purposes."

These are striking words. It is evident that the man who gambles in stocks or in futures of any kind runs a fearful risk when he begins with the handicap of $600,000,00 a year. As is indicated already the commission firms when they stick to their own legitimate business, stand to make a good profit, but when they undertake to gamble in futures they are as likely to fail as anybody else. Practically all the failures in commission houses may be attributed to the inability of those in command to retrain from dabbling in stocks. It should be put down as a first principle that a member of a commission firm should under no circumstance be permitted to indulge in this pastime of gambling. Not only is he in danger of losing all his own wealth but his clients will likely fall with him.

The farmers of the Northwest require to be particularly careful as to whom they consign their grain. It would seem on the face of it that the commission merchant cannot use for his private advantage the grain that he is shipping, but there are many ways in which one man may use another man's goods for his own advantage.

The Forehanded Buyer.

If you want to save from one-third to one-half on your next summer's wearing apparel, buy it now. All goods in the summer department are reduced from one-third to one-half, and where one can spare the money, it is a wise investment. It is not a good thing to put money into novelties or to buy ready made garments that are not of a standard style, but muslins and cambrics for underwear, laces and embroideries for trimming them, or the ready-made underwear—one can effect a great saving in all of these, as well as upon stockings, socks, men's shirts and under-garments. Beautiful flowered organdies and swisses can be bought for fifteen, twelve and ten cents a yard, which earlier in the season were from twenty-five cents up. A sensible investment, where one has many women friends to remember at Christmas, is to buy a bolt of one of these handsome patterns and several bolts of narrow lace and insertion. Then make up your purchase into a quantity of dainty little aprons or dresser sets. Laces, which at Christmas are always high, can be bought now by the bolt for from twenty-five to fifty cents a dozen yards, and there are numerous sales of ribbon in all the department stores. One need not live in a city to take advantage of these sales, for all first-class stores now make a specialty of catering to their mail-order customers, and give them the same values they would get if purchasing at the store in person.

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The Fashionable Paletot of the Season.
Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s famous EXHIBITION CLOTHS. This Paletot is made with fashionable roll collar, with black silk facing, has also panel back, trimmed buttons, tab pockets, and gauntlet cuffs. Can be had with single or double-breasted front. Colors: Navy, Green, Brown, Mole, or Black in plain cloth. Colors in striped Cloth: Green, Navy, Brown, Peacock or Grey. A Great Bargain for **$3.65**; securely packed and sent carriage paid 77 cents extra. Stocked in all lengths and sizes.
Send for One.

Write for Illustrated Sketch Book of Latest Winter Fashions in Coats Costumes, Skirts, Furs, Dresses, etc. Sent free on application.

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Paletot with Panel Back.
Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s famous EXHIBITION CLOTHS, plain or with stripe effect, Colors: Navy, Green, Brown, Peacock, Grey, Mole, Reseda or Black. Double-breasted Paletot, cut full, with fashionable panel back. Trimmed buttons at side and back. Well made and finished. Great Bargain for **$3.15**, packed in box and sent carriage paid, 77 cents extra.
Every purchaser delighted.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.
As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address
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Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.
Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)
is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.
Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser
describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.
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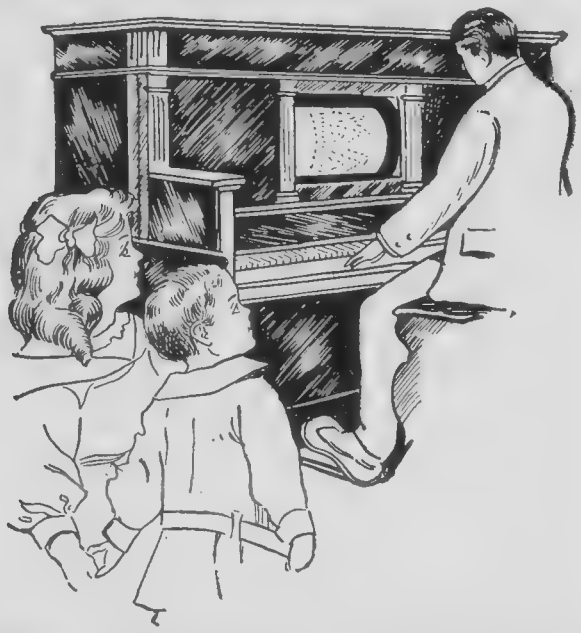

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The First Christmas at Bethlehem

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

IN a poor home at Bethlehem, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, lived a little maid, whose name was Leah. Her father was a shepherd, and sometimes she spent long summer days with him on the hills or the plains where he fed his sheep. These were the happiest days in Leah's childhood, following through the rocks and over the long grassy slopes, the slow feed of the sheep. When she reached the hilltops, it seemed to Leah as if there the sky hung bluer and nearer and sunnier. And there were beautiful flowers in shadowy spots; then overhead the lark sang merrily and throughout the livelong day she could hear the moaning of doves from the vineyards and olive gardens. But most wonderful of all to the little Jewish maid was the glimpse she had of Jerusalem, the Holy City, as it was called by everyone in Judea. Leah could see glistening in the sunshine marble—palaces of the king, the noblemen and the high priests. On an opposite hill rose the temple, built of snow-white marble with cedar roofs and parapets of gold.

"Some day, father," said Leah, when the shepherd sat beside her on the hilltop with his eyes bent upon the Holy City, "some day you promised to take me to Jerusalem to see the temple."

"Some day, little maid, I will," he said, and he sighed, "but not now."

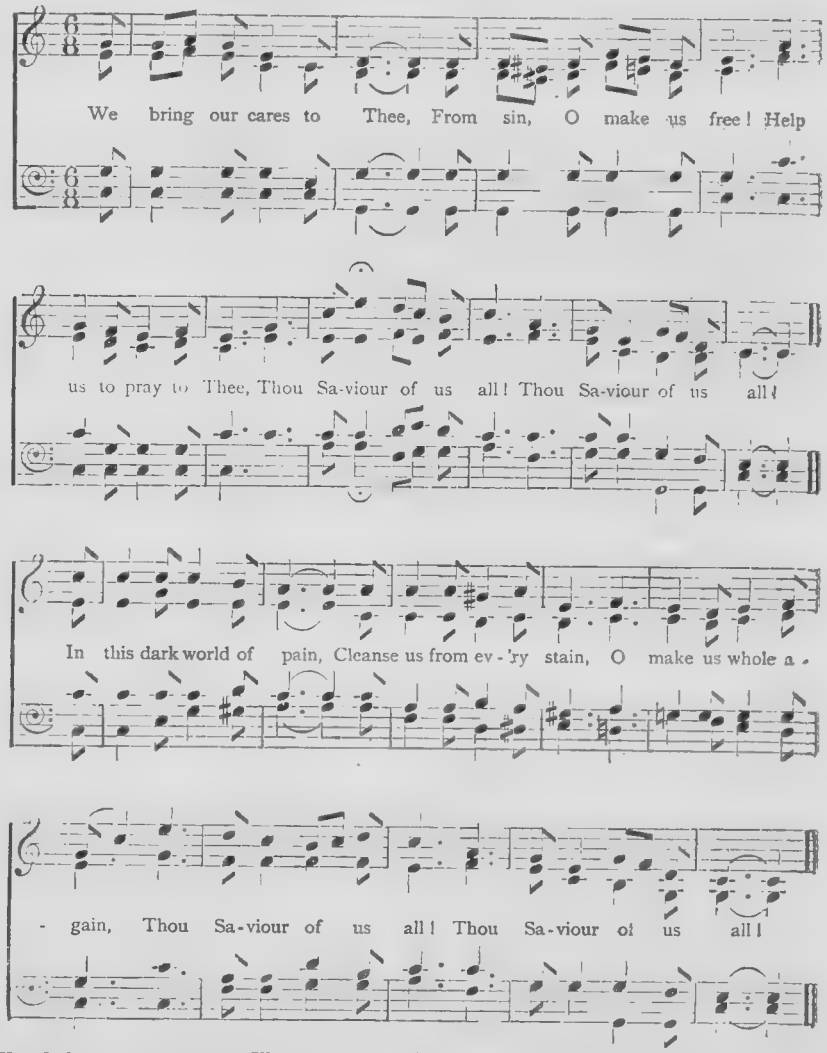
Leah turned to her father with questioning eyes.

"During these days," he answered, "the city is thronged with people, rough and gentle, from all parts of Palestine. They wear no happy faces, the country is full of murmuring and discontent and dread, Bethlehem or these gentle hills are better places for a little maid."

"I have watched all day," she said, "the people coming—always coming—up and down the white dusty roads. Look." She pointed to the winding highway in the valley; over it moved great companies afoot or on horseback. "Who are they, father?" she asked. "Caesar has ordered every Jew to set his name on a great roll so he may know how many people there are in our nation. Then he will raise the taxes. Those men and women have to journey to the home of their fathers that their names may go on the roll, also to take an oath to Caesar and King Herod. Alas! we no longer are a free people."

Leah's gentle face grew grave. She did not understand wholly about Caesar and taxes, but it troubled her to feel her father and mother were unhappy. She knew that food grew scarcer and poorer in the little home.

She laid her hand confidingly on her

THOU SAVIOUR OF US ALL.

We bring our cares to Thee,
From sin O make us free!
Help us to pray to Thee,
Thou Saviour of us all!
In this dark world of pain,
Cleanse us from every stain,
O make us whole again,
Thou Saviour of us all!

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thy love,
That draws our souls above,
Holy Celestial Dove,
Thou Saviour of us all!
For us Thy blood was shed,
And thou wast captive led,
And number'd with the dead,
Thou Saviour of us all!

For us, too, Thou didst rise
Triumphant to the skies,
Bearing with Thee the prize,
Thou Saviour of us all!
To all who follow Thee,
A crown of life shall be
Ever to dwell with Thee,
Thou Saviour of us all!

Keep us, dear Lord, we pray,
For ever in the way
That ends in perfect day,
Thou Saviour of us all!
That we at last may stand
Within the Glory Land,
A happy, holy band,
Thou Saviour of us all!

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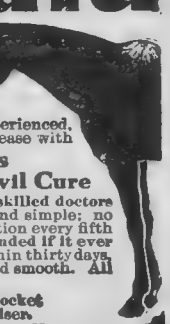

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father's arm and the soft voice fell to a whisper. "Mother said the other night when she told me stories before sleeping time that soon we should have a new, good king and——"

"Hush," cried her father, while he looked about him fearfully. No one was in sight. They heard no sound but the sheep cropping the short grass and the song of a lark high above them in a white cloud.

The child turned a flushed face toward him and eager dusky eyes.

"Tell me, father," she pleaded. "I will not speak of it to a soul, only to mother, perhaps."

"Everyone knows it. Why should it be hidden from a child the hope that is being nursed in eevry heart in Judea? The time is near—and our prophets speak true—when the kingdom of the Messiah is at hand."

"The Messiah!" whispered the little maid. "Yes, that was what mother called him. Who is the Messiah?"

"He is the new king who has been promised to the Jews; a king of our own people descended from the house of David, greater than David in battle and more glorious than Solomon in all his glory. The time is now ripe for his birth."

Leah's eyes lingered on Jerusalem as she turned her face toward home. In which of these magnificent palaces would their new king, the Messiah, be born? The child's heart throbbed with a strange hope. She had heard stories ofthe splendor of Solomon, she had listened on many a winter evening to her mother's tales of the good King David, she knew by heart his beautiful songs and now a greater than David was soon to become their king.

"Perhaps—some day—I shall see him," she whispered.

"See whom?" asked her father.

"The Messiah," she answered.

Some days later — Leah remembered that night to the last hour of her life —she was sleeping in her mother's arms when she waked to find her father bending over them. The early gray of the dawn stole in at a narrow window in the stone walls, but it was not the pale light of the early morning that shone on the shepherd's face. The sunshine of noon seemed to linger about his head. He knelt beside the bed and took the hand of the mother between his own. He began to speak in a voice which was low and strange.

"I have seen the glory of the King," he said.

Leah could hear the beating of her heart. The world was very still. There was no other sound except the chirp of waking birds.

"I did not return home last night," she heard her father say in that strange voice. "There are millions of people in Jerusalem and without its walls waiting for the taxing. We did not dare to leave our flocks on the hill unwatched. The darkness fell and the shepherds gathered close together for it had grown cold, very cold. We talked of the heavy taxes laid upon the people—of Herod's cruelty—of our promised king—of many things. It was safe there on the hilltop with the darkness shutting us in. One after another of the shepherds grew drowsy. Sleep did not touch me. I told the others to rest. I would watch till dawn. Soon they all slept—heavily. I sat silent in the darkness with my eyes turned to the shining stars. In my mind ran the promise of Micah, 'But thou Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting. And he shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God; and they shall abide: for now shall he be great unto the ends of the earth.'

"While I thought of all these things I saw suddenly the stars in heaven turn pale and the hilltop was illuminated by the glory of a great light. The sun, which hours before had sunk below the horizon, would have grown dim beside it. In its radiance I could see the far-away gold shimmer of the parapets about the temple. The shepherds had awaked we sought each other's hands in terror for we knew not what. There was no light in the heavens like unto this. At last our dazzled eyes discovered through the glory, the shape of an angel. The angel spoke. 'Fear not,' he said, 'for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"When the angel ended his message we saw standing with him in the wonderful light a great multitude of the hosts that people heaven. Under the silent stars which shone dimly in the distant sky. They were singing a new song. Once before the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted together because he had created a world. Now they sang: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.'" The shepherd paused and turned his face to the narrow window. A scarlet shaft of surise of that first Christmas morn at Bethlehem played across the sky.

"And then—?" the question was a shivering whisper from the mother.

"And then," answered the shepherd, "old Roboam was the first to speak, 'Let us now go een unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.'

"We came with haste to Bethlehem, each one pondering greaty in his own heart. We must find the new born babe cradled in a manger with no softer bed than the fodder of the cattle. The poorest mother in the humblest home of our little village could provide better for her babe than that.

"'Let us search," said old Roboam, 'among the strangers at the village inn. I have heard they are sleeping everywhere tonight; even yesterday the travellers had filled it to overflowing.'

"As we drew near the eastern gate, we saw the glimmer of a light. It shone from the cave which, as you know, is the stable of the inn. Crowded in the yard were mules and asses. The stable had been given as lodging to the strangers for whom there was no room in the crowded inn. We found the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Over it bent the fair young mother, Mary of Nazareth. Her face shone with gladness. Joseph, the father, stood beside. He was a poor workingman, as lowly in circumstance as we shepherds are."

"But—the king!" whispered Leah.

"The babe in the manger is our promised king." The father's voice was low but triumphant. "He is our Messiah. Hath king ever been born into this world for whom the host of heaven sang?"

The dusky eyes of the little maid dwelt wonderingly upon her father's face. He was no longer a poor common shepherd with work-worn hands and a weather-beaten face, clad in a shepherd's coat. He was the herald of a king, a messenger sent from the angels to carry a greeting to earth from the heavenly host.

The light of the morning poured its radiance now through the narrow window—it made a brighter halo about the shepherd's face. The child held her breath to listen—her father's lips moved. She heard him murmuring again the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

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A Christmas Sermon.

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage.

THE finest picture is yet to be painted. The most perfect sculpture is yet to be chiseled. The best of poems is yet to be penned. The sweetest and most inspiring of songs is yet to be composed. We speak of the master-poets, artists, sculptors, and musicians, as though the poetic and artistic deeds of the past could never be excelled. This, however, is not true. Homer, and Virgil, and Scott, and Wordsworth, and Burns, and Tennyson, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Poe, are master-poets to us, merely because their poems excel in beauty of expression, or delicacy of rhythm, or depth of thought, the productions of all other poets who have yet appeared. Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Murillo, and Leonardi da Vinci, and Turner, are master-artists to us, merely because no artists have yet appeared who could approach them in perfection of form and glory of color. Beethoven, and Handel, and Bach, and Gluck, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Chopin, and Mendelssohn, and Wagner, are master-musicians to us, because they surpass all other musicians in perfection of harmony and grandeur of conception. No composers before them, and none since, have attained the mastery that they have reached in their sublime art. But though these old master-musicians are masters to us, they were not masters to themselves. They struggled continually to give expression to higher and nobler conceptions, that they were never able to write. Even in their minds there were harmonies far better than those they have given us. Their masterpieces fell far short of their ideals.

David the psalmist was a great musical composer. He always strove to originate new musical themes. If he could not compose new ones, then he wanted to hear what some one else had composed. The first time Mozart heard one of Bach's hymns played, he cried out in ecstacy, "Thank God, I learn something absolutely new. So David, again and again in his Psalms, cries out for something new in musical praise. We not only find the words of my text, "Sing unto the Lord a new song," in the Ninety-sixth Psalm, but we find them in the Ninety-eighth and in the One Hundredth and Forty-ninth, and we also find the same words in the book of Isaiah. The song they longed to hear will yet be heard in the heavenly land. The Seer of Patmos caught the echo of it as he listened to the New Song that no man could learn, but the host that had been redeemed and stood around the throne. What exquisite music it will be, we cannot conceive, but we know the theme that will inspire it. It is the theme of salvation, the incarnation of the Son of God, the coming to earth of that Divine Being whose birth among us we are about to celebrate. Let the same theme inspire our humble strains. Let us even now, as we meditate on that wondrous event, attune our hearts to that glorious harmony.

Our holiday song, in the first place, should be a cheerful song. It should not be sung in a minor key. It should not be a dirge or requiem, a lament, or a "Dead March in Saul." It should not be an antiphony for the matins of the dead. It should be joy on the wing. It should be the chorus of "Laughing Waters." It should be a hosannah, a hallelujah, a paean, a doxology and a praise. Tears and sobs have no place in the New Song, which we should sing during our coming holiday season. What said David in reference to this new song? Make a sad song unto the Lord? No: In seven distinct places in the Psalms, the great singer of Israel cries, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord." The first great essential of our coming Christmas song should be cheerfulness. We should hear it in every sound that is uttered. We should hear it in the loud notes. We should hear it in the soft notes as well.

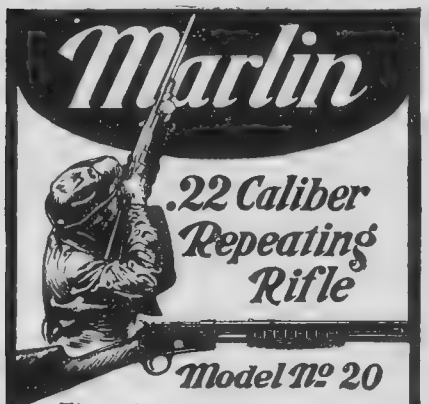
Yes, the New Song we sing ought to have the keynote of cheerfulness—that is the first great essential. Why should it not be cheerful? If we believe in God, if we believe in what Christ has done for us, have we not a belief which should uplift every heart into the highest realms of Christian joy?

Our coming holiday song should sing the joy of our salvation. It must do more than that. It should sing about the happiness of some one else. Therefore, our New Song should be a helpful song. Jenny Lind, the great "Swedish Nightingale" regarded her voice as a gift from God, bestowed that she might help her fellow men. May we look upon our New Song to be sung to God, as a song to help those who are in physical, mental, or spiritual distress .

Oh, that we, in our coming holiday song, could have the beautiful purpose which "the human thrush," Jenny Lind had in her gentle, consecrated Christian heart! She was always doing some kindness to others. Lablache, the great Italian basso, when he first heard her, said, "Her voice is so true, that each note is like a perfect pearl." Jenny Lind heard what this great Italian contemporary had said. When she met him at her first rehearsal, she smilingly stepped to his side, and took his hat; then placing her lips to its edge, she sang a beautiful French romance. Then she gave him back his hat, saying: "There, Monsieur Lablache, is your hat, filled with my pearls of song." That was a beautiful compliment by one great artist to another. But Jenny Lind did more than sing handfuls of musical pearls into Lablache's hat; she sang thousands of dollars out of the world's pocketbooks. Then she scattered thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars everywhere. She gave away thirty thousand florins when she made her triumphant musical tour through Germany. She gave to England's poor over $300,000, when this "Queen of Song" sang in the kingdom of her great sister, Queen Victoria. She gave $50,000 to America's poor when she travelled through our States. As Jenny Lind sang to her fellow men and women a helpful song, so should we make our New Song of the holiday season a helpful song.

Your new holiday song. How is it to be made helpful to your fellow-men! Is it to be made so in a temporal sense? One day, Paganini, the greatest violinist of the ages, was walking through the streets of Vienna. He was then at the height of his fame. He had kings and queens of nations bending under the sceptre of his bow. A celebrated musical composer, who was accompanying him, suddenly turned and pointed to a little ragged urchin scraping away on an old screechy violin, "There, Paganini," said he, "is one of your countrymen." With that, Paganini crossed the street and began to talk with the little beggar. On hearing his tale of sorrow, the great Italian master snatched the squeaky fiddle from the boy's hand and began to play. Never did a public thoroughfare of Vienna hear such sublime music. After the piece was ended, Paganini passed his hat around through the crowd, and then emptied into the boy's pocket the gold and silver he had collected, saying, "There, my lad, take that home to your sick mother and buy her the medicine she needs." During the coming Christmas holidays will our New Song be a helpful one, in a temporal sense, as Paganini's was a blessing to the Vienna street arab? When you buy presents for your father and mother, wife or husband and child, brother and sister and friend, will your New Song inspire you also to buy bread for the hungry and clothing for the naked and medicine for the sick?

When we sing our New Song shall we bring spiritual blessings to others also? The great hosts which shall enter heaven, may be augmented if we sing our New Song as we ought to sing it. As you and I begin to join the redeemed multitudes, are we going with our friends? Shall not our New Song of Gospel love, first be sung by some invalid's bed to bring that sick man to Christ? Shall it not be sung among the spiritual outcasts, who never have bowed the knee at the Cross? Yes, my friends, our New Song shall be a cheer-



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ful song, on account of our salvation. It should also be a helpful song, which will lead people to surrender their lives to the work of the Divine Master.

"Well," says one, "how can I sing a song of cheerfulness and of Gospel hope for myself or for others, when everything seems to be going wrong in my own life? I feel just as did the writer of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Psalm. Then all was sadness and gloom to him. He seems to see the Jews huddled together in captivity. There he seems to gather them together, as the Jews today are gathered at the foot of Mount Moriah, at the "Wailing Place" under the walls of the old Temple. Their captors come to them and cry: "Sing! sing! Sing as you used to sing in Jerusalem!" But they answer, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Then you say to me: "This coming Christmas will find me in a strange land. "Why," you say, "everything in my life is so different from what it used to be. So many of my loved ones are gone. My daughter was here last Christmas, she is gone now forever. It is a mother's vacant chair, or a father's, or a wife's, or a husband's? Yes, I have been a good giver to the grave, and that grave has taken the best I have. It is not the time for me to sing; it is the time for sobs. Then I cannot give financially as I used to give. I have had many financial reverses during the past few months. Thus I cannot do as I used to do for others. My own health is gradually breaking. How can I sing a New Song?

The great trouble with you is that when trouble comes, instead of throwing yourselves more and more upon the Divine strength, you have let go of God's strong hand, and only depended on your own strength. After Jenny Lind's name had become famous as a singer, her voice began to fail. "Oh," said she to herself, "If I could only go and see Garcia, I know he would help me." Manuel Garcia was at that time the greatest musical developer of primadonnas. She left Stockholm and went to Paris. As soon as she entered his studio and sang, Garcia said, "My good girl, you have no voice; or rather I should say you had a voice, but you are now on the verge of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out. The only advice I can offer is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time, come to me and I will see what I can do for you." That was good advice for Manuel Garcia to give to Jenny Lind, but it is not good advice for a Christian teacher to give you in reference to your learning how to sing the New Song of Christ. What you need is not rest, not retirement, not seclusion; you need to practice your Gospel throat. You need to learn how to sing the New Song by delving deep in the promises of God, and then by singing God's promises to your own life and to the lives of those around you! Sing about what he has done and will continue to do for you!

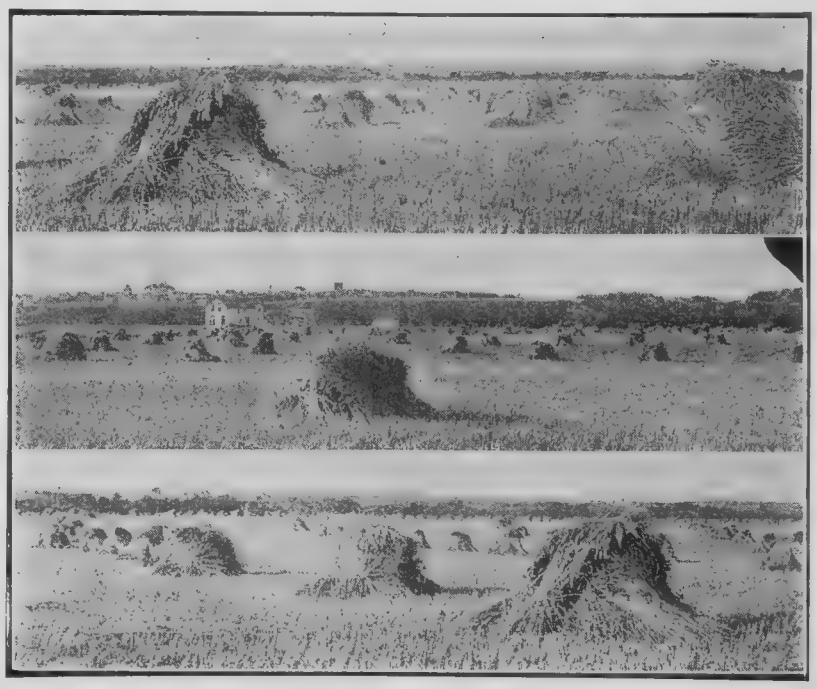
But lastly, I assert that our New Song for the coming holidays should be a triumphant song. In it we shall hear the ring of the coming conquest of the world for Christ. In it we should know not only that man, as an individual, will be saved, but there shall come a time when nations and peoples of all climes shall worship our Christ. In our New Song, we want to catch a glimpse of the power of God. Here and there, temporarily, one of God's disciples may seem to be driven back, but after all, the great march of the Christian army is forward. We are all marching on to a Millennial Day, when Christ, as the leader of the great army of Victory, shall have His standards above every land, waving over every nation and over every sea. Our New Song shall be a triumphant song.

Would today I might convince you of the sureness of Christ's conquest over all the nations of the world, as vividly as that great dramatic preacher, William Dawson, brought it before his London hearers, nearly a century ago. He was a man of remarkable personality. He had an imagination all aglow and on fire. With the power of a mighty word-painter, he was describing the conquest of the world. He portrayed a grand procession marching before Christ, the Prophet, Priest and King, in a coronation pageant. First came the prophets, the priests and the apostles; then the martyrs, row after row, line after line, army after army. Then, after all the redeemed dead had marched past, there came the living. First came the earthly princes and princesses and nobles. Then there marched forth millions upon millions of the human race. Then after he had wheeled into line all generations of all times, and all principalities and powers, the great Methodist preacher suddenly stopped. Then in stentorian tones he commenced to sing that grand old hymn of Edward Perrouet:

All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

So powerful was the effect, so overwhelming was the impression of the coming conquest of Christ over the world, that the great audience sprang to its feet and sang it louder and louder and louder, until the very heavens seemed to shake. Oh, my friends, cannot you feel that our New Song for the coming Christmas holidays should be a triumphant one?

When the musical leader in the old village choir loft, before the organ and piano had forced their way into the church edifices, wanted to start the hymn, he would strike his tuning-fork and lift it to his ear. For the New Song of the coming Christmas holidays, I would strike the tuning-fork of hope and life and eternal conquest through Christ. May the same angel which sang over the Christmas manger, sing for us today over that rifled tomb of a New Song of salvation for a dying world, and a conquest for Christ of all people in this world.



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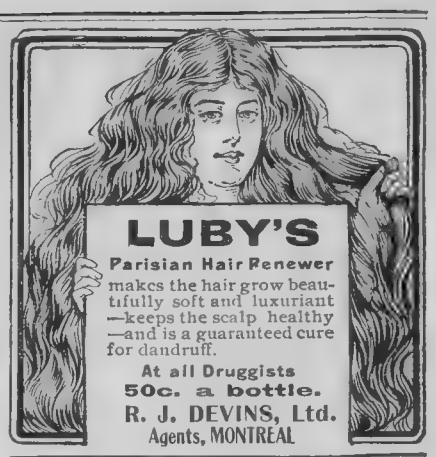

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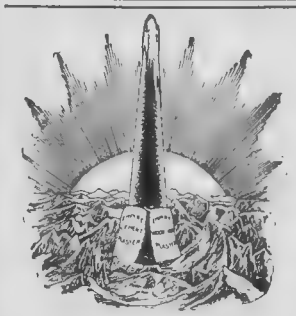

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The Home Doctor.

Growing Thin.

By J. A. Waters.

Much as people may be be annoyed when they find themselves gaining more weight than is convenient, or that is convenient with their idea of graceful proportion and good looks, they can do nothing more injurious than to try to rid themselves of this obnoxious super-abundance without directions from a physician. Those who make a business of starving themslves, or of taking a quantity of strong acids, vinegar and the like, make a great mistake, for such a course is likely to do them a deadly hurt, producing much more discomfort than the trouble they already have. They should first bethink themselves whether or not they are absolutely sure that it is a bad thing to be fat; if the flesh, soft and radiant and like a baby's is really not a beauty in itself, as many of the Orientals think, and stuff their women to produce it; if it does not hinder the gathering of wrinkles, and make them look far younger than they would if they were thin, and the weakened muscles let the skin droop, as it usually does with advancing years; whether their dresses do not fit better than the dresses of smaller people do; if they cannot carry off things with more ease and air; if they do not have a presence, a port, and a dignity they would not have if they were merely thin shadows.

If after weighing the matter — and themselves — they decide on reducing the amount of the earth's sublime richness that they carry about with them, then they should see their physician, but not till they have made up their minds that they are going to obey his prescription and follow the regime he orders. They will find it no light or easy thing; for it means that they shall abandon two-thirds of the pleasant things of life. They will have, for instance, no warm baths, but cold sponge baths instead; they will be allowed the least possible clothing they can wear with health; will have to sleep in a cold room and on a very hard bed; they will be allowed no cold water to drink, but will be expected to drink a couple of quarts of hot water every day, with a dash of lemon juice or sour wine in it, and no beer can they have, and no champagne, no tea or chocolate or coffee. They will be allowed no bread of any sort; on the other hand, they may have all the fruit they wish. They can have no macaroni, or cheese, or butter, or sweetmeats, or potatoes, or rice, or pease, or beans, or carrots, or turnips, but they can have lettuce and celery and cress and spinach, and such watery things, with eggs boiled three minutes, poultry, and rare lean meats.

And more than this, they are to take but two meals a day, and once in a while only one meal, letting the system then live on what it already has in store that day. But lest this should be insufficient, or should be in any way uncomfortable, the system is kept in order by outdoor exrcise, which purifies the blood and renders the muscles firm, and works off much weight in perspiration—riding on horseback if they wish, driving if they please, but walking whether they will or no, and walking in difficult places, a half dozen miles a day, remembering that while the walking is good for the general health, it will take off very little flesh unless pursued to the point of perspiration and some fatigue. If our friends have the courage to do all this, and to continue it, they are heroic, and will find a better reward than loss of flesh in the development of self-denial and strength of character.

Eat no More Food than is Necessary.

Corpulency is naturally the result of excess in partaking of fat-producing foods, and a disinclination to exercise. It has been proven by Molscott, in his careful experiments, that in a mixed diet the carbonaceous foods are usually broken down and digested first, leaving the more complex nitrogenous foods in a partly digested condition. If, however, the person has good digestive secretions, all will be digested; but the amount in excess of the proportion needed for wear and tear in the body will be stored as fat. This explains why persons, who are trying to reduce obesity by cutting from their diet all the so-called fat-making foods, while indulging freely in meats and kindred materials, do not attain the desired result. The quantity of food, it would seem then, is of far greater importance than the kind.

Obesity once established will increase most rapidly, unless a careful treatment be followed. Each ounce of food more than is required to keep up the functions of the body, stored in the form of fat, rapidly increases the weight of the body, and in a few months may be reckoned by pounds.

Cut of the Food Supply Gradually.

The modern dietitians feel that any rigid change in the diet will upset the digestive viscera producing conditions in the system not desirable. The first thing, then, to do from a rational standpoint, is to cut off, a little at a time, from the usual amount of food, and change slowly to a more nitrogenous diet. Increase the exercise, both mental and physical, in order to consume a portion of the fat already stored in the body, allowing the loss of weight to come from this direction rather than from a shortage of necessary foods. The stored fat corresponds to the coal in the tender of an engine: it may be burned until consumed. The over-fat woman is more uncomfortable that the over-fat man. She, in thinking to hide a portion of this fat, draws in her clothing, pushing the fat from one place to another, pressing upon the heart, reducing the circulation until she really has more serious troubles to contend with than obesity. Her face becomes purple, the end of her nose especially red, and she is really pitiful to behold. All this may be easily avoided if she has sufficient will-force to now and then go hungry. Gymnastic exercises, without apparatus, should be taken both morning and night. The tepid bath and plenty of outdoor exercise should not be omitted. The following rules might be framed and hung in sight:

1st. Reduce fat by improving the general health. Exercise the muscular tissues of the body rather than change to a radical diet.

2nd. Strengthen the muscular tissues by increasing the nitrogenous foods.

3rd. Above all, keep the blood in good normal condition by cutting from the diet all sweets, severe acids, bulk foods, wines, and alcoholic and malt liquors.

4th. Use sufficient pure, cold water to give free action to the skin and kidneys.

4th. Eat sufficient food, but only twice a day. Do not nibble between meals.

Burns and Scalds.

A burn is the result of the application of dry heat.

A scald is occasioned by the application of some hot fluid to the body, giving rise to the same destructive effects as are met with in a burn, though differing from them in the apearances produced. The constitutional effects resulting from burns and scalds are most serious and important; they depend not so much upon the depth of the injury as upon its situation, the extent of surface implicated, and the age of the patient. Thus a person may have his foot completely charred and burt off by a stream of molten iron running over it with far less constitutional disturbance and danger than if the surface of the trunk and face be extensively scorched. Burns about the chest, head, and face are far more likely to be attended by serious constitutional mischief than similar injuries of the extremities. In children the nervous system suffers more severely from burns than in adults. The most fatal element in these injuries is superficial extent. The most fatal period in cases of severe burn, where

A Sallow, Pimply or "Muddy" Complexion

Is Easily Gotten Rid of When Constitutional, Instead of Local Treatment is Taken.

Every woman strives to acquire and preserve a clear, faultless, rose-and-lily complexion. This is apparently the height of the feminine ambition. No more fallacious epigram was ever penned than the one which says that, "beauty is only skin deep"; and no greater mistake can possibly be made in endeavoring to gain a clear, pretty complexion, entirely free from pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes, than the use of cosmetics, powders, lemon juice, cold cream, electric massage, and various other treatments which aim at the complexion alone, and have no effect whatever on the blood, or on the general system.

Whenever you see a person with a clear, flawless complexion, you may be assured that its perfection depends, not on the local application of the many fad treatments on the market, but exclusively upon a pure, wholesome condition of the blood, and upon its active, vigorous circulation through the skin.

It is the blood which gives the skin its rosy color, and although electric massage, and other local treatments may draw the blood temporarily to the surface of the skin, it cannot keep it there. Only a strong circulation can do that. When the blood becomes impoverished and the circulation sluggish, the complexion, as a manual sequence, becomes sallow and "muddy," and pimples, blackheads, "liver spots," and other skin troubles put in their appearance.

One box of STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS, which are taken internally, will do the complexion more good than all the cosmetics, beauty powders, cold creams, electric or natural massage, will do in a lifetime. These powerful little wafers cure because they strike at the root of the trouble. They purify and renovate the blood so completely that the complexion cannot do otherwise than become clear, flawless and free from all skin blemishes.

Besides relieving the system of every particle of impurity, and thereby cutting off the source of the skin diseases, they also build up the blood, greatly increasing the number of red corpuscles in its current, and invigorating, strengthening and improving the circulation so decidedly that in a wonderfully brief period the cheeks become rosy, the complexion clear, the eyes bright, and the whole system glows with renewed life and vigor.

Secure a package of this blood-cleaning, complexion-clearing and systen-renovating remedy from your druggist for 50 cents, and begin the treatment at once. Also send us your name and address and free sample package will be sent you. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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My face was so bad I could not see. I could not sleep. I could not rest at all for the terrible itch Thanks to your wonderful medicine I am cured.

As eczema is a germ disease, and as the germs are right in the skin, blood medicines will not cure it. The only effective way is to treat the itch where the itch is. D. D. D. Prescription penetrates the pores of the skin, kills the germs which cause the eczema, gives instant relief from the awful itch and permanently cures.

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For sale by all druggists.

K·D·C CURES INDIGESTION.

the patient does not at once sink, is about the first week after the accident has occurred. When in an ordinary conflagration a person is "burnt to death," the fatal event is occasioned not by the actual burning of the body, but, by the induction of Asphyxia—life is mercifully extinguished by suffocation in the smoke resulting from the fire before the body itself is consumed.

The constitutional treatment is of the utmost consequence. The first thing to be done after the infliction of a burn is to bring about reaction. The patient is trembling, is in a state of extreme depression, is suffering from great pain, is cold and shivering, and may sink from the shock unless properly supported. A full dose of opium, varied according to age, should be given in some warm brandy and water, and repeated in the course of an hour or two. An adult may be given twenty drops of tincture of opium (laudanum), but it should be administered to children very carefully, and never by any but a medical man. The burnt clothes having been removed, the patient should be laid upon a blanket and the injured part be well covered with wheaten flour by means of an ordinary dregder; the flour should be laid on thickly but uniformly and gradually. It forms a soft and soothing application to the surface. If the skin be charred, the discharge which will speedily ensue will make the flour adhere to the part and render it impervious to the air: the crust thus formed should not be disturbed until it becomes loosened by the influence of the discharges, when it should be removed. The above means may be adopted where none other are available; but, when possible, the following is better. Equal parts of limewater and linseed oil shaken together in a bottle form a thick, soapy compound, and this should be poured over the injured part and at once covered with cotton-wool or lint. But, whatever may be the local application adopted, it is of importance in the early stages to change the dressings as seldom as possible. Every fresh dressing causes the patient severe pain, produces depression, and materially retards progress.

The Brain and the Spinal Column.

In the human brain it has been calcuated that the gray matter alone contains no less than 600,000,000 cells; each cell consists of several thousand visible molecules, and each molecule again of many millions of atoms.

The brain is divided lengthwise into two halves, spoken of as the lobes of the cerebrum. Its shape is beautifully exemplified by the meat of an English walnut. Each half is practically a replica of the other, although in the majority of persons the left half is larger than the right half. Each half of the brain governs, or is concerned with, the movements and general control of the opposite half of the body. The brain has been divided into sections, governing ideas and images of distinct classes. Certain areas of brain surface are recognized as controlling vision, hearing, taste, smell and vocal speech, while others govern the muscular mechanism of the body.

The average weight of the male brain is forty-nine and a half ounces; of the female, forty-four ounces—a difference of over five ounces.

The spine or backbone is a chain of joints consisting of twenty-four bones, no two alike, marvellously contrived for an infinity of movement, and the harmonizing of manifold and diverse duties. It is firm and yet flexible; it is a pipe to convey the important medullary substance from the brain; it is a pole from which are strung the nerves—the telegraph wires of the body. It is the basis from which the muscles of the body take their origin, and it is a meeting place and binder for the ribs. No piece of machinery made by man can compare with it in ingenuity, simplicity, safety, rapidity of action and non-interference of its parts.

The first vertebra is called by anatomists Atlas, because it supports the head, as the mythologic Atlas supports the world. There are two joints at the neck, one a hinge joint and the other a mortise and tenon, by which the head is mounted, as a telescope is set on its stand, so that the head can be raised or lowered, turned sidewise, and moved backward or forward.

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The Young People.

King Arthur and the Half-Man.

The summer day was long and hot;
King Arthur rode from Camelot,

And worn with court-craft, sought repose
Among the groves where Ivel flows.

There, whiles he lay in shadows dim,
A wondrous sight appeared to him.

A shadow drifted toward the king—
A clouded, human-seeming thing,

A futile, flitting, feeble shape
With listless arms and mouth agape

Devoid of purpose, force or will—
The foolish half-man, Keudawd Pwyll,

That quavered out in plaintive key:
"Great King, arise, and strive with me!"

Loud laughed the champion, "Ho! ho! ho!
Shall Arthur strive with such a foe?"

The form that seemed of vapor spun
Waxed huge and black against the sun,

Of goodly girth and ample height,
A burly carl of brawn and might

That voiced a challenge bold and free:
Arise, O man, and strive with me!"

Still paltered Arthur. "Nay!" he said.
"What need of strife? My hardihead

"Is proved and known; and peace is best
In summer's glow. So let me rest!"

Gigantic swelled that gruesome form,
His head a cliff, his brows a storm;

All ruth, all guile he cast away;
He spurned the monarch where he lay

And bellowed forth in evil glee:
"Thou fool! Arise, and strive with me!"

Then Arthur rose for very shame.
He grappled, strove and overcame;

But deep it made his heart to groan
Before that wight was overthrown;

And sore he taxed his vaunted strength
Before the giant lay his length!

So panted Arthur: "Aye! forsooth,
He called me 'Fool'—and spake the truth.

"Yea, 'fool!' to scorn a feeble foe
While false indulgence made him grow!"

. . . . .

Boast not thy strength. Make no delay.
That foeman waxes day by day.

Strike swift! let cravens flinch or flee
If Half-Man Habit challenge thee!

Archie's Last Chance.

By John Goodwin.

"Oh, holy wars!" groaned Dick Morris, staring at the scrawled pencil note on the cabin table; "he's done it again!"

The note had been brought aboard by a very small and very dirty boy, who charged twopence for delivery. Dick would not have paid the twopence but for recognizing his young brother's handwriting, and, though he knew he was buying trouble, he took the note. It ran thus:

"Dear Dick,—I am in a deuce of a fix, and if you don't come along and help me jolly quick, I shall be done for. I met some pals last night, and we went to a theatre, and afterwards I asked them to a blow-out at Johnnie Cope's cookshop. I took a bed here for the night after the feed, and I haven't got enough to pay old Cope, and he's collared my clothes, so I can't get away. Be a good chap, and hurry along here with some clothes, for if the ship sails without me, old Charley's aunt will sack me as sure as a gun.—Your affectionate brother,

"Archie."

"Johnnie Cope's Boarding House,
Dean Street."

"Silly young fool!" said Dick, thrusting the note into his pocket, and starting for the deck in a hurry. "This job is going to cook his goose for a certainty. The Old Man swore to sack him the next scrape he got into, and this makes the sixth since we left London. The ship sails in half an hour, too!"

He hastened to his cabin, flung open a locker, and tucking a pair of trousers, shoes and coat under his arm, jumped on to the quay, and set out for Dean Street at his best pace.

Dick's lot was not a wonderfully light one, for, in addition to being third mate of the s.s. Barralong, which was not an easy berth, he had the additional joy of looking after his brother Archie, aged seventeen, who was engaged on probation as a sort of super-cargo. If he did well, he was to get the berth of purser's clerk on one of the company's passenger liners, and at present this position looked a long way off. Archie was smart enough at his duty, but never failed to get into at least one severe scrape per week, with an extra serious one every time he went ashore. And Captain Foyle, who believed in discipline, had promised to "sack" him, as Archie put it, at the next offence.

"There's no particular harm in the young idiot," grumbled Dick, as he climbed on to a tramcar that took him part of the way; "but this'll put the finishing touch on him, and the Old Man'll be glad to get rid of him. It'll cut the old people up badly if Archie is sacked, for he won't get another berth at sea if he loses this."

Dick reached the address given, and a curious place it was. The ground floor was a cookshop, where substantial fare and hot dinners were served, and the two upper storeys were of the usual sailor's boarding house sort.

"Of course, he must get into the hands of the worst crimp in Greenock!" growled Dick, as he opened the door.

A bloated red-nosed man in shirt-sleeves was reading a sporting paper behind the counter.

"Well, mister, what d'yer want?" he said, scanning Dick with his bleary eyes.

"I want by brother, who seems to have got into your clutches, by this note I've got from him," said Dick; "and I'll trouble you to hand him out quick."

The man grinned maliciously.

"'E's upstairs in No. 3. You can go up if yer like. 'E don't go till I'm paid wot 'e owes me."

Dick made no reply, but marched up to the room. As he opened the door, in spite of himself, he broke into a grin.

Archie Morris, a pink-and-white, smooth-cheeked boy, with an angel's face that sadly belied his character, sat on a broken chair, with his bare legs sticking out below an old horse-blanket that was wrapped around him. He winked cheerfully at Dick.

"Here you are, old boy! Jolly glad you've come! It was getting beastly chilly. Make that old brute give me my clothes and let me go, will you?"

"You young scamp!" said Dick sternly. "How on earth were you fool enough to get into the man's clutches?"

"I didn't know anything about him," said Archie. "I had a jolly time at the theatre with two other chaps, and asked 'em to grub with me. I thought I'd have a bed ashore for a change, and I reckoned seven bob would cover the lot easily—it's all I've got. But the old thief Cope says the bill's thirty bob, and he's hidden my clothes."

"Thirty bob!"

"Yes; ain't it a swindle? We only had a tough beefsteak apiece and some plum duff. The old ruffian swears that we had champagne; but it was only bottled cider, and muck it was, too."

Dick stepped to the door, and called down the staircase:

"Cope, step up here, will you?'

The boarding-house master came, grinning.

"What do you mean by charging this youngster thirty shillings for five shillings' worth of grub and a bed?" said Dick quietly.

"Never mind wot I mean, that's the value o' wot 'e's 'ad. 'E's goin' to pay afore 'e goes out o' 'ere."

Dick glanced at his watch, and started on seeing how late it was. There was no time for argument—the ship was nearly due to leave.

"Look here," he said, "you're a swindler, and don't deserve a cent! But I'll give you fifteen shillings to square the account, and that's all I've got."

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"Fifteen be blowed! Thirty's my due, an' I ain't takin' a penny less. An' don't gie me no lip. I don't take back-talk from tykes like you!"

"Oh, don't you!" said Dick hotly. "you're a thief and a crimp to swindle a kid like that, who didn't know what a blackguard he was dealing with. You wouldn't have dared to do it to me, you cauliflower-nosed object!"

With a growl and an oath the boarding-house master sprang at Dick, and was met with a left-hander which had the full force of the young seaman's muscular frame behind it. The crimp fell headlong backwards down the stairs, and lay groaning at the bottom.

"That's a rascal well served," said Dick, with satisfaction; "it'll cost him something in plaster, too, before he gets his beauty back. You'll have to leave your clothes, Archie, it's no good asking him for them now. Let him keep 'em as payment, and get into these I've —— Great Scott!"

He clapped his hand to his coat under which he had carried the clothes, and turned pale.

"Haven't you brought any?" exclaimed Archie.

"I must have left them on the tram!" gasped Dick.

"This is a pretty business! What's to be done?"

"We must find yours somehow. Look sharp, for goodness' sake! Have you any notion where they are?"

"Not an earthly! And Cope's got up and gone away. For a policeman, p'r'aps?"

"Not he," said Dick grimly; "he daren't! Ransack all the rooms—quick!"

They turned out several cupboards and drawers in the next two rooms: but there was no man's clothes of any sort. Dick suddenly glanced out of the window, which overlooked the Clyde and the quays.

"Great flounders! There's the Barralong just warping out of dock. If we miss her, we're both done! Here, shove this on! You've got to go in something."

"But it's a girl's!" said Archie, as Dick hurriedly snatched a girl's skirt and a light-blue blouse from a peg on the door. "Those belong to Cope's wife. She's a music-hall singer, and——"

"Never mind who they belong to. On with them! You'll have to change when you get aboard."

"Fair exchange is no robbery!" chuckled Archie, slipping into the skirt and blouse. "My duds are worth a lot more than these. Chuck us those boots —I can just get 'em on. I'll have the hat, too, and there's a theatrical wig, or I am a Dutchman! May as well do the thing properly. 'The golden hair was hanging——'"

"Come on, you young idiot!" cried Dick, in a frenzy. "I shall lose my berth through you!"

He dashed down the stairs, and Archie followed, holding up his skirt, and clapping a hand on the plush-trimmed hat to keep it on. The crimp, with a severe black eye, came running from an inner room to stop them; but Dick slammed the shop-door on him, and the brothers bolted down the street. Round the corner, by good luck, they came upon a cab, into which they jumped.

"The docks, and drive like blazes!" cried Dick to the driver.

"May as well titivate myself a bit," said Archie, whom nothing ever flurried, as he looked at himself in the little mirror above the match-holder in the cab. He had grabbed two or three details before leaving the room at Cope's, and now, arranging the golden wig, he fastened the hat coquettishly on it with a couple of hatpins that were sticking in the headgear. He then padded himself artistically with a small shawl, and fastened a bit of lace—the last thing he had found—round his neck.

"Darling, let me hug you!" he said, embracing his rescuer.

Dick looked at him, and was astonished to see what an uncommonly pretty girl appeared to be sitting beside him. The stage wig was a good one—quite good enough to appear grown on the premises. Archie's pink-and-white complexion helped the picture, and, having pulled his waist in rather painfully tight by a little clasp-belt, Archie looked a very fair grown-up schoolgirl in a long skirt.

But Dick was too worried about the ship to pay much attention to this. He was in a fever of anxiety lest she should sail without them.

"You'll have to skip aboard as far aft as you can, and p'r'aps the Old Man won't see you from the bridge," said Dick. "We shall be just in time as she passes the dockheads if we're lucky. I shall board her up forward. We mustn't appear together."

The cab drew up outside the dock gates just as the Barralong was gliding past the end quay. Dick, throwing the fare to the cabman, dashed off through the crowd and sprang on to her fore deck.

"Late again, Mr. Morris!" said the large, red-faced Captain Foyle, in a stern voice. "You're lucky not to lose your berth. As for that scamp of a brother of yours, he has lost his already. He has missed the ship again, and I've had enough of his escapades. He is dismissed, and he won't get his wages either!"

While the skipepr was making this harangue, Archie jumped lightly aboard the steamer, aft of the bridge, and bolted into the galley before the captain turned round. The cook, who was washing the frying pan, dropped it with a crash.

"Who the—— Wot are you a-doin' of, missie? Lemme go!"

"Hush, Joe," whispered Archie, who had flung his arms round the cook's neck. "Don't you know your own pet ducksie-wucksie? It me—Archie."

The cook, flabbergasted, took quite five minutes to realize it. Then he broke into a hoarse guffaw.

"Go and get me some of my clothes, there's a good chap," said Archie. "I'll change in here. The old man can't say anything when he finds I'm aboard."

"I carn't," said the cook. "The skipper says you're sacked, an' he's locked up your bunk room and taken the key. 'E was in a reg'lar rage about it."

"Blow it!" said Archie. "Locked my room, did you say? I must have those clothes before he sees me. Where'll the cabin key be?" A ray of hope came to him. "He might have left it in his cabin—ten to one he has. I'll see if I can find it while he's on the bridge."

"It's about your only chance," said the cook grinning. "I'd give a quid for him to see you in them duds. I'll lay he wouldn't know you, neither."

"Cookie, promise me you won't give me away,, whatever happens? Don't say a word among the chaps, will you, not till after this voyage, anyhow? You'll get me sacked."

The cook, who was an old friend of Archie's promised, though it was a sore trial to him. Archie tried to make a dash for the cabin; but now they were out of dock, so many were passing about the after deck, that he had no chance to slip across unseen, and he had to wait,, chafing with impatience, until the steamer was standing right down the river, before the opportunity came.

He flitted like a streak of light to the cabin, dived in, and went to the door of the captain's state-room. To his dismay it was locked. He was just trying the handle, when he heard a step behind him, and a sharp cry of surprise.

He turned, and found himself face to face with Captain Foyle.

It was an awful moment. Archie looked at the skipper, and then his gaze dropped. The captain stared with eyes as big as saucers.

"What on earth does this mean?" he said. "Who are you, miss? What are you doing here?"

The intruder drew a little lace handkerchief from his bosom and put it to his eyes with a sob. He was not recognized, at any rate, and, having the cheek of any ten, he decided to carry the game on. If he was sacked, nothing much mattered. If he could gain time, he might save himself yet.

"Who are you?" cried the captain. "What have you come for?"

"Boo hoo! Archie Morris!" sobbed the culprit. "P-please don't be cross with me."

"Morris!" exclaimed the captain. "What do you mean? Bless my soul —are you—yes, you must be—his sister. You might be his twin—barring that you are decent looking, while he was an ugly young sinner. Why, you foolish girl, did you come aboard to see him?"

"I c-came to ask you not to d-discharge him," said the visitor, tearfully wiping both eyes. "Oh, please you won't, will you? He g-got kept ashore, but it wasn't his fault—it wasn't really."

The skipper's guest smiled prettily at him.

"But, my good girl," gasped Captain Foyle, "do you know that this ship has

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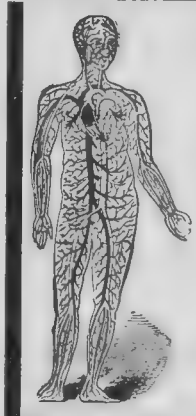

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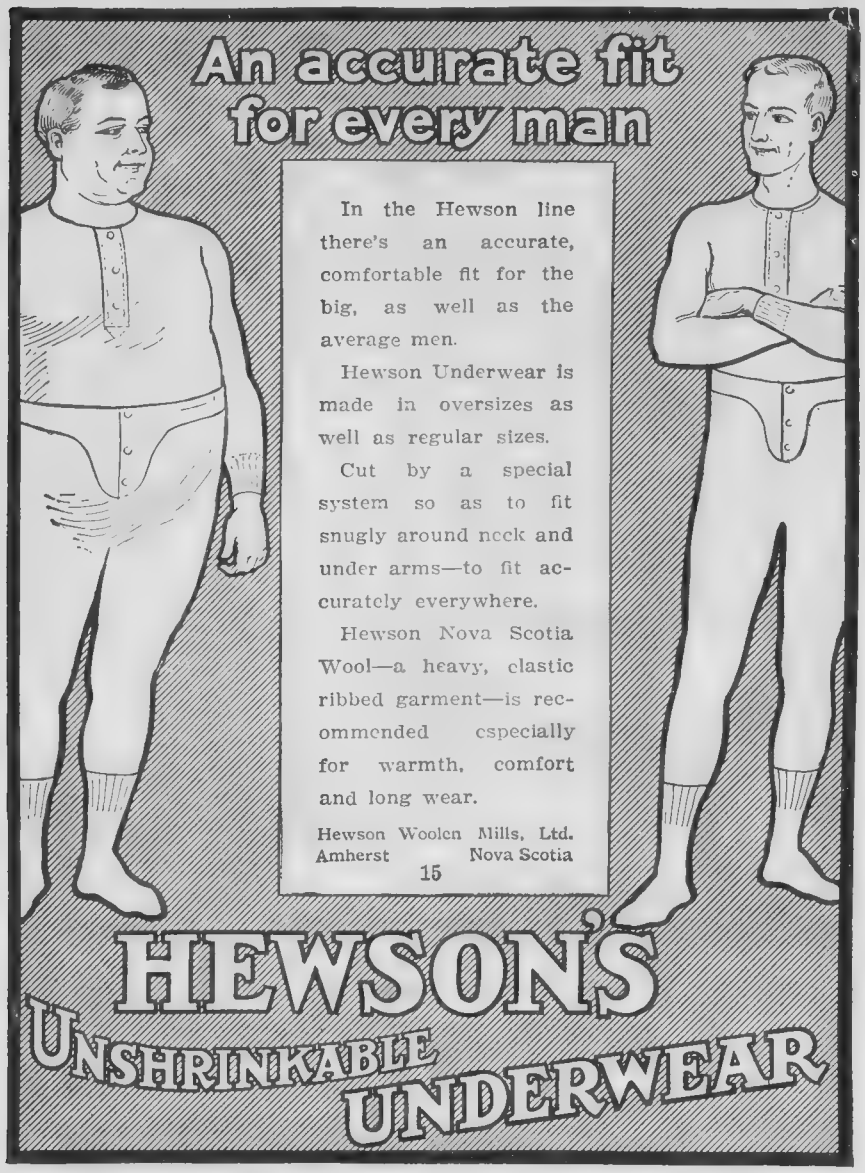

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sailed, and is two miles on her way already?"

"Oh, dear!" said the fair one," sitting down and mopping her—or his—eyes. "W-What shall I do? Can't you go back and put me on shore?"

"Go back!" shouted the captain in horror. "Of course I can't. I should lose the tide."

"Oh, c-captain, can't you really?" was the sobbing reply. "What will become of me? Where is the ship going?"

"To Belfast, to pick up cargo. She will not be there till night."

"Oh, that's all right," said the visitor, clapping his hands. "How nice. My papa lives in Belfast."

"Well, it's precious lucky he does," said the skiper. "You've done a very foolish thing."

"I don't mind," said Archie. "This is a beautiful ship, and I love sailors," she said coquettishly. "My papa was a ship's captain, but he wasn't so good-looking as you. But please, you'll take Archie back, won't you?"

"No," said the skipper gruffly. "I'm sorry, but he's dismissed. I can't put up with his performances any longer."

"Oh, do take him back," pleaded the culprit, with clasped hands. "He will be good if you take him back—I know he will."

"It can't be done," said the captain, shaking his head. "Quite impossible; I never take back anyone I've dismissed."

The visitor, sobbing pitifully into his handkerchief, tottered forward, and, as if by accident, his head, with the large plush-trimmed hat and the golden hair, bowed down upon the captain's manly chest.

"Oh, I thought you looked so nice and kind when I came in. I said: 'There's a kind man, who's too kind-hearted to discharge poor Archie, who never did much harm, I'm sure.' Oh, you can't be so cruel. Boo-hoo-ho!"

"Oh, come, come!" said the skipper awkwardly, patting his visitor's back. "Really you know! Bless my soul! Don't cry so, there's a good girl! It—it makes me quite uncomfortable."

"Take Archie back again!" sobbed the masquerader.

"I—I can't," muttered the skipper. "I've told everybody he is dismissed. Discipline would go to pieces. Dear, dear! I must see if I can get him a job somewhere else. Don't cry so! There!"

He sank down heavily in one of the cabin chairs, and the disguised culprit, still weeping into the handkerchief, sat gently on his knee.

"Oh, dear, dear," said the skipper, putting his arm round the sufferer's waist to soothe her. "Don't go on like that; it's quite painful! Archie can't come back, but I——"

He broke off with a violent start. Into the cabin walked the sedate and whiskered first mate, Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter stopped as if he had been shot, and stared with amazement at the scene before him. The visitor jumped off Captain Foyle's knee with a squeak of alarm.

"How dare you!" she cried hotly to the captain. "How dare you take such a liberty with me." She burst into tears again. "Just because I was crying and couldn't see!"

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Mr. Potter stiffly. "I am afraid I intrude."

"I was only—er—soothing the girl because she was crying," exclaimed Captain Foyle, beside himself. "I am old enough to be her father."

Mr. Potter coughed severely.

"Quite so," he said.

"It is that young Morris's sister," said the captain distractedly. "She has come to ask me to take him back, and was crying because I——"

"You behaved abominably!" said the visitor, stamping her foot, "and when we get to Belfast, my papa will—oh!"

She banged her head violently against the swinging lamp, and at one fell swoop off came the wig and hat, showing the flushed features of the supercargo.

The two men stared, dumbstruck. Captain Foyle was the first to move.

"You young villain!" he roared, striding forward, purple in the face. Archie dodged hastily behind the table, and Mr. Potter, collapsing into a chair, roared with laughter.

"Please, sir," said Archie hastily. "you —er—you don't want a fuss made about it do you? Nobody knows what's happened except Mr. Potter."

"Eh!" cried the captain, stopping short.

Mr. Potter laid a hand on his arm.

"Better hush it up, sir," he said, in a whisper, grinning broadly. "You'll never hear the last of it if that young rascal spreads the tale about. Shocking bad for discipline. Better take him on again, and make him promise to keep quiet. Your arm round his waist, you know!"

The captain bit his lip; then, despite himself, he broke into a grin.

"You want me to replace you in your berth?" he said roughly to Archie. "How can I keep you about me after this performance?"

"No, sir," said Archie demurely. "It would be awkward, wouldn t it, sir? But, perhaps if you could recommend me for a purser's assistant on the passenger boat——"

"Very good," said the captain abruptly. "Anything to get rid of you, and on condition you give me your word not to say anything about this little—er—incident. But you will have to turn over a new leaf."

And all Dick said when Archie announced his promotion to the liner, was:

"Archie, you'll live to be hanged!"

The Seaweed Lesson.

This was the story as it was told one summer day when the sea was blue, and Dodson's Island lay like an emerald off the Point.

Many years ago a young girl lived in one of the coast fishing villages a few miles from the island. She had known the island always—it was a part of the daily background of her life. When, therefore, the young keeper of the lighthouse on it came over one morning to take her back with him, she did not feel that she was going to any new world—rather she was still to live in her old one with the perspective a bit changed, that was all.

For a few months things went well. She soon acquired her husband's pride in the light, and learned to care for it; she liked her queer little house, and her small, rugged kingdom. But when winter came the situation changed; then for the first time the terrible isolation began to press upon her, and to look across the land and to know herself cut off from all the familiar ways of life maddened her.

One day in the spring, wandering over the rocks, she noticed some peculiar seaweed, and took it into the house. It looked so pretty that she began to search for other varieties, and pressed them on bits of paper and pinned them about the walls of her sitting-room. She never guessed that they had names or life-stories—they were merely something to look at.

But that summer something happened. A visitor to the lighthouse, passing through the little sitting-room, stopped suddenly before one of the bits of seaweed.

"Where did you find that?" he demanded.

"On the rocks," she told him, wonderingly.

"Can you take me to the place?" he asked.

For answer she threw her apron over her head and led the way to the rocks. She was puzzled and almost contemptuous. The stranger, looking up, caught her expression.

"Do you mean that you don't know what you have here?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about them," she answered.

"Then," he retorted, promptly, "you shall. I am going to send you books. It will be a small return for what you have given me."

Two weeks later the books came, and she began to read them, at first idly —then with absorbing interest. She began to search the island with new purpose, to write letters, to exchange specimens. She no longer lived in a prison, but in a world which daily revealed new wonders.

One morning, thinking about it all, the secret flashed upon her—prisons are made to get out of.

There were many difficult times yet before her in her long life, but her seaweed lesson helped her through them. In her own way she, too, had learned, with Browning, the secret of prisons of all kinds:

Held, we fail to rise, are baffled to fight better. Sleep to wake.

Nuts to Crack.

These conundrums may be put in gilded walnut shells, the halves glued together, and passed with the fruit at dessert.

1. What is the most expensive part of a box of strawberries? The bottom; it comes so high.

2. Who is the man who invariably finds things dull? The scissors grinder.

3. Why is a tailor likely to be a successful lover? Because he is good at pressing a suit.

4. For what profession are the members of a college boat crew best fitted? For dentistry, because they have a good pull.

5. Why is "K" like a pig's tail? Because it is at the end of pork.

6. What asks no questions, yet receives many answers? A door-bell.

7. What was the longest day of Adam's life? The day on which there was no Eve.

8. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine. Because it has a cork in it.

9. When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.

10. When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

11. Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cat'll eat it (cattle eat it.)

12. Why does a horse never pay toll? Because his master pays it for him.

13. How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he was married? He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate.

14. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main hatch.

15. What is the difference between a milk-maid and a swallow? The milk-maid skims the milk, and the swallow skims the water.

16. Why are the laws like the ocean? The most trouble is caused by the breakers.

17. What is the difference between an organist and a huckster? None; they both pedal.

18. Why must your nose be in the middle of your face? Because it is scenter.

19. What is the best way to remove paint? Sit down on it before it is dry.

20. Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat, because you can easily catch cold.

21. What is the best material for kites? Fly-paper.

22. How do locomotives hear? Through their engin-eers.

Smelled His Way Home.

Even a foxhound, whose business is to earn his living by his nose, must have remarkable powers of smell to find his way five miles through the woods when his head is stuck in a tin can. At least, that is the way Bert Whitman, of Los Angeles, looks at it, and he is proud of his dog, Spark.

Spark went hunting recently with his master, and when it became dark he was still running a crafty old fox up on the side of Pico Mountain.

Different Out There.

The owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the great West was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future.

"But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?"

"It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?"

"Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."

A Prince In London.

Writing as "A Wanderer in London," Mr. E. V. Lucas describes many persons of note whom he met in the capital. Among the personages of distinction was one whose claims upon the attention of the man of leisure were slight indeed. He was a bootblack in one of the poorer quarters of the city. The employment would prove an effective disguise for a prince almost anywhere, and in London it was complete.

The oddest alien I ever saw in Bloomsbury was in the area of the house of a medical friend in Woburn Square. While waiting on the steps for the bell to be answered I heard the sound of brushing, and looking down, I saw a small negro boy busily brushing a boot. He glanced up with a friendly smile, his eyes and teeth gleaming, and I noticed that on his right wrist was a broad ivory ring.

"So you are no longer an abolitionist!" I said to the doctor, when I at last gained his room.

"No," he answered, "at least my sister is not. That is a boy whom my brother-in-law has just brought from West Africa. He did not exactly want him, but the boy was wild to see England, and at the last minute he jumped on board."

"And what does the ring on his arm mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he is a king's son out there. That is a symbol of authority. At home he has the power of life and death over fifty slaves."

When I came away the boy was still busily at work, but he had changed the boots for knife-cleaning. He cast a merry smile up to me as I descended the steps—the king's son with the power of life and death over fifty slaves.

Topsy-Turvy Turkey.

China has often been termed the land of topsy-turveydom; but Turkey, the land of young rebels, has surely an equal claim to this title.

The Turk nods his head when he means "No," and shakes it when he means "Yes." He takes off his shoes, but never his fez, when he enters a mosque or a home. When he rides on a tramcar his ticket is punched at the place he gets on, instead of the place he must get off. In order to cut a piece of wood, instead of rubbing a saw against it, he rubs it against the saw, which he holds between his legs.

Until recently, salt, firearms, and education were all taboo in his country. Steam machinery and electrical appliances were forbidden—the first for no given reason, the second because the word "dynamo" too closely resembled the word "dynamite." Dictionaries, too, containing the words "elder" and "brother" were self-consciously censured, because Abdul Hamid usurped the throne from his elder brother.

An Interrupted Song.

John F. Keane, in "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," tells an unusual snake story. He was visiting at a friend's house in Bengal, and was just finishing a solitary dinner when a little mouse ran along the table and perched itself on the top of a bowl which had a sort of basket-work cover on it.

The little fellow rose on his hind legs with his "hands" before him, and began to entertain men with the funniest litle mouse song ever heard.

"Chit-chit-cheep-cheep-chit!" he whistled, and kept it up in the most unembarrassed and self-possessed way. I leaned back in my chair and shook with laughter.

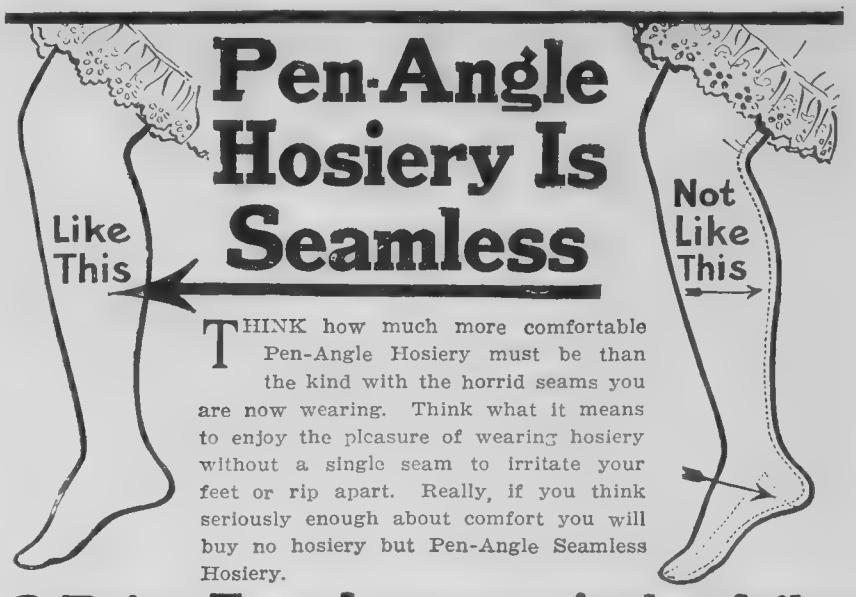
As I looked at the small performer I became aware of the shadow of something strange gliding out from behind a dish toward the mouse. Silently and slowly it neared, and in another moment a beady snake's eye glittered in the lamplight.

My hand crept softly toward the carving knife. The snake reared his head on a level with the mouse. The poor little fellow's song, which had never ceased, became piercingly shrill, although he sat rigidly erect and motionless.

The snake's head drew back to strike; out flashed the carving knife. The spell was broken and the mouse dropped and disappeared.

The snake was wounded, for some spots of blood showed on the table cloth. The creature writhed about the plates and dishes, and I could not make a bold stroke without breaking crockery. I would not have believed how much of itself a snake could stow away under a plate.

At last a length of tail projected from beneath the edge of a dish. I quickly grabbed it with the left hand, rapidly drew it out until I judged the middle was reached, and then cut it in two.



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Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

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The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

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They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

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No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champaigne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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F. W. Brooks, Beauchene, P. Q., Canada, writes: Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes beccme very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using "Actina" less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever.

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Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes; "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3 00 per acre. Duties —Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain ditricts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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Ladies and Gents.—I will write your fortune with pen picture of the person you should marry and send letter introducing the right one. Send me your birth-dates, sex and 25c. silver. PROF. FABRONI, Toledo, Ohio.

The Children.

Betty's Dream—A Bedtime Story.

It was Betty's bedtime, and like many other little girls, she did not want to go to bed at all, but Aunt Janet knew that the little feet were tired, so she gently took off the shoes and stockings, wondering as she did how many miles those ten pink toes had travelled that day.

On went the white nightgown, and you never could imagine a sweeter little girl than Betty in her nightgown. That's what Aunt Janet thought as she took her up and began to rock.

"Now tell me a story, Aunt Janet, a real, true one, about the flower fairies—the ones you read about in my little book," said Betty.

So Aunt Janet told her how the flowers came from tiny brown seeds that were put in the ground, the rain watered them, and the sun kissed them, until they grew into beautiful flowers. And these flowers were ilke fairies, sent to brighten the earth and make people glad; for, when the flowers bloom, the whole earth sings with gladness.

She told her how the leaves and the tiny blades of grass were Nature's fairies, and that tomorrow she must look at the pansies under the window and see if they didn't look like a lot of little people going to a party. Softly Betty's eyelids began to close, and she sailed away at the close of the day to the fairies of fairytown, in a boat which was made of a new silver moon, and rowed by a little moon-fay.

When the boat reached the shores of Slumber Town all the fairies came running out to meet them and Betty clapped her hands with delight. One fairy was a lily, all dressed in white; another was a rose; then came the pansy with her sister, the modest violet. Little Back-eyed Susan and the daffodil came running out all dressed in yellow. They kept coming until there were so many you could hardly count them; for all the flower fairies were there, to greet the little maiden.

"She shall be our queen," said the rose fairy. "Aye! aye!" said all the others in chorus. Thus it happened that one put a wreath upon her head, and another gave her a wand of beautiful flowers to hold. Her dress was made of white lily leaves, and her jewels were dewdrops which had been kissed by the rose.

So they danced and played until the light of the stars was beginning to fade. Then one of the fairies whispered to this little queen that she must go back again to her own land before daylight came. So Betty stepped into the boat which was made of the new silver moon, and together with the rose and the black-eyed Susan, they went sailing away at the dawn of day through the shadows of fairy land.

The next morning when Betty awoke she said, "Oh! Aunt Janet, I saw the fairies last night and went riding with them in their little boat, and they all went away."

Aunt Janet laughed and said she guessed it must have been the dream fairies that sometimes good little girls see when they go to sleep quickly.

BEDTIME NOW!

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

"Little leaves, go to bed!" said the Wind through the trees,
"If you stay out so long you will certainly freeze!
I come from the north, and know what I know—
Some one's coming this way with a capful of snow!"

Loud murmured the leaves, all a-flutter with dread,
"O dear, Mother Tree, did you hear what he said?
But the sun is so bright and the sky is so blue—
He was teasing us, mother, it couldn't be true!

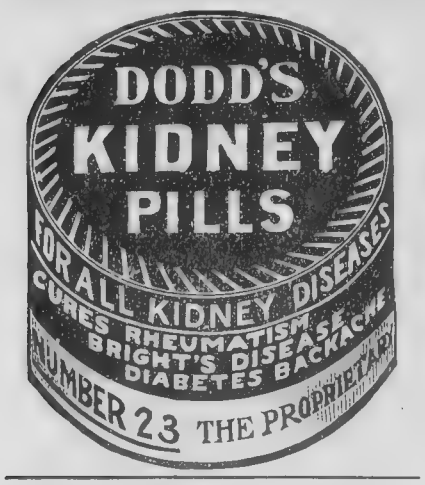
"Why, 'twas only last week that we changed our green gown
For this beautiful mixture, red, yellow and brown.
Go to bed in these clothes! It just couldn't be done!
Please tell us, dear mother, 'twas just the Wind's fun!"

The Tree shook her head, and, 'tis sad but 'tis true,
Though she shook it so gently, a stray leaf or two
Grew giddy and fell, and the Wind laughed, "Ho-ho!"
And gaily he fluttered them out in a row.

"Come on!" called the Wind, and he swept a low bow.
"You'll have to come soon, so you'd better come now.
Never mind your gay dress. What's a crease or a tear?
In the scheme of creation it's not here nor there!"

They fell and they fell, and they covered the ground.
And the Wind caught them up and he danced them around.
And he laughed a "Good Night!" as he clapped them in bed,
But the leaves were too sleepy to hear what he said.

THE CRADLE SONG.



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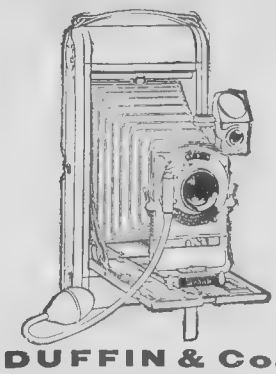

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The Story of the Cribby-Bed.

By Louis Beecher Chancellor.

There was a crib of yellow wood
That in a nursery corner stood;
There was a little pillow white,
A little quilt of blue so bright,
And all to make a place of rest
A little girl should love the best.

But dear me, no! She would not go
To bed, and it was always so.
When evening came she pouting said,
"No, no, I will not go to bed!"
At last one night the cribby heard
Each naughty, unkind, wilful word.

"I do not love my cribby-bed!
I do not want to put my head
Upon the little pillow white;
I want to play—all night!"
The cribby wished to hear no more;
It slid along across the floor.

"I am not wanted here," it said,
"She does not love her cribby-bed!
My child would rather sleep tonight
Upon the floor! I shall do right
To find some little one who'll be
Happy to have a crib like me!"

There was a sound of bumpty-bump
That from her chair made mamma jump!
She called her naughty little maid—
The child was very much afraid;
She sobbed with wonder and surprise
Tears overflowed her big blue eyes.

They pulled the cribby back, and then
They begged it not to go again.
All quiet in its place it stood,
On legs of polished yellow wood.
The little girl saw with delight
The pillow soft and quilt so bright.

With joy then she jumped up and down
In haste to get her "nighty" on.
"I did not mean a word," she said,
"I love you, little cribby-bed!
I would not hurt your feelings, dear;
I never knew that cribs could hear!"

Fairy Photographs.

The sun was shining happily one morning. So was Tommy's face.

"I'm goin' strawberryin'," said he.

"So'm I," said his small sister Polly.

"No you ain't, neither," said Tommy. "Sisters are always taggin' on to everybody."

So he went off alone.

He knew where the large red berries grew—"thicker'n hops"—and he could pick a whole pailful and "never eat a single one." He had to cross a meadow on his way to the hill where he knew a "spot that nobody else could find."

In this meadow lived a black and white bobolink, which as soon as he caught sight of Tommy, bubbled up from the grass, and tumbled out of himself the queerest jargon in the world.

"Bobolink, bobolink, what do you

think? Where's your sister, Tommy? Tell me quicker'n a wink, wink, wink!"

This made Tommy's face very red. Picking up a stone he threw it at the bird. It struck the bird's head and stopped all the beautiful music.

"I wonder what makes everything so cross and ugly this morning?" thought Tommy.

Just then a great yellow butterfly fluttered past his face.

"Hi!" says Tommy. "I'll fix you."

So he struck at it with his big straw hat, and, pinching its delicate wings,

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Don't send any money—Only your name and address, at once, and we will promptly send you by mail, postpaid, the 8 boxes of Pills and the Pins. When sold, remit to us the $2.00 and we will send you this handsome Violin, etc. just as represented. Write to-day.

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Use it a full month at **our** expense. If you don't find it does better washing, in **half** the time—send it back to the railway station, with our address on it—that's all.

We will then pay the freight back, too, without a murmer.

But, if the month's test **convinces** you that our "1900 Gravity" Washer actually does **8 hours'** washing in **4 hours'** time—does it twice as easy—far better, without wearing the clothes, breaking a button or tearing of lace, then you write and tell us so.

From that time on you pay us, every week, part of what our machine **saves you,** say 50 cents per week, till the Washer is paid for.

Each "1900 Gravity" Washer lasts at least five years, yet a very few months, at 50 cents per week, makes it entirely your own, **out of what it saves you on each washing.**

Every year our Washer will save you about $62.00. Yet the "1900 Gravity Washer won't cost **you** a cent, under **our** plan, because **we let it pay for itself.** You need not take **our** word for that. We let you **prove** all we say, **at our expense,** before you decide to buy it on these terms.

Could we risk the freight both ways with thousands of people if we did not **know** our "1900 Gravity" Washer would do all we claim for it?

It costs you only the two-cent stamp on a letter to us to bring this quick and easy Washer to your door on a month's trial.

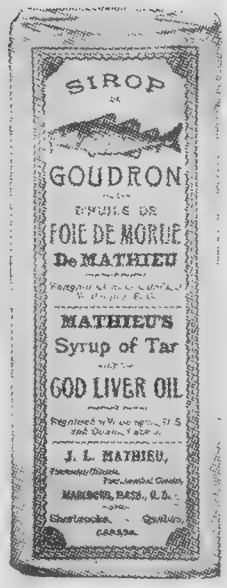
That month's free use of it **will save you about $2.00.** You thus risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you $2.00 to try it.

This offer may be withdrawn any time if it crowds our factory.

Therefore **WRITE TO-DAY,** while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A postcard will do.

Address me personally for this offer, viz: W. H. Y. BACH, Manager, The "1900 Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 1913

Winnipeg Branch: 374 Portage Ave.



Defies Grippe

Grippe attacks suddenly and violently—It must not be allowed any headway—It begins with fever, headache, pains in the bones and muscles—There is no mistaking its character—

It's attacks soon yield to **Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil** assisted by **Mathieu's Nervine Powders.** The Powders are to reduce the fever and banish the pains. The Syrup immmediately begins its healing and strengthening process, restoring the affected parts to a healthy condition and giving the whole body greater resisting power.

Grippe requires immediate treatment—so do not delay in getting

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

AND

Mathieu's Nervine Powders

Large Bottle 35c.
Nervine Powders
25c. for box of 18
From all dealers.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Proprietors, SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

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he stuck a pin through it and fastened it on his hatband.

Nothing else happened until he had come to where the strawberries lay dreaming under the cool green leaves. He soon had his pail filled, and was about to start for home, when he spied a little brown rabbit sitting on its hind legs and looking at him with two funny little eyes.

"Hi!" said Tommy. "I'll fix you."

So he picked up a stick and struck at the rabbit with all his might; but what was his surprise to see the stick slip from his hand, and run along the ground like a chipmunk and then dart down a hole in the ground, before he could say "Jack Robinson!"

There stood the rabbit, too—only a little farther off—and it had one eye

shut. Tommy wondered if the rabbit was winking at him.

"We'll see," said Tommy.

With that, he started in pursuit of the rabbit, which, however, did not turn around and bound away as rabbits generally do; but, still facing the boy, it began to hop backwards so rapidly that Tommy could hardly keep it in sight.

The pail of berries was thrown aside in the eagerness of the race, and the golden curls blew all around Tommy's glowing cheeks as he ran on and on. Pretty soon it began to grow dark, and then the little boy noticed for the first time that he was in the midst of a lonely forest.

Once he thought he saw a face with tears on it looking at him out of the branches of a great oak tree; but how could his sister be away out there and up in a tree?

"It's only a shadder." said Tom; but he was growing a trifle uneasy. So he whistled.

No sooner had the first clear notes rung out than they were caught up and echoed from a thousand points—only instead of the tune which he meant to whistle, he heard all around him:

"Bobolink, Bobolink! What do you think? This boy killed a butterfly! Spink, spank, spink!"

"Bobolinks don't live in woods," said Tommy; "That's nuthin' but a chipmunk—you can't fool me!"

But his legs began to grow quite shaky all at once, and somehow or other his whistle died away. By this time it was very dark indeed.

"Now is a good time to have your photograph taken, my boy," said a shrill voice close to poor Tommy's ear. He started, but seeing only the little rabbit, which he had been chasing, he plucked up courage enough to say:

"H'm! rabbits can't take photographs! Nobody can take 'em when its all darker'n Egypt, anyhow," he added, emphatically.

"We prefer the dark for taking bad boys' pictures," said the rabbit, who, to Tommy's terror, was growing bigger and bigger. Just you sit down on this stump," he continued in a rougher voice, "and I'll fix you."

Tommy felt he must obey. Then the rabbit, who was by this time as big as a bear, brought a stout hickory sapling and stuck it up in the ground behind Tommy for a head-rest.

It wasn't very comfortable, though, for the rabbit twisted a branch around the boy's head so tight that it made him as fast as the poor butterfly on his hat.

Then the rabbit went off a ittle way, and pointed the end of a hollow log at the boy, putting his own head just behind it and peering through at him, just as real photographers do.

"Look a little more pleasant," said the rabbit; but it was all Tommy could do to keep the tears from flowing.

"Don't you wink," said the rabbit.

But there was no use in his saying this, for Tommy could not more wink than he could get off from that stump and run home—which is saying a great deal.

"One done," said the rabbit; "but we must try again, this is very poor indeed."

Poor Tommy shivered and trembled all over, for, every time the rabbit looked at him now, he felt as cold as ice.

After four pictures had been taken, the rabbit untwisted the branch from his head, pushed him off the stump, gave him the photographs wrapped up in a big leaf, and bade him run home and give them to his mother, without daring so much as to look behind him.

"If you do so," said the rabbit, "we'll fix you."

"I will remember," said Tommy, only too glad to get out of that dreadful place.

Then the wods were gone, and the rabbit, and the bobolink songs, and right before him he saw his own beauto his little sister tha morning.
to see if her boy were coming.

Tommy felt almost like running off to hide, but he didn't dare disobey the rabbit. So he went slowly up to his mother and gave her his pictures. When she opened them she looked very sad.

The first one showed Tommy just as he had looked when he spoke so crossly to his ittle sister that morning.

His eyes were all puckered and his mouth drawn down in anger.

The second was taken just as he was throwing the stone at the pretty bobolink, and in one corner was a picture of the little bird with its head hanging all on one side—dead.

Then came a sorry-looking photograph of the pinned butterfly, and last of all Tommy striking at the little rabbit.

All of them were perfectly black—like the silhouettes of your grandfather in mamma's room, or somebody's grandfather in some other room.

"Please, mamma, burn those horrid pictures up," said Tommy, "and I'll never, never, never be so mean again as long as I live and breathe."

His mother told him that although she could easily burn those pictures, yet

that every time he said such cross words and did such cruel things, a picture of him was made on his own heart—inside of him—which couldn't be gotten rid of so easily.

"Guess I'll be pretty careful how I sit for such photographs," said Tommy.

And he was.

— H. H. Ballard.

No Liquor Traffic in Iceland.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has "no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island and its seventy-eight thousand people are total abstainers since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of the public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines." Such is the report brought by northern travelers of this incomparable and ideal land.—Missouri Issue.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

In Lighter Vein.

When the Turkey Does a Stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey
And the turkey does a stunt —
Have you ever been there, brother?
Don't it make a fellow grunt?
First you get the knife and fork, and
Set your teeth down hard and then
You go at it with a vengeance
And the strength of twenty men;
And the turkey, did you ever
See a bird do such a skate
As that stuffed and brown old gobbler
There upon the fancy plate?
O, my brothers, heed my warning,
Place an apron o'er your front—
For that innocent old gobbler's
Bound to do a wiry stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt—
Talk about the trying times when
For a house you have to hunt.
Talk about your Maytime moving
When you're using all your grit
In the task of mating stovepipes
That were never made to fit;
Why, it's pastime, merely play, when
You compare it to the work
That's involved when you start out to
Try to separate that turk.
It's a task I'd rather sidestep—
One I think you all would shunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt,
And a piece of juicy stuffing
Strikes your polished, snowy front,
When each eye around the table
Watches keen your every play,
And your face gets red and sweaty,
Till you feel like giving way
To the thoughts that come a-surging
As you labor o'er the thing—
As you try to get a tackle
On a drumstick or a wing;
Ain't it fierce, my carving brothers?
Don't you want to swear and grunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt?

A Private Interview.

Brander Mathews, professor of dramatic literature at Columbia university, told recently the following story to one of his English classes by way of an illustration:

"A little girl whom I know very well was naughty one day. In fact, she was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mother took her upstairs to whip her. While the proceedings were going on, the bedroom door opened and the little girl's brother started to come in. The little girl, however, heard the noise as the knob turned in the door.

"Changing her position slightly as she lay across her mother's knee, she said: 'Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?'"

Retort Courteous.

It was pouring rain. John was moving; three vans at the door, the furniture spread all over the lawn. Passes Mrs. Banks—"Ah, are you moving?" "No ma'am. It is such a fine day, that I thought of taking my furniture out for a ride."

Effective Discouragement.

Minister—So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath! Did you do anything to discourage them?

Small Boy—Yes, sir; I stole their bait.

No Chance for Inspection.

Hirum—Was your house damaged by that there cyclone?

Ike—Dunno, I ain't found it yit.

The Joke Was On Them.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.

Not Surprised.

Si Perkins had never been surprised in all his life. When it snowed in the latter part of April he allowed he'd sorter felt it in the air for some time; when Judge Abbott's barn burned Si thought it was about time; and when the town hall was struck by lightning he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he'd told 'em that them lightning rods wasn't any account when they were first talkin' of puttin' 'em up. Mrs. Perkins had just about given up all hope of ever exciting her husband's wonder when her friend told her of a marvellous conjurer who was showing at a variety theatre in Boston. She took Si.

When the conjurer called for a volunteer from the audience Mrs. Perkins urged her husband to go up on the stage. He did. She watched expectantly as the "professor" extracted a $5 gold piece from Si's ear, passed a watch through his back and extracted yards and yards of ticker tape from his shoes. Si looked bored. Finally the conjuror began to coax at Si's beard and to the amazement of the spectators out hopped three little white rabbits.

"Wal," said Mrs. Perkins, triumphantly when Si resumed his seat, "I guess that surprised ye some, didn't it?"

Si seemed almost surprised that she should think so. "Why, no," he finally drawled, "I didn't like to say nothin' about it, but I've been sorter suspectin' that them rabbits wus thar for some time.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ran a Big Risk.

"Abraham, I'm thinking of puying a peautiful suit of clothes. Vere shall I puy dem?"

"New clothes, Isaac?" asked Abraham.

"Pretty new," answered Isaac.

"Vell, den, you go straight to my brudder's shop on der left hand side of der street, and he will sell you a lofely suit."

In half an hour Isaac came back, attired in the most indifferent "hand-me-downs."

"Vere did you get dem?" inquired the disgusted Abraham.

"Vere you told me. Der shop on der right hand side of der street."

"On der right hand side!" roared Abraham. "I told you der left hand side."

"But," persisted Isaac, turning himself round for inspection, "vat do you tink of der clo'es, Abraham?"

His friend was silent for a moment; then he spoke:

"Mein freindt, I vill tell you. If you chneeze—you are naked!"

She Was.

She was one of June's sweet girl graduates, and from the heights of our worldly experience we are inclined to joke her a little.

"So the Alps lie between you and Italy," we remarked sarcastically.

Perhaps, but there's nothing that stands between me and the making of a pan of light biscuits, or broiling a steak, or making a batch of bread, or a cherry pie, or a cake, or keeping a house in order unless it is the absence of a young man that has got sense enough to hold a job that pays enough salary to warrant him in undertaking the responsibilities of a husband."

Ever since we have wondered how we mustered up mental activity enough to change the subject without loss of time.

Lecture upon the Rhinoceros.

Professor—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

TRADE MARK

Your Winter Underwear

Deserves more thought than any other part of your winter clothing.
It has to do with your health and your comfort.
Nature has decreed that the clothing for warmth is wool—
Experience and investigation have evolved the best method of preparing wool for the human body
JAEGER PURE UNDERWEAR IS THE RESULT.
In JAEGER the wool used is the purest and finest and fleeciest that the best wool growing regions can produce.
This wool—pure and undyed is the wool you get when you secure
JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR FOR THE WINTER.
JAEGER garments are designed and cut to provide perfect protection for the body and comfort in wear.
No pains are spared to finish every detail in a style worthy of the high grade materials used.
Sold by leading dealers in principal cities. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED
RETAIL DEPOTS:
364 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG
316 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal,
10 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

EUREKA
SANITARY CHURN

There's no comparison between the ordinary wooden churn and the "EUREKA". Barrel is stoneware—top is clear glass.
Besides being absolutely sanitary, the glass top enables you to see how the churning is coming along without opening the churn.
Also made with Aluminum top.
The "EUREKA" is the easiest churn on the market to operate. By tilting back the frame until the weight rests on the wheels, the churn can be quickly and easily moved—while the barrel remain upright.
If your dealer does not handle the "EUREKA," do not take a substitute but write us for catalogue.
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EUREKA PLANTER CO. LIMITED, WOODSTOCK, ONT.
A full stock to supply the Western trade carried by **Messrs. Johnston & Scott, Winnipeg, Man.** Write them for Catalogue.

PERFECTION

That is what you get when you buy
BRIGGER'S PURE JAMS
AND
ORANGE MARMALADE.

Have you tried Brigger's New Strawberry Jam?
IT IS DELICIOUS.
Absolute Purity Guaranteed.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.

A Gents' or Ladies' Solid Gold Watch costs from $25 to $50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them send us the money ($2.50) and we will send you
A GENTS or LADIES WATCH
the same day the money is received.
We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills without delay. Address
THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO. Watch Dept. 224 Toronto, Ont.

THE FIRST STEP

No one doubts that all physical life, animal and vegetable, is nourished and supported by food — which must be digested and assimilated. It follows, then, that the very *first step backward* in health is taken immediately when you fail, for *the first time*, to digest your food. If people would only bear that fact in mind and at once take a simple, helpful, curative remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup, they would never suffer the miseries, the weakness, the permanent ill-health, which Indigestion brings upon its victims. The first stages of Indigestion are just as easily recognised as the last — the windy pressure and distress, perhaps pains in the stomach ; the coated tongue ; and bad taste in the mouth and the loss of appetite.

Look for example at the case of Mr. R. C. Welsh, Postmaster at Glenlea, Provencher County, Manitoba. In a letter of July 7th, '09, he writes :—"About 18 years ago I contracted a disease which my doctors failed to diagnose and from which even in hospital, I found no relief. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I had pains in my back for days at a time and a rattling noise in my stomach. When I got a little better my stomach was so sore I could scarcely move about.

"One day I read one of Mother Seigel's Almanacs and feeling convinced by the cures I read of there I started using that medicine. A single bottle made me feel a great deal better and after I had used up 3 bottles I could eat anything. I am now as hale and hearty as a twelve-year-old."

If Mr. Welsh had taken Mother Seigel's Syrup as his *first step*, instead of a last step toward a cure he would have been saved much distress and some expense.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. Take it daily after meals.

From the bustling old city of St. John's, P.Q., Mr. Aubin Dube, dated January 26, 1909, says :

"For over two years I suffered with Indigestion and I have found Mother Seigel's Syrup to be the best medicine for this complaint. I have had experience in taking other medicines, but your preparation seems to be a conqueror of Stomach troubles.

"My case was as follows :—Acute pains after eating, severe constipation, occasional headaches, and sometimes bloating in the stomach. Rheumatism in the legs bothered me at times and quite often I would become dizzy.

"I began to notice an improvement in my condition very soon after taking the first bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and after two months' treatment with your excellent preparation I was cured. Now and again I turn to Mother Seigel's Syrup when I feel out of sorts, and it always sets me right."

WHEN YOU FEEL

LIMP and LISTLESS

are worried and upset by trifles, can't think, can't sleep or enjoy your food; when society bores you and work is irksome, you need the root and herb extract— Mother Seigel's Syrup—to cleanse and give tone to your liver, assist digestion, brace up your nerves and invigorate your system. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. When indigestion and biliousness are wringing the life out of you, Mother Seigel's Syrup will set you right. It makes food nourish you—builds health on good digestion. This is the testimony of thousands upon thousands who have tried it. Profit by their experience.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"About 18 years ago, I became very ill. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I had pains in my back ; my stomach was out of order and windy, and became very sore. At last I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup, and one bottle made me feel better. Three bottles cured me and I am now hale and hearty."—R. C. Welch, P.M., Glenlea, Manitoba. 7.7.09.

Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

L'Envoi.

Little Johnnie had a cracker
Filled choke full of dynamite,
Big and red and full of danger
It looked good to Johnnie's sight.
Johnnie lit the fuse with pleasure,
Held the cracker in his hand—
Where is Johnnie? Ask the echoes
Bearing fragments o'er the land.

The Verdict.

In a little village in Louisiana one negro was on trial for stealing from another. The jury was made up entirely of negroes.

When the evidence was all in, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted the case without argument—the accused had no counsel—the judge ordered the jury, which could not agree in the box, to retire to an adjoining room and find a verdict.

The jury retired. An hour passed and still no verdict. At last the judge could stand it no longer and went in person to see what was delaying the verdict. He found each of the jurymen crawling around on the floor, peering under tables and also into corners. The court was amazed. He suspected that the whole jury had gone crazy.

"Here!" he thundered. "What are you doing?"

The foreman arose, and making humble obeisance, answered:

"Yo' Honoh, 'tain't no use; we jes' kaint find no vuddict in dis yer room. Fact is, yo Honoh, I doan b'lieb dere's a vuddict in yer nohow."—Washington Post.

Real Source of Profit.

A son of Italy was so unfortunate as to face the judge in the police night court in New York not long ago.

"What do you do, Tony?" the judge asked, in a kindly tone, not being hurried, as it happened, and perhaps touched by the liquid softness of Tony's dark eyes.

"Maka de music wid de fina street piano—oh, very fina music!" Tony said, with a bright smile.

"How much do you make in a week?"

There was a flash of white teeth.

"Maka da much money—fifteener, maybe twenty dol'."

"What? Get twenty dollars for playing a street piano?" the astonished judge demanded.

"No, notta for play," the music master admitted; "maybe getta two dol' for play—getta rest for shut up noise an' get off block!"

Papa is Cautious Now.

Little Johnnie: "Mother, tell me how papa got to know you."

Mother: "One day I fell into the water, and he jumped in and fetched me out."

Little Johnnie: "H'm! that's funny; he won't let me learn to swim."

Only for Gents.

On reaching the bottom of a steep incline, the driver of a large omnibus turned round and addressed the passengers who were a number of councillors) as follows:—"From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys, so I must ask the gentlemen to proceed on foot!"

Unbribable.

It was a sorry-looking nag for a Liverpool cabman to drive; nevertheless, the would-be passenger was in a hurry, and seeing no other vehicle handy he said—

"I'll give you an extra half-crown to get me to Lime street in five minutes."

"Well, sir," was cabby's deliberate reply, "you might corrupt me, but you can't bribe this 'ere hoss."

His Only Valentine.

Sibyl, Blanche, and Caroline, Peggy, Polly, Sue, I'd like to buy a valentine for every one of you. A dainty bunch of violets, some violets, to say, "My love is true." . Alas! 'tis wintry time o' year, when everything is chill, and though the pretty girls are dear, the flowers are dearer still. That's why I send one valentine, when all is said and done, and if one girl alone is mine, that's why there's only one!

A Safe Bet.

A man was sitting in a restaurant eating oysters. In came an Irishman and said: "Oi'll bet a dime that Oi can eat oysters faster than yez can open thim."

"Done!" said the shell cracker. At the end of an hour the man had opened seventy-five oysters, but the Irishman had only been able to eat sixty-five.

Getting up with difficulty, the Irishman said: "Yez win," laid down a dime and walked out.

In Other Words.

"I received your majesty's message," said the new missionary. "Did I understand you would do me the honor to call upon me and dine tomorrow?"

"Almost correct," replied the cannibal chief; "I said I would call and dine upon you tomorrow."

Had Her Own.

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked.

The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"

He Knew.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked a judge of an old darky who was to be the next witness.

"Yes, sah, I does. One of dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollahs to swear to suffin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah!"

And then there was consteration in the court room.

A Lullaby.

"You are accused of trying to rob a pedestrian at two o'clock this morning," said a magistrate to a prisoner. "What have you to say?"

"I am not guilty, your worship, I can prove a lullaby."

"You mean an alibi."

"Well, call it what you like; but my wife was witness that I was nursing the baby at two o'clock this morning!"

Understood.

A servant girl was going through the usual cross-examination on the first morning after her engagement.

Said her mistress, "And did your last mistress assist you with the cooking, Maggie?"

"Well, aye, in a way she did," admitted Maggie.

"How did she do it, now?" asked her mistress.

"By stopping out of the kitchen, marm," Maggie replied, and her mistress gracefully retired.

World a Wheelbarrow.

"If I don't believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly inebriate, as he rolled along, "and I'm the wheel revolving on its haxis."

"Now I'm in the mud," continued he, as he fell into the gutter; "and now I'm on dry land," as he fetched up on the kerbstone.

His concluding remark, as his boots followed his head down an open cellarway was—"Now the wheel is broke and the vehicle is upset."

No Late Trains.

A new railway was being made, and the right-of-way crossing a small farm the official paid a visit to the owner, an old lady.

"Madam," said the surveyor, "we understand that you own this farm, and it is my duty to inform you that our new railway will run through your barn."

"Oh, will it," said the old lady ."Well, let me tell you that the last train will have to be no later than nine o'clock, because you'll not catch me sitting up after that to open the doors for it or anything else!"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

MORE HANDSOME FREE PREMIUMS

Given In Exchange For

Royal Crown Soap Wrappers and Coupons

Send For Free Premium List Containing the Full Assortment.

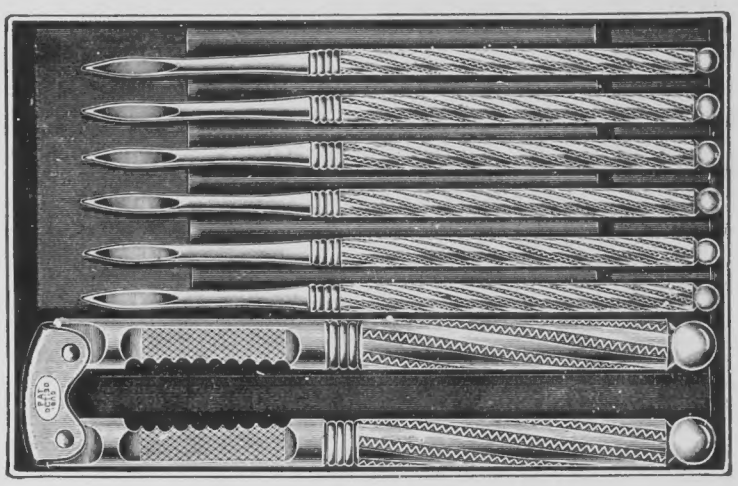
"Aire Gilt" Clock

A well-made clock of very graceful and ornate design. Frame is plated with pure gold and lacquered. The one-day movement is guaranteed to be a good timekeeper. Height 6 in., width 5 in.; dial 2 in. in diameter.

Free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.
Express 15c. extra.

No. 529. Child's Bracelet with Lock and Key, free for 75 wrappers.

No. 530. Ladies' Bracelet, same as above but larger, free for 100 wrappers.

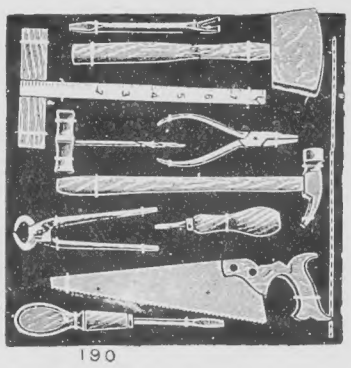


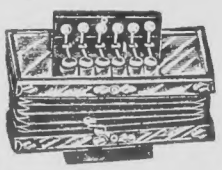
Combination Nut Crack and Nut Pick Set

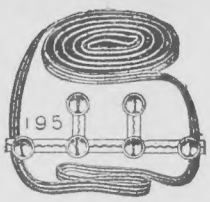
No. 72. Consisting of pair of Crackers and Six Picks in a box, as shown, spiral knurled, nickel plated, new and popular. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25c.

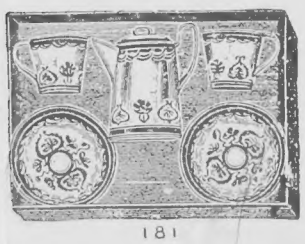
Premiums For Children

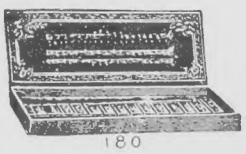
These Toys Make Good Christmas Presents.

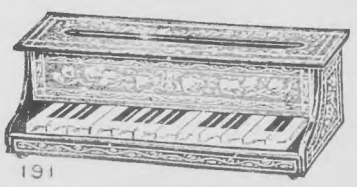












No. 130. Paints. Consists of 12 moist colors, put up in tin box. Free for 25 wrappers, or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents. This is good value. Postage 5 cents.

No. 181. Tin Tea Set in box. Free for 50 wrappers. Postage 6 cents.

No. 183. Toy Furniture in red. Choice of Rocking Chair, 11 inches high, Reception Chair, 10 inches high, or High Chair, 14½ inches high. Free for 100 wrappers. Postage 15 cents. These are doll chairs.

No, 184. Small Accordion, plays perfect tune, free for 175 wrappers. Postage 8 cents.

No. 188. China Limb Doll, strong cloth body, glazed china head, with painted features, and hair, double stitched at hips, glazed hands and feet. Free for 75 wrappers. Postage 12 cents.

No. 190. Tool Card, claw hammer, saw, try square, screw driver; gimlet, awl, pliers, pincers, mallet and nail puller. Free for 200 wrappers. Postage 20c.

No. 191. Toy Piano, flat shape, lithograph paper covered, metallaphone scale. Free for 100 wrappers. Postage 6 cents.

No. 195. Toy reins, made of leather, with bells attached. Free for 75 wrappers.

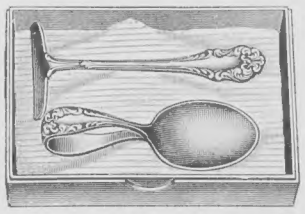
King Air Rifle

No. 189. King Air Rifle. Made of genuine steel, black walnut stock, handsomely nickeled and polished, rounded stock and pistol grip, shoots B B. shot or 17 darts, free for 300 wrappers. Postage 20 cents.

Books of all kinds are given for premiums. Beautiful cloth bound books are free for 50 wrappers each.

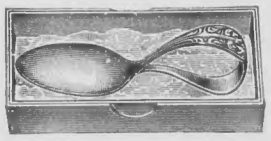
Paper bound books are free for 25 wrappers each. Send for list of titles.

Golden West Soap Wrappers and Coupons are accepted by us at same values as Royal Crown.



Baby Spoon and Food Pusher

(Avalon pattern). Heavily silver plated. High grade quality, and guaranteed to last for years. Mailed free for 250 wrappers.



Baby Spoon

Same as above, but boxed separately. Free for 150 wrappers.

No. 57. "Ottawa" Clock

Parlor. Height 11¾ inches, width 16¼ inches, dial, ivorine or pearl, 6 inches, case black enamelled wood with marbleized mouldings and pillars. Finish, on trimmings, gilt or bronze. Movement, 8-day, half-hour strike, cathedral gong. Free for 1650 wrappers. Recipient to pay express charges. These goods are made by the largest and best manufacturers of clocks in America and are sold under guarantee.

READ CAREFULLY

Instructions in Sending for Premiums

1st Make sure your name and address is plainly written on every letter and package.

2nd See that postage on wrappers and coupons is fully prepaid. This is essential, for if not fully prepaid they go to the Dead Letter Office.

3rd The rate on letters is 2 cents per ounce. The rate on parcels (where no correspondence is enclosed) is 1 cent per 2 ounces. If the letter is enclosed with the coupons, the parcel takes letter rate (2 cents per ounce).

4th Make sure your wrappers and letter are mailed at the same time.

5th In sending large amounts of money use postal orders, postal notes or express orders. Small amounts may be sent in stamps or cash.

6th ORDER EARLY if you want premiums in time for Christmas, as we receive thousands of orders in December.

THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED

Premium Department, Desk No. 1 **WINNIPEG.**

FREE PREMIUMS GIVEN FOR ROYAL CROWN SOAP WRAPPERS AND COUPONS

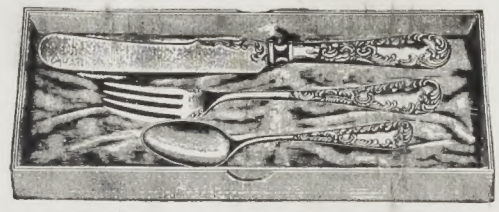
We Give Beautiful Premiums of every description and mention a few of them here:

Essex Pattern Silver-Plated Table Ware

This table ware is of a high quality, and is fully guaranteed. The pattern is a neat beaded one, as per illustration. These goods are heavily plated and will last for years

Essex Tea Spoons. Free for { 225 wrappers per ½-dozen / 450 wrappers per dozen
" Dessert " " 400 wrappers per ½-dozen
" Table " " 400 " ½ "

Essex Table Forks, free for 350 wrappers per ½-dozen
Essex Dessert Forks, free for 300 wrappers per ½-dozen



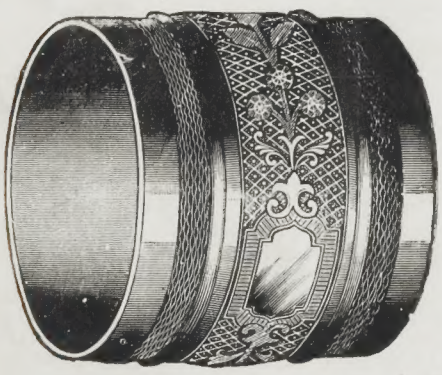
Raymond 3-piece Child's Set
Extra fine coin silver plate, consisting of a fine silver plated knife, fork and spoon. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25 cents.

Handsome Silver Tea Set
This artistic 4-piece Tea Set consists of Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, Cream Jug and Spoon Holder. All the pieces are beautifully engraved, the Spoon Holder and Cream Jug being gold lined. This set is heavy silver plated on white metal, and will last for years. This beautiful premium is free for 2800 Royal Crown Soap wrappers, or can be had for $7.00 and 300 wrappers. Sent out by express at your expense.

Child's Cup, No. 111
As per illustration, is satin engraved, silver plated on white metal; gold-lined. Free for 75 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 15 cents.

Child's Cup, No. 03
Satin engraved, gold-lined; very beautiful and serviceable. Free for 125 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 35 cents.

Napkin Ring, No. 140
Fancy chased. Mailed free for 25 wrappers.



Napkin Ring, No. 33
Fancy chased. Free for 75 wrappers.

Cake Basket, No. 60
Gold lined; quadruple plate on white metal; Satin engraved. Free for 550 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and $1.75. Express 20 cents extra.

Butter Dish, No. 027
This Butter Dish is satin engraved. Quadruple plate, on white metal, for 475 Royal Crown wrappers, or $1.50 and 25 Royal Crown wrappers.
If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.

See Inside of Back Cover for Additional Premiums

Send for our Complete List of Premiums. It is mailed free. All orders for these premiums should be sent to the Winnipeg Premium Department.

The Royal Crown Soaps Limited

Factories At

WINNIPEG, MAN. CALGARY, ALTA. VANCOUVER, B.C